ONE MAN'S LIFETIME

1840-1920

WILLARD A. BURNAP

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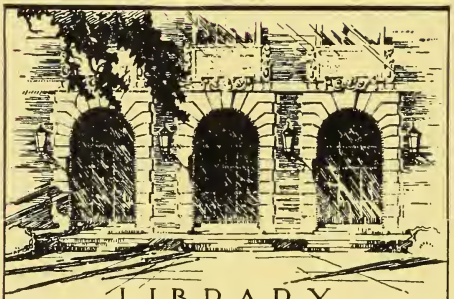

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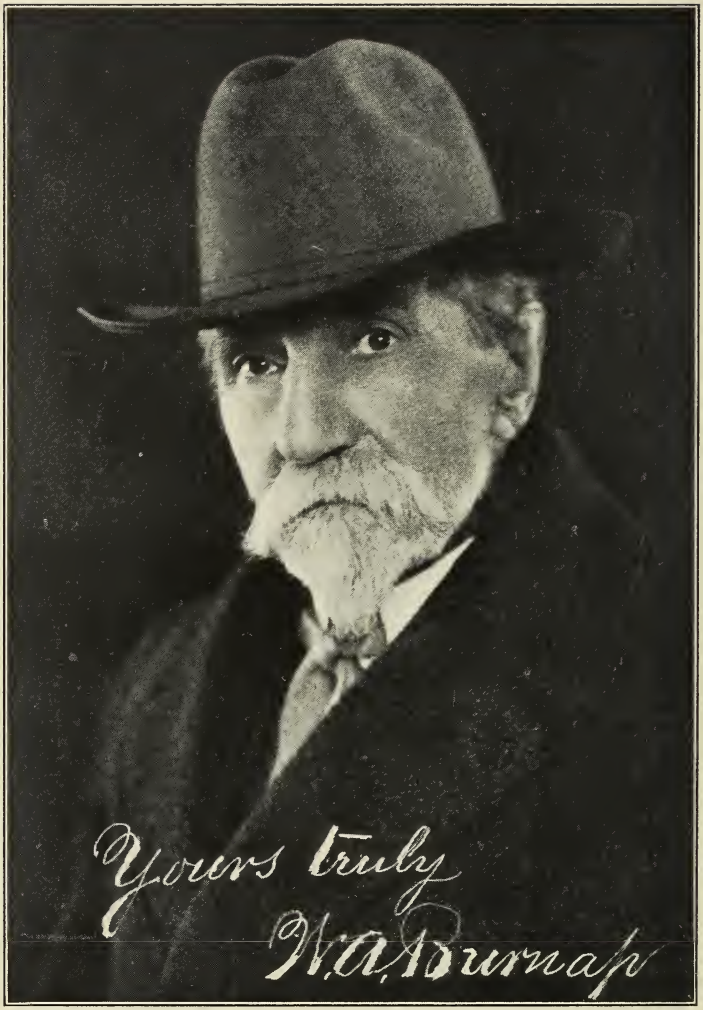
Yours truly
W. A. Burnap

WHAT HAPPENED DURING ONE MAN'S LIFETIME

1840-1920

A Review of
Some Great, Near Great and Little Events

By
WILLARD A. BURNAP

PRICE $2.50.

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INTRODUCTION

This book would not have written had not Mr. Burnap's friends persistently and unanimously urged him to the task.

He told, for the most part, of things about which he had first-hand knowledge. The facts for "The Passing of the Indian" were gathered in the wigwams and hunting fields of the Red men before the Civil War while they were still "blanket Indians." For "The Settling of the West" he pioneered in three or more states, beginning in 1852 and ending only with his death in northern Minnesota in the spring of 1923. For "The Freeing of the Negro" he campaigned in the South for four years, including the dates of the Emancipation Proclamation and the Thirteenth Amendment, and made many shorter sojourns there in later years. His "Findings of Three Wars" were based on the same four years of service in the Civil War and a thoughtful observing of the events and conditions of the two later ones.

This extraordinarily varied experience through a long life was not all of the author's equipment for his task. He engaged in a variety of occupations, in positions of responsibility always, from the time he was fourteen years old, and thereby acquired a keen insight into the essentials of social organization as distinguished from the merely superficial or personal. The appeals of friends to put in interesting personal details he yielded to only when those details illustrated conditions which constituted the very warp and woof of life at that time. The result is a historical and sociological exhibit, covering especially the life of the Middle West during the third quarter of the

nineteenth century, the value of which will be realized only when that life shall have receded so far into the past as to leave no living representatives who can tell of it by word of mouth.

My expectation is that this account will constitute for all time to come one of the indispensable sources of information about one of the great epochs of American history.

To the writing of this book the author devoted the closing years of his life. He was negotiating with printers and publishers when his last illness came upon him. It has devolved upon me to bring those negotiations to a conclusion.

F. R. Clow

State Normal School
Oshkosh, Wis.
June, 1923

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PART I

THE
PASSING OF THE INDIAN

The Valley of the Arkansas
Looking North from the Ruins of Bent's Fort

CHAPTER I

A NOTED PLACE AND A HISTORIC GATHERING

In my "One Man's Lifetime" the most fool-hardy adventure, one of the most pleasant episodes, and the saddest memory are all connected with the North American Indian. The first two events occurred in the summer of 1860, before the Civil War, a half century plus a decade ago; and the last took place some four years later. All these happenings are clustered around one spot.

That place, situated on the old "Santa Fe Trail," was the most important fort and Indian trading post between the outfitting location on the Missouri River in the East, and Santa Fe in the Southwest. The fort was

built on a rock-footed bluff on the north side of the Arkansas River. There, as one looked northwest from the summit of the hill, the broad, treeless valley of the river stretched toward the mountains hundreds of miles, level and smooth as an irrigated field. Northeast, the plains rolled away like an ocean suddenly stabilized; its billows covered by short buffalo grass, on which, in the old times and at certain seasons, countless herds of buffalo ranged north or south; and at all seasons, antelope in large or small bands might then have been seen grazing. Southwest, across the river, a large belt of cottonwood trees filled the valley with a scene of phenomenal beauty for that desert-like land.

"Big Timbers"
Across the River from the Fort

This grove, well-known to the old Indians of the plains, was called "Big Timbers." Here they gathered

for their feasts, their councils, their treaty making, and their wars. It became noted in the early history of the settlement of the West, especially in its relation to the Indians.

To locate this station in the old times, one would have said it was on the Arkansas River about a hundred and thirty miles northeast of Raton Pass. Today, did one care to find it, he must go to Lamar, on the Santa Fe railroad in the southeastern part of Colorado, then cross the Arkansas River to its north bank and take the Santa Fe automobile trail for seven miles. As the new trail follows closely the old historic one, a rocky bluff is reached, still surmounted by the ruins of the old fort, still overlooking the broad valley of the Arkansas as of old, and still viewing the beauties of Big Timbers that have, with little diminution, survived a half century of the white man's devastation.

To this place, on the top of the bluff, came William Bent in 1854, and, having destroyed the old fort that he and his brother had built at the crossing of the Arkansas, he here built a new one the ruins of which yet remain as stated on the point of the elevation. This was called Bent's Fort until it was transferred to the Government in 1859. The Government then renamed it Fort Wise—after the Virginia governor who hanged John Brown. It did not long remain so named; the Civil War came on, the battle of Wilson's Creek was fought in 1861, and the fort was again renamed. This time it was called Fort Lyon after the northern general who lost his life in that battle. It remained Fort Lyon until 1866, when the Government moved the fort to Las Animas, and there built new Fort Lyon.

Here, in Bent's Fort, on the plains around it within sight of its walls, and on the Santa Fe Trail that passed its doors, was enacted, almost completely, an epitome of our unjust and disastrous Indian policy. Here treaties were made and dazzling promises given—treaties and promises seldom made good and always broken at will by the white man. Here, the Indians surrendered to the Government rich domains, and in return were promised an uncertain tenure upon a comparatively few acres of the lands they had given up, accompanied by a further pledge on our part to irrigate the land and to furnish buildings, domestic animals, tools and instruction in their use. These promises were not complied with, either in spirit or letter, although the parties to whom the promises were made had kept full faith with the Government and were starving on account of the failure of the good faith they had a right to expect from it.

With that sad story and its dire results, I am perhaps the only white man still living who was in any way, even remotely, connected. It was the most tragic of all the many, many happenings along this most noted American trail of history and adventure, conflict and commerce, war and peace.

The story I shall try to tell cannot be well visualized, unless, as a foundation, I am permitted to relate something of the causes, the circumstances, and the environments that led up to and surrounded it.

First, of the Santa Fe Trail itself. It is worthy of mention. It is the oldest, the most noted, and the best used of all the paths that led from American savagery to civilization. It was first traveled by white men nearly

four centuries ago, and, despite the railroad that now parallels it, is still used.

It starts at the greatest river in the world, and goes to the second oldest white man's city in the United States. It was first known to history when, following the conquest of the Pueblo in Mexico in 1540, Vasquez de Coronado with his band of fierce fighters, who had followed Cortez from Spain, came along this path with their guide in search of the still-existing hoax, Quivira, the city of gold. They came almost to where Kansas City now is; there they killed their false guide and, unfortunately for the fate of the poor Pueblo Indians, found their way back to Mexico.

Later, it was traveled by long pack trains carrying trading goods west, and furs and Indian blankets east; and many times was marked by the hoofs of bare-foot ponies and trailing travoix of moving Indian villages or of painted and befeathered war parties. Then came the long, crawling, wagon trains, the dashing stage coaches, the flying pony-express, and at last, the rushing railroad trains.

It is a country of diverse scenery through which this trail finds its way. For the first few hundred miles the eastern part of the road of old wound across the broad, treeless, solemnly-silent, level plains. Then it opened its course into many parallel tracks where the going was soft or uncertain, and again gathered them where the road was once more hard and smooth. It more or less closely follows the shifting banks of the sluggish Arkansas River, where that stream in soft sand may spread its waters out a mile wide and perhaps a few feet or inches

deep, or may nearly vanish from sight only to reappear again, a bravely flowing stream where a more obstinate sub-soil forces its waters to the surface. As the trail reaches toward the mountains the snow-capped summits of Pike's Peak and Long's Peak rise in view and keep it company through the many crossings of streams, bright flowing from the snows above, and watch it as it struggles up the rises or through the openings of the foothills until, with one supreme effort, it climbs to the summit of Raton Pass and descends to the table lands to the south.

Upon this trail, not far from Santa Fe, I was riding northward in 1860, with the intention of visiting Bent's Fort as circumstances permitted, and my adventure-loving disposition found convenient. I was not twenty years of age, but, like most boys of that non-maturity, I considered myself older in knowledge than a grandfather of this or any other generation. Like the prodigal son of old, I had wearied of the husks of Mexican and of savage life, and, like him, I had concluded to arise and go, not to my father, for I had none, but to the land we then called "God's Country" that lay east of the Mississippi River. I was alone with a traveling outfit of two ponies, one of which I rode and the other upon which I packed my camping necessities and the whole of my worldly wealth, except the buckskin suit and prairie dogskin cap I wore, and the rifle and revolver I carried.

I have described my outfit, because to it I believe I later owed my life. I was so clothed, not from any boyish desire for cowboy notority, because the North American cowboy had not then appeared. He was a post Civil-War product that arose after Western men had discovered there was money to be made by running

great herds of cattle over the plains to feed upon the grass which the vanished buffalo millions had heretofore consumed. The cowboy who cared for these cattle copied the trapper's dress I was wearing; in dress, I led, not followed, the cattle herder of the plains. This apparel was forced upon me because the one with which I had left the States was long since worn out, and buckskin and fur were at that time, and in that part of the country, the only available and efficient substitutes.

I was still south of the Raton Pass, near where the trail commenced climbing to make that difficult passage, and my course still lay across a level plain that reached away, apparently for miles, when suddenly I drew rein upon the edge of an almost perpendicular drop of some hundreds of feet. Here lay concealed a chasm, containing a valley some half mile in width, while the line and elevation of the plain beyond the break conformed perfectly to that upon which I stood. This valley and chasm had been worn out by a stream that was one of the head waters of the Cimarron, a branch of the Canadian River. This formation is quite common in this "Mesa," the table-land south of the Raton Mountains reaching into Arizona and finding its highest exemplification in and around the Grand Canon of Colorado. (See illustrations in Chapter XI.)

To my surprise, I found camped along the stream in the valley several trains of Mexicans, who apparently were bound for the States but who seemed to have been camping here for some days at least. Evidently there was some trouble ahead, and it was absolutely necessary that I should know what it was. I could find no one who could talk English, and my Spanish was exceedingly

weak. Spanish is a language of so many terminations and inflections which an English tongue fails to master, that I always feared getting into some scrape as the fellow who, leaning up to his Mexican best girl, whispered softly, *"Mi caro hermoso,"* intending to call her his beautiful beloved, but he didn't get the *"caro"* just right, and instead of the soft words of love he called her his magnificent, two wheeled cart. The result may be imagined. With his disaster in mind, I always talked English when I could, and let the other fellow do the guessing.

But necessity knows no law; I approached a bunch of drivers sitting around a fire, and braced myself for the ordeal.

"Buenos dias, Señores," said I.

A merry-faced "bullwhacker," with a twinkle in his eye, replied, *"Buenos dias, tú."*

That was a facer: I had given them the compliments of the day as gentleman, and this rapscallion had returned the same with a *Tú,* as though I had been a servant or chum of his.

Well, I let that go, but tried him again. *"Por que quedais vosotros aguí por que no subis vosotros mas alto?"* (Why do you remain here, why not go higher?)

Then followed a babel of replies, with much violent gesticulation: from which I gathered that the Comanche Indians were on the war path, that the trail beyond was running red with blood, that everybody in the mines and mountains and in Denver had been murdered and scalped, and the whole country was wiped clean of white men. Further, that they were here waiting for an escort of cavalry to take them through the Comanche country.

After having made all due allowance for the impulsive Spanish-Indian temperament, I thought there must be some foundation for all this furor and concluded to "bide a wee" myself, and so I found a comfortable place and made camp. I write "made camp," although I know that the many men who leave the cities annually, possessing "light camping outfits" that require trucks to move, would scorn the idea that my slight preparations were entitled to any such name. Still I stand by my position and as sustaining evidence bring the Indian, the old trapper, and the many scouts and others who spend their life in the open. Most of these city people never get out of doors and back to nature at all. They simply change their housekeeping from wooden or brick walls to canvas ones and require, and must have, all the delicacies and conveniences of their city homes, even to ice and their daily milk and butter. Not so the old plainsmen: they generally looked with disdain upon too many camp conveniences, and for pleasure, comfort and expedition, preferred to travel with loads containing only necessities and very few conveniences.

I think my outfit was reduced to its lowest terms:

Provisions: Flour, salt, and baking powder.

Meat I expected to get by shooting.

Bedding: A light buffalo robe and two blankets, laid on the ground with saddle for pillow.

Tent: None. In pleasant weather, which that dry country had most of the time, I slept under the stars. In stormy weather I made a "dog tent," such as soldiers use, from my two saddle blankets, and got under them when I was compelled to.

Cooking Utensils: A small, long-handled frying pan, a quart cup, a tin plate, a spoon and my hunting knife.

Plenty of ammunition.

Flint, steel, and tinder.

A small camping axe.

These were all the essentials for comfortable travel for me, in the West. This bill of particulars can be added to as one wishes; nearly all would consider tea, coffee, sugar, and pork essential, but I did not use the first two, which required the third, and I did not care for the last. Matches might be taken if convenient, but should not be relied upon on account of exposure to the rain.

The flour might be made into pancakes or baked as bread before the fire in the frying pan or in the ashes. Meat might be broiled on a forked stick, or when there was plenty of time, and bread was being baked, it might also be placed in the ashes. Should one be going into a country where no game was expected, he might take the time and "jerk" a supply of meat to last him through such scarcity.

Please do not underestimate the old-time method of "baking in the ashes" done by our ancestors from "the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It sounds plebeian and slovenly, but it is highly satisfactory and absolutely sanitary. The baking is not done in the ashes, but in the coals; no germ could possibly resist this trial by fire, and should the meat or bread be wrapped in some wet covering, and care be given that the coals cover everything, the eatables will come out

with even the covering unburned, and be as clean and pure as from the finest oven, and of flavor superior to any stove-cooked product.

Taught by the experience of one long summer and over a thousand miles of such travel, I would not add another item to my equipage. The many "light camping outfits" I have seen in use or advertised, usually seem so elaborate and cumbersome to me that all pleasure in traveling with them would be destroyed. I have observed that the more one has moved about, whether it be as sportsman, soldier, miner, or trapper, the less equipment he carries.

For several days I "possessed my soul with patience," but then became uneasy. I believed it useless to remain in the valley waiting for the cavalry any longer. I felt certain there were enough men and guns in the crowd to make a safe organization, provided they would unite and place themselves under some competent command. I endeavored to make the Mexicans so organize and proceed, but failing to do so, lost my temper and announced that, do what they would, I should start next Monday morning.

Thus the "die was cast" and, so far as I was concerned, I was compelled to start at the time so thoughtlessly mentioned. All Sunday, wherever I appeared, the question was asked: *"Va Vd a ir mañana?"* (Do you go tomorrow?)

To which I always replied, *"Si, mañana por la mañana."* (Yes, tomorrow morning.)

I was still uncertain but hopeful that some of the Mexicans would go along with me. But when I drove

through the camp on starting Monday morning the only movements my way were discouraging remarks like these, *"Perderás el cranio tuyo mañana,"* (You will lose your scalp tomorrow), or more discouraging still, *"Cuando hallaremos el cuerpo tuyo le enterraremos,"* (When we find your body we will bury it.)

Thoroughly provoked, I called back, *"Adiós, Cobardes"* (Good-bye, cowards), and put spurs to my horse to avoid the shower of stones and clubs I might reasonably expect.

Thus alone was I projected into a hostile Indian country, bound for Bent's Fort, two hundred miles away, the first place on the way to the States where I could find safety. High up in the Raton Pass I met the escort of cavalry for which the Mexicans were waiting. The commander sent for me and inquired, "What crimes have you been committing in New Mexico that you have to risk your life to get out of that territory alone, at this dangerous time?"

I told him "I had committed no crime, but that for the last week or so I had been with a bunch of cowards, and I thought a brave Indian, even if he was after my scalp, would be an improvement in companionship."

"Perhaps so," he said, "but you will not go twenty-four hours longer without losing that scalp if you go on. Better come back with me and go through under my escort."

This I should have done, and would have done, had I been a reasonable being; but I was a pig-headed boy who preferred the risk of life and scalp, to returning to the jeers and chaffing of my late Mexican companions. Be-

sides all this, the fact of the matter was that the risk had given me an unwonted zest for the trip. I thought also that I might be able to put up such a bluff that the Indians would not think me worth killing; a hoped-for fact that would only be a repetition of an event that occurred the previous summer of 1859.

This event throws some light upon the method and strategy of the Indian on the war path upon which I relied for safety, and therefore I tell it. I was then traveling with a party of eleven: three men, four women, and three children, all born and brought up on the extreme western border and all from birth, with the exception of myself, acquainted with the Indian. I, the eleventh, a Massachusetts Yankee, had been in the West only some five years and as comparatively a tenderfoot.

Late in the fall we were in New Mexico going toward Arizona. We had crossed a small stream and stopped on its bank for dinner. Suddenly, and without warning, a band of over a hundred Comanche Indians rode over the near hills, following our tracks upon the trail. Upon seeing us, they halted a moment, then came on; part of the band crossed the stream above and circled around us; others crossed below and circled to meet the upward squad, and some remained across the stream. They were a war party, stripped, painted, and feathered for the war-path. We were completely at their mercy.

Charley Johnson, our oldest man and undisputed leader, seeing the plan of the Indians, gave us wordless and nearly motionless directions to stand by our arms and appear as though nothing was expected to happen. Therefore when the war party halted, facing inward,

they saw a camp, the women of which were unconcernedly getting dinner, the children playing, and four men loafing carelessly around *with guns in their hands.* The slightest show of panic among the women or children, or of unpreparedness on the part of the men, would probably have been fatal.

We said to the war party, as plainly as actions could speak, "You are a mighty fine lot of warriors, but that does not concern us greatly, because we are friends, and do not expect to be interfered with by you or any of your tribe." The warriors could see for themselves that should they attack us they would lose at least four of their number by the first discharge of our rifles, and how many more afterwards depended upon whether or not we had revolvers and how quickly they could silence us. Evidently the warriors were anxious to begin to fight, but the chief delayed giving the order. Finally an order was given, not to charge us but to dismount and turn their ponies loose; this was done, and a circle of dismounted warriors now encompassed us.

After some consultation among them, six of the warriors led by their chief came into our camp, but failed to give us the universal "How" of greeting. This looked bad. Charley, however, knew what Indian etiquette was, and set food before them. The chief divided the food between his six companions, but retained *nothing for himself;* this was worse—he had *declined to eat with us.* The duty of the Indian guest to eat is as strong as that of the host to provide the food: no matter how many smut-nose papooses or straying dogs had previously eaten from the common pot, the guest, if friendly, must eat. So

this chief was either holding us up for greater presents or declaring his hostility. We afterwards learned it was the latter.

The usual emigrant, hoping to rid himself of the Indians, would at this point have given nearly everything in the camp, but Charley knew better; he knew that to submit to the first imposition was to lose all. As he refused to be driven, the chief and his squad returned to their warriors.

Again they approached us, this time as traders. The line of their traffic, however, was exceedingly limited. They wanted to buy *guns*. They needed them, for, I believe, there was not one in their whole command; but with us that line of goods had suddenly risen in value: we had none to sell, notwithstanding the fabulous prices offered for them.

Thus, for over an hour, we pretended unconcern while death, like Damocles' sword, seemed hanging by a slender thread over our heads. At last a signal was given, ponies were saddled and mounted, their ranks gathered, and at another signal they charged with a whoop—away towards the mountains, and we never saw them more. Months afterwards the riddle was solved for us. The Indians were hostile to us, as the chief had intimated, but this band was not after our party, it was after a detachment of the Apaches that had run off a drove of their ponies.

The business of the Indians was war, and, like the white man in his business, he looked where the greatest gains and the smallest losses would come. The chief probably figured that it would spoil the afternoon to wipe out our camp, distribute the plunder, and reorganize his loosely held force; meanwhile, the Apaches would get

into the mountains and be saved from pursuit. *Good business,* simply good business, dictated that, if we were going to fight, they had better let us alone at present, press on, save their horses, and pick us up when they had more time and it would pay better. Fortunately for us, they overtook and recaptured their horses, but the Apaches put up such a battle that the Comanches had all the fighting they wanted for that particular time.

Now to apply that experience to my present condition, I reasoned that if I could only make the Comanches again think it would be bad business to kill me, I might get through safely.

The captain's warning did me a good turn; it made me cautious. The Comanche country through which I expected to travel as soon as I should leave the Raton Mountains, was a level or gently rolling plain, here and there crossed by streams of running water fresh from the snows of the mountains. There was no timber on the plains, except a little along the banks of the water courses, consequently there was scant cover to hide an ambushed Indian.

My general outfit—two ponies, buckskin suit, rifle and revolver—would disguise me as that most expert and deadly Indian fighter known, the American trapper, a man whom the Indians knew it was foolish to attack, in the open and during the day, with their bows, arrows, and tomahawks. They might kill such a man as I was supposed to be, but it would be at the expense of some of their warriors, and the plunder I had would not pay the cost. Obviously, when I was reported to some chief as being on the trail, the best policy would be to let me alone during the day, and pick me up some night when caught napping.

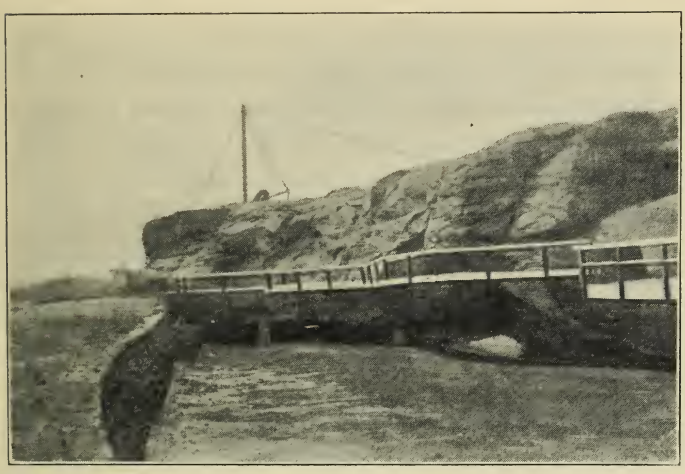
Feeling certain that the Comanches would never suspect how innocent I was, but would class me as a veteran trapper, I felt perfectly safe during the day. It only remained to provide for the night. Having ridden leisurely and carelessly during the day, as though a hostile Indian was not in the United States, I camped near sun down at some usual camping place; there I turned my ponies loose, built my fire, got my supper, and went to bed as though for the night. I slept, with one eye open, until about one o'clock, when I got up and got out of that camp as fast as whip and spur could drive my horses, nor stopped nor stayed for anything until I had traveled at least twenty miles. Then I made a dry camp away from both water and trail. Thus, at the time the Indian usually makes his nightly attack—from two to four o'clock in the morning, when, if ever, man and beast are asleep and off guard— I made it a point to be at least five or ten miles from the camp I first made and traveling as though his Satanic majesty was after me.

In this manner, loafing along by day, camping and running by night, I finally reached my longed-for haven, Bent's Fort. To my great surprise and pleasure, I found a gathering of the friendly Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes of Indians surrounding the fort, their number so numerous that they covered the river valley and ranged through the trees of Big Timber for miles.

Whether my deserted camp was ever visited by the Comanches, I know not. This ride through a hostile Indian country was a foolhardy undertaking, later discoveries proving it more dangerous than I had supposed. It was a trip I never would have taken had I cultivated the habit—no, I will not say habit; it is something higher;

let me say religion — of the primitive old-time Sioux Indian warrior. He, in such a crisis as I met at Raton Pass, retired alone, shut out all disturbing thought, and in absolute silence communed with his "Great Mystery" until his mind was settled and his course seemed clear. This almost daily habit of the old Sioux Indian is, to me, a matter of great interest; it seems to be in continuation or memory of his first great silence, when, following the age of adolescence and before he is made a warrior, having purified his body with the Indian steambath, naked, save for moccasins and breech cloth, without food or drink, he stations himself upon the height of some summit, and, facing the rising sun, shutting out all worldly thought, he there stands motionless, perhaps for several days and nights, while his soul seeks the Great Mystery. What visions he may there see, what thoughts may come to him, what resolutions he may there make, no one may ask and he seldom tells, unless some public act may be connected therewith.

The Indian, thus in his primitive simplicity, seems here to have found a great religious or mind-moving principle. Christ retired alone to the desert, and commanded his followers to pray in secret; and today I can find no difference between the great silence of the old Sioux and the deep silence of the Church of the New Thought that is now rapidly spreading. The old Sioux devotee went to the mountain top or deep forest to be alone; the new devotee, to obtain a similar environment, must go to his private room. The first sought communion with his Great Mystery; the last with the Infinite— a difference of condition and nomenclature only, but an identity of act, of purpose, and desired accomplishment.



THE TUNNELLED ROCK
Head of the Irrigation Project, Arkansas River

CHAPTER II

THE BLANKET INDIANS AS I KNEW THEM

As I stood upon the ruins of the old fort in the spring of 1918, and looked northwest at the broad valley of the Arkansas River that reached miles and miles away toward the Rocky Mountains, the contrast between the present view and the one that was first presented to me fifty-eight years before, was almost unbelievable. Then, in the long ago, as far as the eye could reach, the valley was covered with the tepees of the Indians, their droves of ponies and their people; now, in 1918, by the farms, homes, and herds of domestic cattle of the white man. In the foreground, a modern, iron bridge carries an automobile trail across the river. At the left, an immense dam stops the river where the rock of the bluff has been

tunneled, and an irrigation ditch flows away, reaching eighty-six miles and watering over eighty thousand acres with the farms, towns, and villages covering them.

The Indians I met here, in 1860, were still "blanket Indians" in the fullest sense of the word. They wore no discarded civilized costume, but were dressed in their own buckskin, beads, and feathers. They carried very few guns and were armed almost entirely with their own primitive weapons. I doubt if half a dozen in the whole two nations there encamped could speak English, more than to utter the universal "How" of greeting. Yet trading, and visiting, and correspondence between the whites of the fort and the reds of the plains was constant and active, if not always pleasing and understandable, owing to the fact that sign-language was necessarily used between them, and all were not equally expert in its gesticulation and interpretation.

To a "tenderfoot" like myself it was intensely interesting to see a knot of Indians from different tribes, mixed perhaps with a few whites, seated in a circle on the ground and conversing gravely and earnestly on some important subject, or laughing and joking on some trivial matter, while not a word was spoken, sign language alone conveying the ideas circling around.

As good luck would have it, I possessed some knowledge that the commandant at the fort needed, and he did not have to use much eloquence or present strong inducements to get me to stay during the pending negotiations that had called this gathering.

It is just as good a time now as any to say that, during my stay with these people, I never was more kindly

and courteously treated; never have I seen apparently better conducted homes, nor happier children; never a larger per cent of athletic, well-put-up, young men, nor sturdy, well-built, modest maidens, than among these Indians. I fully believe, what better men than I, with better means of knowing, have said, that the "North American Indian was the best primitive people that ever inhabitated any portion of this world." I became an admirer of, formed a sincere friendship for these tribes, and parted from them with regret. I saw many of their ceremonial and other dances, and I think the most beautiful sight of my life was presented when, one evening, their maidens, dresesd in perfectly white, bead-ornamented, antelope-skin dresses, performed a squaw dance of significance unknown to me.

These Indians were very nearly in their primitive state, and I found them so different from the Indians as they are supposed to be by a large majority of our white people, that, in justice to them, I feel compelled to state my opinion of some of their habits and characteristics—an opinion found at this and other meetings and confirmed by what others, who know them better than I, have testified.

It has been said that the Indian is shy, silent, undemonstrative, even morose, and incapable of seeing a joke. This is true when he is among strangers or those he does not trust, but when among friends and those he trusts nothing could be farther from the truth. I found him to be exceedingly happy, humorous and friendly. Doctor Eastman, a Sioux Indian himself, brought up in Sitting Bull's camp until early manhood, must certainly know whereof he testified, when he wrote: "I don't believe I

ever heard a real hearty laugh away from an Indian fireside, and whole evenings were spent in laughing with them until I could laugh no more."

It was thought that the Indian had no education. Wrong again: it was of the very best, not for our purpose, but for his needs. If it be true, as I have seen asserted, that Napoleon's military ideas were first conceived in his mother's womb, then it is true that the Indian's education begins months before he is born. The expectant mother is taught to retire, and in her mind to dwell upon the heroic and patriotic deeds of her ancestors. After birth, the baby's lullabies are all of brave deeds and generous giving. At five the mother and grandmother take charge of the girl, the father and grandfather of the boy, and both are taught in accomplishments that will best advance the children and conserve the highest good of their tribe. The boy is taught to be a hunter and a warrior, not for himself, but for his tribe; the girl is taught to be a homekeeper and a mother, the last so efficiently that when her great time comes she retires alone, to some secluded spot, and there remains until she can return bearing the fruition of love, her babe, in her arms. Doctor Eastman, although he graduated with honors at one of our best colleges and medical schools, considers that the most valuable part of his education was received before he was sixteen years old in an Indian camp.

The primitive Indian was hospitable and generous. His hospitality extended to all who entered his camp, be they friend, stranger, or even foe; and he would turn out his warriors to protect such guests, if need there be. His generosity often found an end only when

he had impoverished himself by liberal giving. That his hospitality and protection may be tribal, as well as personal, was proved by a comrade of mine. He was a contractor, who had engaged to grade a portion of a railroad through a certain part of South Dakota containing the Sisseton Sioux reservation. Soon after commencing his work, several big Sioux came to him and one of them, touching him with his finger, said, "*You—sojer—Davenport.*" Then John realized his condition, and he told me that he "never was so badly scared in his life."

When the contractor was in the army, his duty at Davenport was guarding the two hundred and fifty warriors who had been condemned to death for the murders and atrocities committed at the great outbreak of Indians at New Ulm, Minnesota, in 1862. Our kind-hearted Lincoln would permit only forty of these to be executed, and now my comrade found himself alone with his whole grading crew in the reservation and at the mercy of the two hundred and ten "fiendish devils" who had been turned loose.

He tried to get released from the contract, but could not; he endeavored to get someone to take it off his hands—nobody wanted it. Finally, as every cent he had was tied up in the job, he concluded to put it through even though it should be the last thing he would ever do. In describing the completion of this work to me afterwards, he said, "Never in all my railroad contracting did I experience so little trouble or lose so few things as across the reservation. I did not lose so much as a linchpin on the whole job."

The facts were he had been halfway decent to those Indians as a guard, and they had not forgotten it. Their "You-sojer-Davenport" had been intended as the welcome of a host, not the defiance of an enemy. His ignorance of the Indian language, and the Indian's lack of English, had cost my comrade needless apprehension.

Regarding the social position of the Indian woman, many white people believe she was almost a slave. Whatever she may have become since the white man's laws have robbed her of her property, her genealogical prestige, and made a wreck of her social position, I will not discuss, but in old times and under tribal customs nothing could be farther from the fact.

She owned the home and domestic property—the men only furnished subsistence and protection to it—and young Indian bucks and lordly warriors had to step around her wigwam as she bade. This property descended by clan law to her heirs and not to his; thus at her death the bereaved widower lost not only his wife but perhaps his home. The Indian was careful to maintain the purity of his blood and was as proud of his ancestry as an Englishman, but with the red man the line of ancestry descended through the female, not the male. The honor of the tribe was in the woman's hands and careful and proud was she to maintain it. The unmarried women held their virgin feasts wherein they challenged the world to cloud their honor. Woe to the girl whose virginity was challenged and the charge made good, and twice woe to the brave who made a challenge which he failed to prove. But the white man changed all this. He took hunting-ground away from the warrior,

made him a lazy loafer, gave to him the woman's property, and placed the honor of the tribe in his hands, not in the woman's. Then she fell. "When she fell, the tribe fell with her."

Another practice contrary to the education of the primitive Indian was that of being paid for services done or hospitality rendered. It was foreign to all his training and habits. He was brought up with the thought of service and self-sacrifice to his tribe, to his family, and to his guests. He served with no thought of property reward. So long as this idea remained true, the Medicine Man retained a high character; he gave the best advice and used for his patients the best known remedies without remuneration. But when the idea of healing for pay became prevalent, that office became a fraud of the worst type.

The first natural conclusion of the Indian, when he learned that the white man bought and sold his services, was that anything he had was for sale. This idea caused much amusement for us men and annoyance for the two girls who were in the 1859 party heretofore described. During that summer we were traveling up the north branch of the Platte river, and through the Sioux country from Fort Kearney to Fort Laramie. Soon after we left Fort Kearney, Indian swains began to appear in camp and along the trail, proving their worth and dexterity by exhibiting their horsemanship and athletic ability, and offering ponies, many ponies, in trade for the girls as intended wives. This continued, and the girls were rapidly increasing in value; and I do not know how many ponies they would have brought had not an occurrence taken place which stopped the whole proceeding.

This happened near Scott's Bluff, which reared its precipitous sides hundreds of feet from the level plain upon the south side of the river. It was the Fourth of July, and we decided to celebrate it by a day's rest. The two older men took their rifles and went after antelope; George and I, the two younger, concluded to wade across the river and investigate the bluffs. Thus the camp was left with only the women and children. Just at this time a band of Sioux came and entered into possession.

Finding all the men gone, they expected the women would in their terror give them everything they demanded. But they were disappointed; they had found a camp of border women, who would give them nothing on demand. When they began to get ugly about it, the grandmother in the group concluded she would drive them out of camp. She retired into one of the wagons with a pitcher of water and a bottle of ink; then after having made moans of suffering enough to attract the attention of the Indians, she opened the front of the wagon top, motioned one of the girls to bring her a wash-basin, and then emptied her mouth of the inky water wherewith she had filled it. This "black vomit" was enough; visions of small-pox and every other disease, known and unknown, terrified the mighty warriors. They knew now why there were no men around—we were all dead and buried. Immediately they deserted camp. They stopped not on the order of their going. Neither money, persuasion, nor force, would have induced any one of them to take the smallest thing from our camp with them; nor did they ever return while we were in their country.

In his creed the Indian recognized spirit in all things, but between him and his Great Mystery he allowed no priest, person or entity to come. Before this Great Mystery he stood silent and submissive, but to no other person, being, or thing, dead or alive, did he bow the knee of homage.

This Great Mystery or spirit is with him at all times; daily he faces the rising sun, and alone communes with it; not a deer does he kill, not a stream does he cross, not a striking landscape does he meet but he is conscious of its presence; and even the housewife, when she places the steaming meal before her waiting family, softly whispers, "Spirit partake." In some tribes a piece of meat is placed on the blazing coals and the meal is not eaten until the "offering" is consumed.

CHAPTER III

A TREATY MADE AND BROKEN

The Indian nations I found at Bent's Fort had gathered for no holiday purpose; it was a question of life and death that had brought them together; not personal life and death—the Indian cares little for that, but the life and death of his tribe, for which he cares everything. During the preceding year over sixty thousand emigrants had crossed the Indian lands and gone into the mines. These emigrants had ruthlessly slaughtered the buffalo; cut down and destroyed the scant and valuable timber along the streams; and worse than all, had burned the fall grass, thereby leaving the Indian's ponies and the buffalo to starve during the winter.

If this state of things should continue, the Indians saw nothing ahead of them but starvation and death. They wanted their "Great Father at Washington" to help them arrange matters so that they could settle down, raise crops and live more or less like the white man. This was necessary, because their game was vanishing and their country rapidly being ruined for the life they had hitherto led. The "Great Father" had heard their request, and it was to meet commissioners appointed by him to consider the subject that they were now gathered.

Never was there a more harmonious meeting than between the commissioners thus appointed and these Indians. The Indians freely gave up all their lands north of the Arkansas River, including the rich mines in the Rocky mountains, and were to receive therefor a small portion of the land they had ceded, together with tools, improvements, and instruction which would enable them

to cultivate the land for their subsistence. The commissioner's report, made and on file in Washington, reads, "It has not fallen to my lot to visit any Indians who seemed more disposed to comply with the wishes of the government than the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Notwithstanding that they were fully aware of the rich mines discovered in their country, they were disposed to yield up their claims without reluctance. They certainly deserve the fostering care of the government, and should be liberally encouraged in their new sphere of life."

After the conference ended the Indians broke camp and dispersed, thinking that their troubles were over and that the way to peace, prosperity, and plenty for their tribes was assured. This happy consummation I certainly believe would have ensued, had not the government engaged in a great Civil War and failed to make good on its part. One year passed, and nothing was done; two years passed, and only a surveyor appeared; three years passed, and still no farms, not even an irrigation ditch; no promised farmer, or blacksmith, or houses, or school, or grist-mill—*nothing but a survey*, and no two tribes of Indians, however well-meaning, treaty-keeping, and economical, can live long on surveyor's stakes and governmental lines. Four years passed, and nothing was done. The great buffalo herds were gone; the tribes were broken up into small bands, hunting game wherever they could, some of them actually starving for necessities, and many feeling that, if die they must, it was better to die with a full stomach on the war path than of starvation and submission to injustice. Some did commence depredations, but many were still peaceable and friendly.

The Governor of Colorado called for military aid in June 1864, but at the same time sent a proclamation to all Indians who were friendly to come to places he would designate, where they would be assured of rations, safety, and protection. Complying with this proclamation the two chiefs, Black Kettle and White Antelope, proved and tried friends of the whites, with their tribes and some others, all being the same Indians who made the treaty in 1860 at Bent's Fort, came to that place, then called Fort Lyon, surrendered their arms, made their camp in the place directed by the commander of the fort, and in every way complied with all orders and suggestions which he made.

Yet, notwithstanding the good faith and helplessness of these Indians; notwithstanding the honor of the United States government, plighted by its commissioned officers; notwithstanding the pledged word of the state of Colorado, as given by its governor in his proclamation; in spite of all principles of justice and mercy, of equity and prudence, these friends of ours were attacked on the morning of November 27, 1864, by the First Colorado Cavalry under the command of Colonel J. M. Chivington, and men, women, and children were murdered and mutilated without mercy. When the attack commenced White Antelope thought it a mistake, and came running toward the soldiers, holding up his hand and calling in English, "Stop! Stop!" When he saw that there was no mistake and that it was a deliberate attack, he folded his arms and waited until he was shot down. Then the outrage proceeded to its brutal termination.

Some may think this is an exaggeration of some Eastern sentimentalist gone daft on the Indian question. I

wish they were right. Congress appointed a commission to investigate this horror, and the details there testified to I care not to write—they are too horrible. Suffice it to say, that this commission reported, "It is difficult to believe that beings in the form of men, disgracing the uniform of United States service and officers, should commit such acts of cruelty and barbarity." And of Colonel Chivington, they reported, "He deliberately planned and executed a foul and dastardly massacre, which would disgrace the veriest savage among those who are the victims of his cruelty."

I care not to blister these pages with further detail of the brutalities testified to before this committee for they seem so unbelievable. Anyone who cares to verify the report or follow the tragedy further can find it fully set out in two hundred pages of Volume II, Senate Documents for 1866-67, or he can find the essential facts in condensed form in Helen Hunt Jackson's *Century of Dishonor*. In 1868, a commission, of which General W. T. Sherman was a prominent member, also alluding to this "Sand Creek Massacre," says "It scarcely has its parallel in the records of Indian barbarity; fleeing women holding up their hands and praying for mercy were shot down, infants were killed and scalped in derision, men tortured and mutilated in a manner that would put to shame the savages of Central Africa. No one will be astonished that a war ensued that cost the government thirty millions of dollars and carried conflagration and death into the border settlement."

When the few survivors who escaped from the "Sand Creek Massacre" reached their friends and relatives, or course they all, as reported by the last commission,

went upon the war path. What else could they do? They considered the action of Colonel Chivington and his men as the act and sentiment of the whole white nation. They naturally resolved that if death was their doom, whether they were at war or at peace, it was better—far better—to die fighting like warriors, for the life and liberty of their women and children, than to be butchered in a so-called peaceful encampment, with those dear ones defendlessly clinging to them for aid. Who can blame them? Not I; not you.

The Indians were wrong, certainly wrong. The "Sand Creek Massacre" did not represent the feelings of the white people. The curse of our race war with the Indian from the time the Puritans landed on Plymouth Rock and the Cavaliers at Jamestown, down to and including the very moment that I am writing these words, has been the unjust, unsportsmanlike idea—harbored equally by the white men and the red—of holding a whole race of well-meaning and peaceful people responsible for the acts, or accidents, of a foolish or malignant few. It is this wicked idea that has marked in blood the white man's progress and the Indian's retreat across our land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. It is this that has made three-fourths of our wars, battles, and massacres on both sides throughout our history. Strange it is that an educated, intelligent nation like ourselves cannot rise above this crudity; but it is not strange that the uneducated Indian, knowing really nothing of the world, should be actuated by it.

In this case the people of Colorado had suffered depredations from some Indian bands of wrong doers, and this massacre was their reprisal and revenge, a revenge

inflicted, not on the guilty, but on the innocent. The militia of Colorado was not, in this case, sustained by the general government; but, strange to say, our Government itself, at Washington, deliberately made an equally bad mistake that cost the lives of hundreds of whites, and forty millions of dollars in money.

In 1857, Inkpaduta, with a band of about a dozen, committed fiendish outrages at Spirit Lake, Iowa, not far from where I then lived. He and his band were a bad lot, *outcasts* from the Sioux tribe and not recognized by them, and yet the Government held the whole Sioux nation responsible for the outrage. It weighed nothing with the Government in extenuation that these men had been separated from the nation so long that they had been lost sight of, both by the Sioux tribe and the Government itself, and that they had been refused payment in 1856, at Redwood, because they were not Sioux. It counted for nothing that it was currently reported among the whites where I lived—and I believe the report was true—that the outbreak was almost forced upon the Indians by the whites taking away their guns and leaving them in winter without means to secure game to keep them from starvation. It counted nothing that the Sioux did send out an expedition that killed four of these Indians and captured three, and that they tried their best to bring in all of the band, but found it impossible. In spite of all this, the Government held the nation responsible and stopped their annuities and rations. This injustice on our part had much to do with, if it was not a prime cause of, the Sioux outbreak at New Ulm, Minnesota, in 1862, in which nearly a thousand white men, women and children were killed; millions of dollars in property destroyed;

nameless outrages committed; and which, as I said before, cost us forty millions of dollars to subdue.

Was our Government's treatment of these wards of ours exceptional or typical? In its most brutal aspect I am glad to say it was exceptional, but in its general treatment I blush to say it was typical. As time has progressed and reached nearer to our present epoch, our Government has grown more and more liberal and just in its Indian policy; but even within my memory Colonel Henry Inman, Assistant Quartermaster U. S. A., by no means an Indian-lover, was compelled to admit, "That for more than a third of a century, passed on the plains and in the mountains, he had never known a war with hostile tribes that was not caused by broken faith on the part of the United States or its agents."

I know of but two treaties made between the white men and the Indians which have been kept in good faith by the first party.

These were not treaties by the Government, but by communities: the Quakers in Pennsylvania, and the Mormons in Utah. In both of these cases, the Indians proved true to the contract.

The result of these broken treaties is, that the Indian has been rapidly passing even during my life time; and his going is, any way it may be viewed, a tragedy. In 1840, at the commencement of my "One Man's Life Time," the red man had not felt the devastating touch of the white man west of the Mississippi River except in the present state of Louisiana. Through all the valleys of the Red, the Arkansas, the Platte, and the Missouri Rivers, together with all the country west of the Rocky

Mountains, their tribal life had not been disturbed, and their hunting grounds had not been molested. They were still living a free, happy, and prosperous life as they understood it; and this method of living was largely true even as late as 1860, when I traveled among them on the western plains. East of the Mississippi River, all north of Chicago and west of Lake Michigan, and also in some other places the Indians were practically in the same condition.

How many Indians there were in the United States originally nobody knows with any degree of certainty; how many there were here at the commencement of my life-time is a riddle that cannot be definitely solved. The Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company in a "Red Book," containing statistics touching the country it covers and controls, says, "At some time near the upper Mississippi valley, comprising one-ninth of the United States, there were five hundred thousand Indians, now not forty-eight thousand." This being correct, there must have been "at some time" no less than three million in the United States. "How are the mighty fallen!" These supposed three million souls, by the more or less direct result of contact with the white man, his civilization, his broken treaties, his diseases, his whiskey and gun powder, are now reduced to less than three hundred thousand as shown by the census of 1910.

Even this number is ethnologically too large, for the Government calls one an Indian who has any Indian blood in his veins. At the White Earth Agency of the Chippewa Indians in the summer of 1918, I found their official list of names of the tribe separated into full bloods and mixed bloods. There were twice as many pages of

the latter as there were of the former; and the same year, at the Sisseton Agency of the Sioux, they told me there were probably not forty full-blood Sioux in the four thousand registered as belonging to the tribe. All this being true, it is probable that the pure-blood Indians in the United States today are the smaller part of the number stated. The Indians, not only as a tribe, but as individuals, physically and ethnologically, are not only dying out, but also fading out. Thus it becomes very apparent that when the government or anyone else talks about the Indian increasing in number, the increase so mentioned may be, and doubtless is, largely of those who are nearly, if not quite, as white in color as we are.

This estimate mentioned may be too large, or too small; it may be based upon facts exaggerated, or minimized. But the great truth stands, unchallenged and undebatable, that the Indian, throughout more than half of our country, as an Indian in his free, self-reliant and self-sustaining tribal character, has, during my life time, perished forever from the United States.

Some of the three hundred thousand of his descendants and quasi-descendants today are the richest people per capita in the world; many of them individually start out on a new life and make good in their chosen profession. But the greater part of these broken tribes, with their hunting grounds gone and their former life rendered impossible, find it hard to take up the white man's burdens, and are living an indolent, dependent, objectless life, without purpose, without hope, without future outlook. These pitiful remnants of a once mighty people have hardly preserved enough of their ancient personality, habits, customs, clothing, and surroundings, to exhibit

or even suggest the brave, defiant warrior, the tireless hunter, the generous host, the patriot who felt it a joy to sacrifice himself for his tribe, and the self-reliant, self-sufficient people and such as all early explorers and unbiased travelers unanimously testify the American Indian once was.

I can imagine some one laying down this book and saying, "This writer is an Eastern sentimentalist, who has been carried away by the feathers, beads and paint of the Indian, and is stating things he knows nothing of." Whatever else I may be, I am not an Eastern sentimentalist: I have spent all my active life upon our Western border; I am a Western observationist, and what I have personally known and experienced concerning the red man and the manner in which he has been treated by our Government fully agrees with that of Bishop Whipple of Minnesota. Of all men, no one had better opportunity to know the inside facts of which he wrote or possessed a more honest heart and fearless courage to tell what he knew. Hear what he wrote: "The Indian Bureau" (at Washington) "represents a system that is a blunder and a crime." "It is to be doubted whether one single treaty" (with the Indians) "was ever fulfilled as it would have been if made with a foreign power, which is equivalent to saying they were not fulfilled at all. Pledges solemnly made have been ruthlessly broken." "The North American Indian is the noblest heathen man on earth; he is brave and fearless, quick of intellect, a clear thinker and, until betrayed, true to his plighted faith; he is passionately fond of children, and counts it a joy to die for his people." I also have found that what Captain Carver, who traveled among the Indians as early as 1766, says

of them at that time, was practically true of the blanket Indians of the West, when I visited them in 1860. He says they were "temperate in their mode of living, patient of hunger and fatigue, social and humane to all whom they looked upon as friends, and ready to share with them the last morsel of food they possessed and to expose their lives in their defense. They possessed an attachment for their tribe unknown to inhabitants of any other country, combining as if actuated by one soul against the common enemy. Never swayed in their councils by selfish or party views, but sacrificing everything to the honor and advantage of their tribe, in support of which they fear no danger and are affected by no suffering."

I might fill the remainder of my book with quotations from travelers among the Indians in primitive time; also from what early traders, government subsistence agents, and inspectors who have rationed and overlooked them say, and even from what officers who have fought them testify—all sustaining and maintaining what I have written. Further proof seems needless repetition.

I am fully aware of the current saying and opinion, credited to General Sheridan, that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian"; I also know the usual opinion that he is a lying, treaty-breaking, murdering, scalping savage. He tells lies? Yes, I suppose we all do, and in his dealings with us he has received some wonderfully effective lessons in that noble art, but the word and honor of a primitive Indian was as high as that of Damon and Pythias. Then one who told an untruth found it nearly impossible to reinstate himself in his tribe; and it was no anomaly in the old Indian history for him to report him-

self for death voluntarily, as the three Cayuse Indian chiefs did to General Lane in Oregon in 1848; as the three Sacs did to General Scott at Rock Island in 1832; and as the two indicted for the murder of the Beresford family did to Sheriff Walker at Ottawa, Illinois, after the Blackhawk war. Even as late as twenty years ago, it was reported, and truly, as I believe (because I have had verification of the story from Indian sources), that a baseball player in the Indian territory was condemned to death, but was permitted on his word of honor to complete the series of games of his league. This done he reported to the sheriff. All these men, reported for supposed death, simply on their word of honor; and not one of them had a Damon pawned in dungeon to compel such surrender.

Treaty-breaking? No! I have yet to hear of a treaty he has broken before the whites had shattered it beyond repair.

Murderer? I deeply regret to admit that he is, but I more deeply regret that the Sand Creek is not our only slaughter of the red men, and that for every atrocity of the red men committed upon us, there are—to our shame—on record in the white man's history, as many or more of ours committed on him.

Brutal scalper? Yes, but in old times, I understand, only one scalp was taken by the victorious war party as a symbolic trophy, and that one was treated with respect and buried with honor. It was not until the colonial governors offered cash bounties for Indian scalps that scalp-hunting vigorously began, the whites taking a prominent part therein.

The Indian, at times and as an individual, has broken every command of the decalogue, and has committed every crime imaginable in his dealings with us, and so have we sinned in our dealings with him. That ought to be a standoff. Let us now, sportsmanlike, give our enemy credit for the good there is in him. We have taken from him the most beautiful country on earth, a country that, by our treaties, we have over and over again admitted was his. We have ruined his hunting ground; we have slaughtered his game; we have destroyed his tribal relations; we have imprisoned him upon reservations that were far from the home he loved, and away from the graves of his ancestors, and in surroundings that he, many times, hated; we have given him our whiskey, our diseases, our immoralities, and now let us not, needlessly rob him of the good name and memory of the virtues he once possessed.

Why has the Indian so vanished before the white man? It was inevitable; it could not be helped. The resistless law of progress needed his hunting ground for cities, and towns, and civilized life. No supplication, no pleading, no argument, no force would stop its onward flow. When you reach the great underlying fact, you will find that it was a war of races; and that knowingly or unknowingly, willingly or unwillingly, it also became a war of extinction, Our forefathers seemed to so understand it, for where are the tribes of Powhatan in Virginia and of King Philip in Massachusetts? If it were not so, why should the old colonial governors offer bounties for scalps? Why should the peaceable, Christian, Moravian Indians have been butchered while at prayer, with no one daring to say a word of protest ex-

cept the Quakers? And why should the old time Episcopalian and Presbyterian preachers both believe and preach, like the Israelites of old, that it was their bounden duty to kill, root and branch, the heathen and Canaanite, as they called the Indian?

Yes, it was a war of races, the strong against the weak, and in such war, the weak must go to the wall. If in the desperation of defeat and disaster the defeated one, like Shylock, shall say to the white man, "The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction," who shall blame him? Then when death and the extinction of his tribe faced the Indian, he did as you would, as I should, and as we all ought to have done, if matters were reversed, and the Indians were the aggressors and the white men the defenders: they went upon the warpath and there fought bravely—how bravely, space in this book will not permit me to tell.

I blame not my country, nor my ancestors. I try to be a one hundred per cent American. My forefathers fought in the Colonial wars and in the Revolution, as I did in the Civil War, and as I am now voluntarily under call to do what I can in the World War. My people have treated the Indians badly, but the greater part of that treatment was a necessity. You or I could probably have done no better—might have done worse. The Indian has done what his Great Mystery bade him; he has, to his last and his best, fought for his land, his fathers' graves, his wife and his children, and we, all of us, would despise him had he not done so. There let the issue rest until the great Hereafter shall try the cause, and just judgment render.

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CHAPTER IV

THE "GREAT AMERICAN DESERT"

When the Indians had dispersed, after their council, I resumed my way down the Arkansas River. Oh, the glory of that ride! Think of it: I had youth, my ponies at my command to carry me where I would and when I would, thousands of miles of uninhabited land for my kingdom, over whose plains I could gallop at will or by whose streams I could linger at pleasure; with herds of buffalo in each valley, with bands of antelope on each hill, and the "yap-yap" of the countless prairie dogs calling, "Hail brother." Even the howl of the large gray wolf at night was a greeting, and the "yip-yip y-e-ah" of the coyote was a welcome. What more could a boy ask? My old blood of more than four score years leaps again at memory of it.

I was in love with life on the plains. I should have been more than welcome in either of the Indian nations at Bent's Fort, for I possessed some of the white man's knowledge which they greatly wanted; I had no ties that called me back to the States, and I have since wondered how I escaped remaining in that wild country.

I think likely I would have remained, but for one man. He was one of the scouts who took Fremont through the Rocky Mountains, and was a genuine specimen of that class of men of which I told you once I was an imitation—a Western scout and trapper. He was then an old, feeble, decrepit man. His left arm had been broken by a bullet. It had healed without proper setting and was stiff and distorted, but he could raise it enough to steady his rifle; he was still a dead shot. I met him in

the hostile Comanche country about three days before I reached Bent's Fort. He was, like myself, traveling with two ponies, and we rode and camped together until we reached the point mentioned.

The old man seemed to take a fatherly interest in me, and, as soon as he found that I had education and experience enough to take care of myself in civilized life, insisted that I return immediately to the States. He urged this, with many reasons, until I promised to comply. To get this promise from me, he broke through the stoic reserve of the plainsman and confidentially told me his story. He belonged to one of the best known and respected families of St. Louis. He went on the plains about my age and stayed too long; so long, that when he did return, it was too late: he could not adapt himself to civilized life, and, what was worse, did not want to.

He again went West to live and die in the land he loved. He had a grown family in a tribe of Indians, but any one of his grown boys, he said, would shoot him on sight. He could not go to his Indian home, he would not go to his white one. He was too proud to impose upon a stranger, and told me he would range the plains and mountains, trapping as he could, scouting when he might, until he died in some lone camp and the wolves picked his bones—unless someone found them sooner and buried them.

He would not tell me why his sons were so hostile, but years after, in reading an account of the Fremont expedition, I came across a bit of his life that solved the riddle. His act was that of a man crazed with whiskey, and I could not blame his tribe for the deadly hatred in

which they held him. Yet sinner that he was, I still thank him for his unselfish act in baring his lone life for my benefit. Although I know well that his condition was the result of his own folly, still the thought of my promise to that old, broken man, waiting to die alone, always remained between me and my thought of following his footsteps.

But there was one draw-back to my complete pleasure in this glorious ride across the primitive plains. That was the red man. I was now among friendly and neutral tribes; there was no danger to my life; no Indian could gain an eagle's feather by taking my scalp or counting a coup on my body. Should he kill me and claim such reward of his council, they would not grant it to him, but would probably punish him for needlessly embroiling his tribe in war. Therefore, my person was safe, but one might just as well be killed and scalped as left on the plains without ponies and provisions.

An Indian was not supposed to marry until he had changed his child name to one gained by himself from some noted deed he had done. The principal way to such honor was the hunting trail and the war path. To kill me would bring no honor, but to raid my camp, in their view, was a different matter, and if worthily and skillfully done, might bring distinction to some young man, giving him a name among his tribe, and permitting him to marry the maid he, perhaps, had long loved. In every tribe through which I might pass were many young men eager for such advancement, and even though I was a friend of the Indian, I did not care to graduate him in the only university his tribe possessed by the loss of my ponies. Given my way about it, I should prefer he

would remain unknown and unmarried forever rather than to assist him in that way. In this case, as in many before, for aid and support I relied upon Beauty, brave, faithful Beauty—my first love.

That reminds me, you have not been introduced to my two traveling companions. This must be done. Permit me to introduce Bob and Beauty. Bob was an ordinary Indian pony; he did not know much—scarcely as much as I did when it came to an ultimate show down; but he had two virtues that made him invaluable to me as a pack pony: he was afraid to be alone, and he, like myself, loved Beauty. Turned loose with his pack in the morning, where Beauty and I should go, he would follow. No forest was so dark and tangled, no path on the precipice so steep or dangerous, no trail so long, no desert so drear, but he was near us, and the greater the danger the closer he came.

But Beauty—how shall I describe her? She had the far-reaching eye of the eagle, the alertness and sprightliness of the deer, the speed of the antelope, the affection and fidelity of the dog, and the beauty of a glorious woman. She must have had much gentle blood in her veins. I more than half suspect she had been stolen; the low price asked for her, the fact that such low price was further cheapened when it was made known that I was leaving immediately for the States, and her apparent aversion to the man who claimed to be her owner, were all suspicious facts. But it was a case of "love at first sight" with me, and the fear of being accessory after the fact in a case of grand larcency had no terrors for me if I could only call her mine.

Unlike Bob, Beauty had brains and knew how to use

them. Without joking, of the three of us, she was in many ways the best plains-man; of some things she knew more than Bob and I both, and experience had taught us to let her have her way therein. But one day our wills crossed, and I shall never forget the conflict, my defeat, her victory, and the final result eminently satisfactory to us both. Before this when in need of provisions, I had killed buffalo by still-hunting, but had never attempted to run them on horseback; that was a new thing to me, but before the day was out, I found it was an old game for Beauty. I knew something of the danger and to provide against it had cinched Beauty's saddle tight and drawn up the curb strap of her bridle so that I had full command of her motions. To my surprise, when we reached the herd of buffalo, she would not go near them. I coaxed, there was no compliance; I commanded, there was no obedience; I chastised to her, and there was such spirited resistance that I should have been stretched upon the ground had I not been a fairly decent horseman. I dismounted to investigate—there was no mistaking her eye, it was not wicked or obstinate; it was pleading and anxious. I remembered the time when crossing a river she absolutely refused to go where I wanted her, but when given her head she safely picked her way over. She knew the look of quicksand; I had not noticed it. Something of that kind was the matter now, and the poor beastie could not talk and tell me what it was.

Finally I had sense enough to guess the trouble. She was afraid to go in among the dangerous horns of a furious buffalo herd unless she was given her head, free to dodge wherever and whenever need appeared. With much misgiving I risked my guess. I stripped her clean,

save for lariat looped around her lower jaw, Indian fashion. I left saddle and blanket and bridle on the ground, and mounted her. I had no more than touched her bare neck when she was off like a falcon after its quarry; she taught me that day how to run buffalo.

The trick for the horse to perform in this case is to place its rider along side of the buffalo, just behind his left shoulder, and *never to pass that point;* should it be done, a mad bull would be likely to wheel and thrust his horns into the flanks of his passing antagonist, and the horse and not the buffalo would be killed. I saw an inexperienced traveler lose the best horse in his team, trying to run buffalo and not observing this precaution.

The trained pony, the moment the shot is fired, halts in his course or whirls to the left before the bull has time to make his counter attack; the alert horse can tell when and how this should be done better than his rider. Have you ever seen a little king bird drive a great hawk away from too close proximity to his nest? There is a dash and a stroke in the rear, a dash and a stroke at the side, but never in front where the beak and the talons of the great bird work. Such is the movement of the buffalo pony after his game. Such attack demands quick movement for the horse and sure seat for the rider, or they will terminate the hunt by measuring their lengths upon the ground, perhaps beneath the hoofs of a frightened herd.

This accounts for the fact that Beauty would risk herself, and me, with only a lariat in her mouth, Indian fashion, but would not go while under my control with a bridle. With the first I could communicate only my wishes to her, but could not prevent her from doubling

and dodging whenever she wished. Buffalo Bill had a favorite horse from which he always took the bridle, then gave freedom when running the game that gave him his name.

Such a horse was Beauty, and upon such a four-footed chum I must rely to protect ourselves from marauding Indians during night time. All traveling trains were compelled to guard their camps by sleepless sentinels. I must do the same or attach myself to some train for protection, or camp and run as I did in the hostile country. I had exhausted all the fun there was in the latter method; I did not care to adopt the former, because my ponies secured better feed and I maintained my glorious independence while alone; therefore, I concluded to mobilize my own forces.

As Bob was a "dumb-head" he was of no use in this emergency, and so it left only Beauty and me to guard camp. I believed we could do it. She slept little nights (that was her feeding time), and she wakened easily. She hated an Indian, and naturally a wolf, and would stamp and snort her indignation at the near approach of either. My tactics at night were as follows: I would lay my buffalo robe, fur up, on some grassy spot—this for the fourfold purpose of warmth, of protection from possible dampness, to guard against the ever-present needles of the cacti, and lastly, as a shield against the rattlesnake that never crawls over animal hair. My saddle was my pillow, and I placed it at the head of the robe, and there drove my picket pin; to this was attached a fifty foot lariat, and at the other end of the same, by a protected loop around her neck, Beauty was secured.

There, with only my blankets and the sky above for covering, I slept, while Beauty grazed around and over me.

I was sure that neither Indian nor wolf could approach our camp without the stamping and snorting of Beauty awakening me; therefore we were safe, unless some one should crawl into camp when she and I both were asleep at the same time—a very rare moment. This was a danger so remote that to consider all such hazards would make life unbearable.

My order of campaign worked well for several weeks, and then one night I was suddenly awakened. Something had happened; I could not hear Beauty. I reached for the lariat and pulled in about twenty feet of it. I found it broken; *my pony was gone.* The end of the lariat was not ragged or lacerated; therefore neither wolf nor accident had parted it. *It was cut smooth with a knife*—the "almost impossible" had happened; Beauty and I had *both* been asleep, and an Indian had raided us.

My first thought upon springing to my feet was one of panic. I was here in the center of the then-called "Great American Desert," without ponies, and I might as well be scalped and buried. My second thought was to use the Indian silence method. I sat down to think the matter out. An Indian had certainly cut my pony loose, but *had he caught her?* I knew her well enough to understand that with only a stopped lariat loose around her neck, no Indian could handle her or mount her without a fight, and even if he had succeeded in mounting her, he would have to be an A No. 1 crack rider, or she would string his length across the prairie sod. There had been no such struggle or I should have wakened in time to take part in it. The chances were that the cutting of the

lariat had awakened the mare and that her first spring had jerked the rope from the Indian's hand. This start of Beauty was what awakened me. If this was the case, she would not run farther than her first scare took her, and then would commence working back to camp. But I must find her before daylight, for if the raider had another horse and a lasso he might still catch her.

I had no fear of the Indian should I run across him. He would probably meet with a "How," I should likely get my ponies back if he still had them, and we should most likely part friends. I commenced circling farther and farther around the camp, occasionally placing my ear to the ground. Hunters and plainsmen know that the ground is a pretty good telephone; one can hear an animal grazing a long distance away. After several hours of such circling and listening, my ear often close to the ground, I heard, away off, the crop, crop, crop of some animal feeding, I carefully worked up nearer, then I softly whistled and called, "Beauty!" A whinny answered me. The next moment I was hugging her neck with Bob standing by to witness the mutually joyful reunion.

Now that my scheme of camp protection had been shattered, what should I do? I remembered a story extant in the west, corroborated by what I had learned at Bent's Fort, which is, as lawyers say, so on "all fours" with this situation that I must here repeat it although the yarn is hoary with age. As the story goes, a commissioner was sent by the government to some western tribe of Indians. He had a very fine beaver overcoat, and the day being warm, he asked a chief where he could leave it so that it would be safe. This was a strange question to

ask in an Indian village, although the commissioner did not know it. The chief haughtily replied, "Leave it anywhere; other than yourself there is not a white man within five hundred miles." Now, I know not, and I care not, whether this story was true or fictitious; but I do know and I do care that the great fact, so far as the safety of the overcoat was concerned, would have been true in old time in any camp of our western tribes, even though the guest had been an obscure stranger, and not a representative of the government.

This being a fact, why not throw myself upon the red man's hospitality? I did this and found no further trouble. You may care to know how I managed it. When I was within reasonable distance of an Indian town that was fairly accessible, I made the ride, went openly into the camp, unsaddled my ponies, and left my property wherever I cared to. While there were things among my kit which an Indian of that time cared more for than bags of gold, I felt that, although among so-called "thieving, treacherous, murdering, scalping savages," I and my property were as safe as though I were in some city hotel and my property locked in a safety deposit vault.

I can imagine circumstances where, by thus riding into an Indian camp, one might lose his life and scalp in ten minutes. But entry having been made, and the relation of host and guest being established, the guest and his property were safe, even to the extent of the warriors of the tribe having to fight for his protection. I never lost a thing. I never missed a thing but once. I had a small, sharp, camping ax, something that an Indian of that time would prize more than a white man would a farm. One morning when I saddled up, it was gone. I went to

the chief and made him understand what was missing. Just imagine what would happen in a white man's town should a stranger passing through make such a complaint to the mayor. His Honor would refer him to the chief of police, and he to some lieutenant or sergeant who would make some due record of the same, and you would be lucky if he did not require you, as a transient traveler, to put up bail to appear at the prosecution if the thief should be caught. There was no such circumlocution in my case in the Indian town. In less than ten minutes the commotion was such that you would have thought a cyclone had struck the camp, and in less than half an hour my ax was returned. A little eight-year-old papoose had carried it off.

One thing on this trip saddened me: it was the ruthless destruction that my people were committing in this land. I will let Santanta, a Kiowa chief, pleading before a United States commission, just before the Sand Creek massacre, tell the tale: "I have no desire to kill the white settlers or immigrants crossing the plains, but those who come and live upon the land of my tribe ruthlessly slaughter the buffalo, allowing the carcasses to rot upon the prairie, killing merely for the amusement it affords them, while the Indian only kills when necessity demands. White hunters set fire, destroying the grass and causing the tribe's horses to die of starvation as well as the buffalo. They cut and otherwise destroy timber on the margins of the streams, making large fires of it, while the Indian is satisfied to cook his food with a few dry and dead limbs. Only the other day, I picked up on the trail a little switch, and it made my heart sick to think that the green branch torn out of the ground, and thought-

lessly destroyed by some white man would in time have grown into a stately tree for the use and benefit of my children and children's children."

Santanta was right: the destruction was appalling. I feel thankful that before I went upon the plains I had already learned that it is wicked to take any life without need or cause, and that, having spent the winter preceding my trip at work in the timber, I had so tired of an ax handle that I would not touch one unless absolutely compelled to. Some conception of the slaughter of the buffalo may be had from the number of skeletons left upon the plains. Inman, in his "Santa Fe Trail," tells us that according to carefully compiled statistics there was paid for the bones of these skeletons during the years 1868-1881, in Kansas alone, the sum of two million five hundred thousand dollars. At the prices and weights which he gives it must have taken millions of skeletons to produce the tonnage. Nine-tenths of these animals were killed for fun, or for their tongues, or for their robes, or for sheer deviltry.

From Bent's Fort to the outskirts of white settlements in the then territory of Kansas, over five hundred miles, I found not a single dwelling or sign of civilized improvements between the two places save only the many and deeply marked tracks of the Santa Fe Trail. How many more miles the windings of the trail compelled me to go, I know not, or how much I lengthened the distance by side trips for game, pleasure, or sight-seeing, I cared not then nor care I now. Between the mesa lands of New Mexico and the waters of the Missouri River the whole summer passed away, never to be forgotten, but always

to be remembered in the years of strenuous work that followed, as a prolonged, life-giving, glorious holiday.

I have since, again and again, made trips over the same country, not on horse-back and alone, but on luxurious trains in a Pullman car. The journey that then took me all summer to make is now rushed through in twenty-four hours. In place of sleeping beneath the stars in God's free outdoors, I am crammed into a berth four by four by seven feet, so small and so close as to make me dream of the chamber I soon expect to have assigned for my final rest.

Then, for nearly a thousand miles of the distance, there was a wilderness inhabited only by wild beasts and wandering tribes; the only signs of civilization being a fort or trading station once in several hundred miles or so, and occasionally, on the trail, a long train outward or inward bound; sometimes a lone hunter or trapper appeared, and at times a straggling line of gold-seekers—simply these and nothing more. Now we pass in endless and constant succession, cities, towns, villages, farms, and factories. The wilderness that was, has given way to civilization and busy life, and the West as I knew it in my young manhood has gone forever.

"Kiva" of Pueblo Indians
Place for Heathen Worship. Only the Entrance is shown. The Temple is below the ground and reached by ladder

CHAPTER V

THE PUEBLO AND MAYA INDIANS

In our far Southwest resides an Indian who is an anomaly of the race. He lives in a pueblo, tills the ground, and is not dying out like his wandering, hunting brothers of the North and East. His deviation from the tribes that we have been describing is so great in history, in habits, in condition, and I found his surroundings so interesting when I visited his home, that I care not to drop this subject without mentioning something of him and his life.

Many writers claim that the Pueblo Indian is living the same life that his ancestors did, perhaps two thousand years ago, and that during all these years he has not

changed. One such enthusiastic writer said that these people were so self-sufficient and self-secluded that, "were the whole earth swept bare of everything except a few leagues around their tribal home, their life would show little disturbance; probably some time would elapse before they even heard of the event." This statement is wrong: I know something of this people; I have visited their pueblos; I have entered their great community buildings, enjoyed the hospitality of their owners, and stood on the walls that rear themselves story over story and built without outer openings of any kind. The windows and doors of these curious structures were formerly in the roof, and access thereto was had by rickety pole ladders which, in old war times, were let down in the morning and withdrawn to the roof at night. I have often thought what a lively contest it would be should the persistent enemy the Pueblo feared, attempt to mount those ladders in face of a stubborn defense; it would be a conflict worth seeing—from the distance. In these great houses, in old times, the whole community once lived, traveling daily from them perhaps a score of miles to cultivate its crops.

The Pueblo Indian is the great conservative of his race, yet what these enthusiastic writers say of him as not changing is true only in a limited degree. Notwithstanding asertions to the contrary, I found him progressing. During my lifetime, he has knocked openings for doors and windows in the walls of his ancient houses, so that he uses his ladders for other purposes than means of entrance. He is now building one-story homes, more comfortable and convenient than the old ones, and placing them in scattered locations near his farm work. He is

now using our new farm machinery and means of transportation including even the automobile. He and his wife patronize the trader's store, and the question most frequently asked of me in the Pueblo was, "How is the war in Europe getting along?" That the Pueblo Indian has been surprisingly conservative, and has changed as little as possible, is a fact, but there are only nine thousand of him, and what he has done or has not done touches not nor affects the great mass of the Indians of the United States of whom I have been talking.

The Pueblo Indian character is, however, so unique, and his history, what we know of it, so interesting, that it well deserves mention. His contact with the white man began in 1540, when Antianco de Mendoza was governing Mexico City and territory. Among his military forces were some of the fierce Spaniards of Cortez' old command, with others, who, having no more enemies there to fight, were quarreling among themselves. To rid himself of these turbulent men he ordered Francisco Vasquez de Coronado to take the whole organization on an expedition to the northeast, and *never to bring them back*. These men, with some priests, subdued the Pueblos and natives of Arizona and New Mexico by artifice, diplomacy, and battle, and penetrated in search of Quivira (a reported city of much gold) to near where Kansas City now is. There the hoax exploded, so far as the expedition was concerned, and the deceitful guide was killed.

How the Pueblos liked the rule of these men is proved by the revolution of 1680, when they did what I suspect they would like to do today. Unexpectedly and simultaneously they arose, wiped the land clean of the white men, butchered the priests at their altars, and made it a

crime for an Indian to confess or profess the Christian religion. Had they remained true to one another, the Spaniard would never have reconquered them, but they quarreled among themselves, and fourteen years later Deigo de Varges, the Reconquestador, again reduced them to submission. Ever since this time they have been under Spanish or American rule.

As I understand it, and as I found it to be, the Pueblo Indians were not so self-sustaining, self-sufficient, exclusive, or separate a people as some writers would make them. The fact seems to be, from all we know of this Indian, that he now is, and always has been a born trader, and a trader, must of necessity be more or less of a mixer. In old times he made traffic even with his ancient enemies, the Apaches and Navajos, and as most any

Indian Exhibit at Station in Albuqueque
Trading Squaws Meet Every Train

tourist through their land today can testify, they have not yet forgotten their cunning either as salesmen or manufacturers. At every station in their land will be found Indian traders with their wares soliciting patronage, and in neighboring towns their manufactures are the most prominent on sale.

So keen were the old Pueblos for trade that many were destroyed when, in their cupility for traffic, they opened their doors to the savages who came pretending a desire for trade, but after entering remained to slaughter.

Of course, such a born trader as this would know immediately what to do when the white merchant set up his store in the vicinity of his community, and I always found near every Pueblo I visited a large flourishing store, so well-filled that even a white family would not suffer if limited to its contents. The path between the Indian community houses and the trader's store is kept well trodden by men, women, and children, and, as with us, the women are the most persistent patrons. While they cling most tenaciously to their tribal dress, I fear the materials of which it is made come largely from the trader's shelves. Do not think for a moment that the trading squaw can be deceived in the difference between silk and near-silk, or between cotton and wool fabrics. She loves the better goods quite as well as her white sister, and will be quite as patient, persistent, and resourceful in procuring them.

Since the traders came to the Pueblo Indian's door, he, like his white brother, has commenced specializing his industries. The men specialize in silver trinkets and

farming; the women in basketry, pottery, and blanket-weaving, but they have woefully changed their manufacture of the last. When one asks for a Navajo blanket today, there will be shown a thick, heavy rug, fit only to place on the floor, or, at most, on top of a bed, a blanket which they detest and which they call us fools for buying. Seldom, now, can one find that old, comfortable, light garment that would protect one's person in a storm and comfort one's body in sleep. When I traveled the plains in the Fifties, a Navajo blanket was a beautiful and light article of clothing, that one could wrap delightfully about his body, and it was so closely woven that no wind could penetrate it nor water pass through it. One of its chief purposes was to use, when properly folded, as

WHERE I WAS ENTERTAINED FOR DINNER

BILL OF FARE:

Carne con papa — *Pan con mantiquella*
Frijoles pasada por agua — *Hucvos fritos*
Café con leche e azucar

a bucket to water one's ponies when a man found water the ponies could not reach. I asked a trader what had become of these magnificient blankets. He said the Indians had stopped making them because "the trade" demanded the rug variety. He then took me into a separate room where I saw some of my old friends displayed at three hundred and fifty dollars each. They had ceased to be an article of trade: they had become curios.

The Pueblo Indian, to maintain his trading propensity, possesses three different currencies and three different languages: Spanish, American, and Indian. If anyone thinks the Indian does not understand the value of the first two currencies, let him try short-changing him to be convinced of his error; and if a tourist tries trading with him in the third currency of shells, turquoise, and Indian trinkets, his good spirit must certainly protect him, or he will be cheated out of his eye-teeth.

Not only does the Pueblo Indian have currency and language in triplicate, but he also has more things in duplicate than we would imagine. He has two religions: his own pagan multiplicity of gods, and a thin veneer of Catholicism that the priests have added thereto. I was told at the Indian Pueblo of Laguna that the Catholic priest there said that the Indians were "good Catholics in the cathedrals on Sunday, but heathen all the rest of the week." They have two marriages: one solemnized in the cathedral and blessed by the priest, and the other made in pagan form.

He also has two names: his Catholic baptismal name and the one his Indian god-father gave him at some Indian feast, the latter being known only to his tribe and friends. The womanly woman who posed for the pic-

tures on the opposite page, when I said to her, "What is your Indian name?" looked at me as though she would know whether or not I would misuse her confidence, but finally gave it to me. I cannot violate that confidence and pass it along to you; suffice it to say that it was as musical and soft as the ripple of the stream that flowed past the Pueblo where she lived. He has two codes of law: one that has governed the Pueblo, perhaps since the decalogue was given to Moses, and the other which he acquired in 1848, when Mexico ceded his home to the United States.

In person, the Pueblo Indian is rather below the medium in stature; athletic, plump, and pleasing in build; frank and friendly in countenance; and quite ready to be a "good fellow" and to meet you half way if he could only find time from his work and the many religious dances and ceremonies that seem to demand all his energy and attention.

The Pueblos have now all the domestic animals of their white brother, but at the time the Spaniards found them they had none and, save for the very limited small game the desert afforded, they were agricultural and vegetarian in their habits and diet. Their crops consisted of beans, melons, squashes, corn, chili, cotton, etc. The first article mentioned is of such excellent quality that, in common with most white men, I prefer it to the best navy variety.

The fact that they had no domestic animals, and that their fields were often at great distances from their pueblos, permitted the location of their towns where, in our view, there was insufficiency of water. It does not take much water per capita for drinking purposes, and bathing is a secondary consideration to some Indians. Con-

PUEBLO WOMAN PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE QUERE PUEBLO OF LAGUNA, ARIZONA

SHOWING THE BACK OF THE SAME COSTUME

The cloaklike garment is blue, the dress red, and the aprons and sleeves white. A half dozen squaws together look like one end of a rainbow

sequently, wherever they found a reasonable water-shed with a rock reservoir, and a stream within twenty miles for field crops and emergency, there they could build their pueblo. For example, the noted typical Pueblo of Acoma was built upon a flat rock about seventy acres in extent, its top standing over three hundred feet above the adjoining mesa from which it rises. Its sides are so precipitous that only by ladders and steps cut in the sides of the cliff can a person climb to the summit. Yet wonderful to tell, upon its top, from time immemorial, there has existed a pueblo of some five hundred Indians. More wonderful still, these Indians have carried up that precipice materials for a cathedral whose walls are sixty feet high, ten feet thick, and occupy proportionate ground space. In this cathedral are timbers fourteen inches square and forty feet long. How so few people managed to perform such Herculean work is a mystery.

Replica of Hopi Building at Grand Canyon

Being a Massachusetts Yankee, I pride myself that the old town meeting system of the Puritans was the origin and basis of our republic. Imagine what a set-back to my conceit it was when I found here, in the deserts of our southwest, democracies that were in existence perhaps ten centuries before my forefathers landed from the Mayflower. In some respects, their democracy is superior to ours. With them, the office truly seeks the man, not the man the office. The principal civil officer of the Pueblo is the governor. When one is to be selected there is no campaigning for votes. Such a thing would be positively fatal to any person desiring the office. They get together and select the man most desirable for the place, and that man must serve whether he wishes to or not; they will not hesitate to punish him by confinement or otherwise, should he prove contumacious on that point.

"Community House" Pueblo of San Domingo
Built of Adobe

The family of the Pueblo Indian is monogamous, and property rights and genealogy of the children descend by clan law through the mother. The woman owns the house and domestic utensils; the man the field crops, domestic animals, and farm machinery. In other words, the wife is lord of the house and all inside, and the husband of the property outside. This freezes the man out of a home in case of the wife's death, desertion, or divorce, because property must descend by Quere law inside the clan, but husband and wife cannot belong to the same clan.

In the middle of the sixteenth century there were sixty-five pueblos, now they are reduced to twenty-four. They were built on the communal plan, either of stone or of adobe, on the cliffs, in the cliffs, on the high mesa, or in the river valleys, as circumstances seemed to demand or desire to dictate.

The Pueblo was not a wandering Indian, yet change

Stone Cathedral at Pueblo of Laguna

of environment seemed sometimes to compel a change of residence. Near the Rio Grande River, not far southeast of Santa Fe, is located the Pueblo of Cochiti, substantially the same as it was in 1540 when Coronado found it, but this place was not their original home. At one time they are said to have lived in the Rio de Los Frijoles, and from there they moved, at different times and for various causes, six times to reach their present home. There is evidence to show that the residence in each pueblo may have been as long as that in the one they now occupy. If this be true, it would mean that they were living in the Canyon de Los Frijoles perhaps two thousand years before Columbus discovered America.

The principal points of interest in each Pueblo are the cathedral for Catholic worship and its kiva for heathen ceremonies. Upon the first has been expended all the architectural ability of the old mission; on the kiva is worked an expression of the Indian's secret and superstitious reverence. The kivas are built largely below ground and are entered from the top by ladder. (See illustration at head of this chapter.)

Who and what is the Pueblo Indian racially and ethnologically? I have seen him classified in several ways, but have been unable to reconcile one with the other. So, as a free and untrammeled citizen of this great republic, I am entitled to my own guess on the subject. At one time in my life I was thrown in contact with the Maya Indian of Yucatan, Old Mexico, in his home and in his native environment. I was forcibly impressed with the wonderful similarity of the Mayas of Old Mexico and the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona.

They are of the same general stature and appearance; they express or non-express themselves in the same way; neither of them are warriors; both are agriculturists; both raise the same crops. I can swear that the frijoles that the Mayas fed me in Yucatan were of the identical varieties that I ate in an Arizona Pueblo. Both types of Indians, at times, built the same adobe or stone houses, and on the Potero de las Vacas near Santa Fe the Arizona Quere tribe left sculptures of two crouching cougars, amply proving their ability to make carvings like those upon the temples of Old Mexico if circumstances permitted and occasion required. They both have also the same lax ideas of marriage and strict ideas of fidelity and companionship.

If one were to mix a number of the two peoples together it would not be possible to pick out the one from the other by any physical characteristic.

They dress differently, of course, and otherwise differentiate, but necessity demands it. One lives near the sea level in the latitude of twenty degrees north, while the other has his habitation in an altitude of five thousand feet and a latitude of about thirty-five degrees north. The Pueblo Indian is conservative, but, when necessary, adapts himself to his environment and conforms his habits to his necessity, comfort, and pleasure.

Bear in mind that these Maya Indians of Mexico, whereof I am speaking, lived in Yucatan, not modernized Vera Cruz or half-Americanized Mexico City, but in rural Yucatan, when the "Conoa" and "Barco" were the only means of transportation on water, and the "Volanta" and "Silla" upon land; where the "Gringo" was still a curiosity and the rancher still reigned truly lord of his

thousands of acres. Then the laboring Indians were working for from five to ten dollars a month, *Mexican money,* and were made peons for life should they get into their lordly señor's debt as much as one hundred dollars—a dire disaster that was the almost certain fate of all. A peon was an ignoble, helpless, hopeless slave — the most unfortunate slave on earth; though legally a free man, he was bought and sold by the transfer of his contract to his employer, followed by bloodhounds and law officers and returned in irons if he evaded its terms or attempted to change residence without permission. All this bondage and slavery persisted because he could not support his rapidly growing family without overdrawing his account a few dollars. This law of contracts applies to all wage-workers, white, black, or red.

Maya Woman Photographed in Yucatan, Old Mexico
Compare with Pueblo woman, page 73

Under these conditions I found nine-tenths of its rural people where I visited in Yucatan. Notwithstanding there is absolute political equality in Mexico, and the most humble peon, be he Indian, mixed blood, or Spaniard, may become president of the republic, still I have never seen before and hope never to see again such great distance in social standing and condition between the poor and the rich, the laborer and the employer, as existed in this land which prided itself upon being a free nation.

I found the Mayas to be industrious, cleanly, contented, pleasant, agricultural, and non-warlike in habits. But for two faults I believe they would make a magnificent population upon which to build a solid republic. These faults are strong drink and gambling. In the Maya's present aimless, hopeless condition he cannot resist the temptation of either. I think that were he given an outlook, with education and a chance to make something of himself and his children, he could and would conquer these habits.

As a typical illustration of the man we are talking about, I must relate an experience. I had ridden some fifteen miles to a nearby ranch upon a strange horse. While eating my dinner and visiting the ranchero, my mount performed his usual trick—slipped his bridle and got away. This was a serious matter to me; the walk back to my starting point, beneath the blazing tropic sun was bad, but the jeering and fun that I should be compelled to submit to when I got there would be worse, far worse. Soon I saw a mounted Maya Indian with a lasso after my four-footed deserter, and before long the latter was returned to me safe and sound. As peons in Yucatan are almost universally paid in goods, store checks, and

orders, I doubt if the one who caught and brought me my horse had owned as much as a dollar in real money for years—perhaps never. I tried to give him one, but he refused to be paid for what he thought was a simple courtesy. *"Muchos gracias"* (many thanks) was all he would receive from me and he seemed to consider that ample.

This act was so characteristic of the Maya Indian of that time that, trusting to his good faith in the rural districts, and to an Iowa Governor's commission which I carried to prevent extortion by the petty officials in the small towns, I contemplated a ride, alone, across the country from the Gulf of Mexico to Guatemala or some other point. But fate in the shape of a tropic disease prevented. The time I had assigned for such an interesting ride was spent on a sick bed, in a Spanish hotel where no soul could speak a word of English save myself.

Now regarding the relationship between the Mayas of old Mexico and the Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico, I have a theory that I think has a better basis of known facts than any other I have seen. The Maya Indian, according to the best authorities, is a descendant of the builders of those wonderful cities of Yucatan and Central America, like Mitla, Palanque, Copan, and Uxmal. The edifices in the rural districts of that region have now crumbled to mounds upon which gigantic mahogany, zapate, colalox, pupe, and other near-tropic trees flourish as though it were a forest primeval and not the grave of mighty people. The ruins of the cities have been examined and described many times, but the ruins of the rural mounds have never been systematically explored.

I have done this partially, and my greatest regret for the last two decades I have lived is that the years have made me too old to finish that task.

Writers who have investigated the history of the people who built these cities, and who I believe are correct, say they originated from the Mound Builders of the Mississippi valley, who migrated into Central America and Yucatan through Mexico, centuries upon centuries before even the Aztecs settled in the latter region. All this being true, may not the Pueblos of the Southwest be detachments of, or colonies left by, this Maya march as it passed through this land in the long, long, prehistoric and pre-Aztec age?

PART II

THE SETTLING OF THE WEST

CHAPTER VII

SOME "IMPOSSIBLE" ACHIEVEMENTS

Buster and I both were boys and playmates. He, in his first youth, was nearly ten years of age and had developed an abnormal love for history. I, in my second youth, had seen more than eighty seasons pass, and, mattering little that we were grandfather and grandson, I valiantly contested with him for first place in interested study of anything and everything connected with the growth of our country.

It was a beautiful fall afternoon, one of those days when nature seemed to have clad herself in brightest array especially to call boys, of any age, out of doors to play with her. The temptation irresistibly allured me. Turning to the smaller boy I said, "Buster, do you remember anything about the Massacre of Chicago?"

"Yes, Grandpa, what of it?" said he.

"Do you know the place where the Indians committed the murder?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "but I would give a whole lot to see it. Do you think we can find it?"

"Of course we can," I answered. "Wherever the spot may be, it is marked by a beautiful monument. I know it, because I have seen a replica beneath the dome of Iowa's State House."

"Then let us go and hunt for it," was our enthusiastic mutual decision, and we started out on our trip of discovery.

Of course, we could have consulted a directory or guidebook and found exactly where the object stands, but

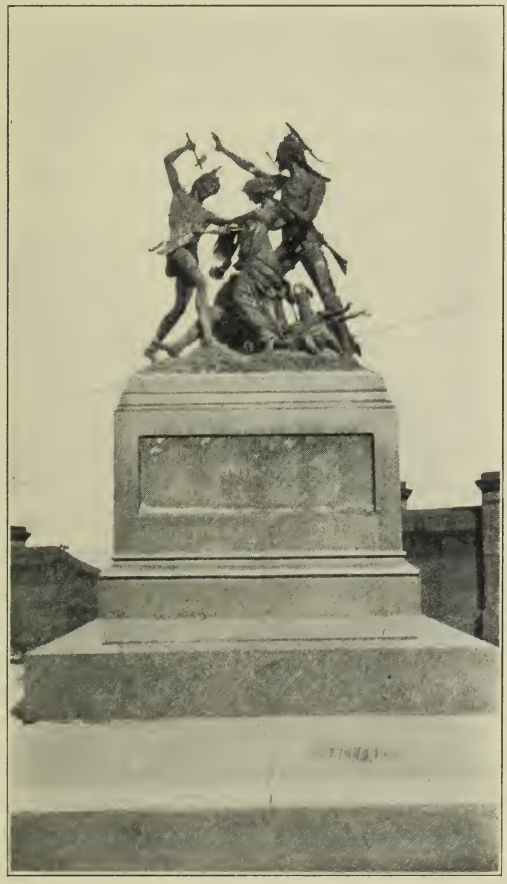
that would never do, it would change a tour of discovery into a simple sight-seeing trip, and spoil half the fun. The monument must be on the lake shore and north of our street—Hyde Park Boulevard—because the evacuating column followed the lake shore, and between the evacuation of the fort and the massacre of its late occupants time would not have permitted it to have traveled farther south then this.

The park policemen were the first victims of our question, "Do you know where the Chicago Massacre Monument is?"

Those we asked said "No, we know nothing of either the massacre or the monument." We kept on north along the lake shore, persecuting all we met with the same question with like results. Finally I cornered a yard-man of the Illinois Central Railroad and said, "Now, you work up and down this line several times a day, every time you go up you must pass the monument we want to see. Can't you remember where it is?"

He thought awhile and replied, "There is some sort of monument about Eighteenth Street, but what it is for, I haven't the slightest idea."

There we found the object of our search, a beautiful monument built to commemorate one of the chief events of early Chicago; yet the city guardians and many of its citizens knew nothing of either the event or its memorial; others who may see it daily, know not and care not what it represents.



MASSACRE MONUMENT, CHICAGO

But we, the two boys, who that day looked upon it for the first time, saw it with no such indifferent eyes. There before us were represented some of the circumstances of that strife. Upon the ground lies the post surgeon, Dr. Van Voores, who sadly *misrepresents* the army, for he was the only one who did not fight bravely but spent his time until killed bemoaning his fate. Beside him is a baby typifying innocence slain. And there, dragged from her horse, is Mrs. Helm, struggling for her life as an Indian tries to tomahawk her, while she endeavors to draw the red man's scalping knife from its sheath upon his breast. Above them both towers Black Partridge, holding back the warriors and protecting the women.

How this sight affected the younger boy I know not, but the mind of the older one visualized a far different scene from the one before him. The beautiful residences, the long, paved streets, the many-tracked railroads, the plying boats upon the lake, and even the monument itself faded away; and there came into his mind the vision of a clean lake shore and a virgin prairie, separated only by a line of sand hills, all untouched by any mark of civilization save the indistinct ruts of a little-used wagon road. From the top of the sand hill could be seen towards the north, a small fort not much larger than a good-sized trading post, and gathered around it were several frontier buildings. In his vision the fort is being evacuated by orders from the commanding general. The garrison leaves —its band prophetically playing the "Dead March" from Saul—and marches toward where we stand. The Indians enter the stockade. Soon, they angrily emerge; they have been deceived. They had been promised by the commander of the fortification that they would be given the contents

of the fort not taken away by its occupants, if they would escort the garrison to a place of safety. They found when they entered that the things they most cared for—arms, ammunition, and whiskey—had all been destroyed. Promised friends had thus been turned into certain enemies. Black Partridge, a chief of the Pottawatomies, the surrounding tribe of Indians, square, red gentleman that he was, when he understood before the evacuation, what was going on, came to Captain Heald, the commander of the fort, and returned the medal that had been given him by our Government. He would not wear a favor from a people whom he would soon be compelled to fight.

I seem to see the column from the fort advancing toward the place of the monument in long line. First, on ponies, comes a squad of Miami Indians as advance guard. Then, upon a fine, blooded horse rides gallant Captain Wells, who risked his life, and lost it, to bring aid and advice to the fort. Then follow the garrison, regular soldiers and militiamen; after them the train of wagons, containing the women, children, supplies, and equipage. Mrs. Heald and Mrs. Helm are riding horseback where they will. Finally a guard of the Miamis brings up the rear.

It is about ten o'clock in the morning. The advance guard reaches the place of the monument. Now one can see that Captain Wells has his face blackened, the red man's token of war and death. Border man and Indian fighter that he was, he knew what would be the result of destroying the stores in the fort; and knowing it well, soldier and patriot that he also was, he urged their destruction rather than place the arms and ammunition in the hands of a tribe which under the influence of Great

Britain was likely to become hostile to the United States. No soldier ever gave his life for his country more surely than he, and the heroic figure in the memorial should have been his.

The advance guard passes and part of the marching regulars arrive, when Captain Wells, wheeling quickly with his horse, comes galloping back, swinging his hat to indicate that the whole party is surrounded, and shouting to Captain Heald, "They are about to attack us! Form instantly and charge them!" Immediately the war-painted heads of hundreds of savages appear above the sand hills; battle cries and war whoops, musket shot and stifling gun powder smoke fill the air. The soldiers charge, but the red enemy yields before them only to press them more closely behind; yelling demons climb into the wagons and butcher the women and children; Captain Wells falls, but six red warriors slain by his own hand, escort him hence. The soldiers fight bravely, but what can a few men, encumbered by a train of women and children, do against a multitude? Almost within the time you have been reading this, over fifty soldiers, women, and children, dead and dying, lie upon the ground; all the rest are prisoners.

The bleak, houseless prairie, the unfretted lake shore, and the awful battlefield fade away; the present returns. The ground that was wet with the blood of the slaughtered pioneers now lies, marked by its memorial group, almost in the geographical center of a city twenty-six miles long, reaching fourteen miles west, covering nearly two hundred square miles of territory, and containing nearly three million people. Over the ground where the battle was fought, thunders scores of railroad trains which carry

untold wealth to and from the whole world and which daily transport approximately fifty thousand passengers, yet here are only three of the thirty-three roads that end in Chicago. Should some soldier who died that day return like Rip Van Winkle, he would find four thousand seven hundred miles of streets upon which to travel; had he children, he could send them to any of two hundred and ninety-nine schools; he and his family could ride upon one thousand three hundred and fifty miles of surface and elevated street car lines; they might worship in any one of one thousand two hundred and forty churches, and have a choice of twenty different languages in which to hear the Word preached.

And this great change from a primitive wilderness to a mighty city has not taken the ages that London and Paris and Vienna, all newer cities of the Old World, have required; nor the centuries that Boston and New York and New Orleans and others of our land have used in their making. For Chicago, the giant of the West, my life time is almost enough to cover its growth. Move my birthday back but ten years and the time is sufficient; for the massacre we have attempted to describe occurred as late as 1812, and Chicago, as a town, was not incorporated until more than a score of years after that time. Then it became a town under provision of statute that allowed one hundred and fifty persons to organize upon not more than one square mile of territory.

This unprecedented growth is one of the things that the famous liar, Baron Munchausen, would not have dared to foretell. Had he been willing to brave the risk, his imagination could not have reached the actual facts. He would have been like the early promoters of the city

who seemed to have been close rivals of the Baron both in wealth of imagination and boldness of statement. About the year 1870 I attended a banquet where one of these boomers of the old city was called upon for a toast. In response he said that when the real estate men of early Chicago printed and circulated their prospectus and advertisment in which they predicted what the city would be in the future, they lied as much, as largely, and as strongly as they possibly could; but the city in its development had so beaten their prophesies that they were ashamed of the weakness of their supposed gigantic imaginations.

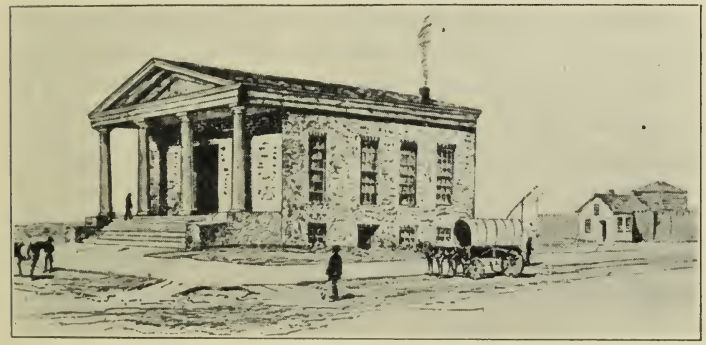
I passed through Chicago in 1851, a year before any railroad ever reached it from the East. I have been there often since, sometimes for years as a resident, sometimes as a visitor, and sometimes as a spectator. Although I consider that my adopted home and first love is west of the Mississippi River, this city is my second love, and I have kept constant watch of her phenomenal advancement.

The First Court House

The square in this city bounded by Washington, Clark, Randolph, and La Salle Streets, has from the first been devoted to civic purposes. There the county and the city have united in erecting buildings for their joint governmental affairs. Nothing in Chicago is more typical of the fortune, misfortune, and growth of the city than the changes that have taken place on and about this square. Six combined city halls and court houses have been built upon this ground. I have seen them all, been in them all,

some of the many times, and I know of no better text around which to gather some facts of the city's growth than these buildings.

The first court house was built in 1836, principally if not entirely for court house purposes. It was of brick, classic in style, with four Doric columns and a flight of steps in front, and was really a very neat house for a rough western place. When this was erected, the "Chi-ca-gou," our Indian onion, from which the settlement was named, still grew along the margin of the river. Not long before that time, lots eighty by one hundred and fifty feet had sold in the surrounding squares at auction for from twenty-four to seventy-four dollars each. The extent of the town limits was then two and two-fifths square miles, but it was just beginning its permanent growth. Its commerce had increased from four vessels of a total tonnage of seven hundred in 1833, to four hundred and fifty vessels with a total tonnage of sixty thousand in 1836.



THE FIRST COURT HOUSE AND JAIL, 1836
Loaned by the Chicago Historical Society

The next year, 1837, a special charter was procured and Chicago was incorporated as a city, with a limit of ten square miles and a determination to beat all creation. Strange to say, the fact upon which she predicted her future greatness was the Illinois and Michigan canal. It was upon becoming a great station on a mighty waterway, connecting the Atlantic Ocean with the Gulf of Mexico, that the city relied for success. No one then thought of the railroad as a factor; had any one dared then and there to tell them that the canal would be almost unheard of and unfelt among more forceful causes, they would have wanted to hang him to a lamp post, if at that time they possessed such a thing.

But this court house stood to see the beginnings of the real cause of Chicago's power—the railroads. It saw the Galena and Chicago Railroad start out in 1848 and build clear to the Des Plaines River, ten miles, and heard the jollification that accompanied the first in-shipment of one wagonload of wheat from the West. It also witnessed the celebration that accompanied the arrival of the first train upon the first railroad to reach Chicago from the East, the Michigan Southern, in February, 1852. It was still standing when the Galena and Chicago Railroad was running its tri-daily trains—tri-daily in this, that they went out in the morning and tried to get back at night—and when the officials of the same used to climb into the observatory of their old depot at Kinzie and Canal Streets with telescopes to watch for the coming of the old locomotive, "Pioneer," with its mixed load of freight and passengers. Sometimes they would deliberate, after a long wait, whether or not to send a man on horse to find if

the cars were coming, or if they had slid off from the rails of strap iron and wood, of which the railroad was built, and were lying somewhere in the ditch.

In 1842 an anomaly in legal proceedings occurred on the front steps of this court house—the sale of a negro in a state having a free constitution. Notwithstanding its apparent impossibility, the transaction was perfectly legal under the then existing laws. The man had been arrested as a runaway slave, he had been kept some time without anyone claiming him, and now he was to be sold for the expenses of arrest and incarceration. The anti-slavery people billed the city to witness this most illogical event. There was a large gathering and the sheriff feared personal violence. At first there were no bidders, but many offensive remarks. Finally a man jokingly offered twenty-five cents; the sheriff snapped at the bid as a trout would at a fly. The money was paid; the new master gave the man his liberty; and the incident was closed.

It was while this building stood that the principal streets were often so soft and deep with mud that teams were mired and wagons abandoned, and cautioning signs were erected along the way, sometimes in earnest and sometimes in fun, "No bottom," "Nearest way to China," "Danger." Then and there the old hoary story was said to have started, of the man going along the street so deep in the mud that only his hat showed. Some friend called to him, "Bill, do you need any help?"

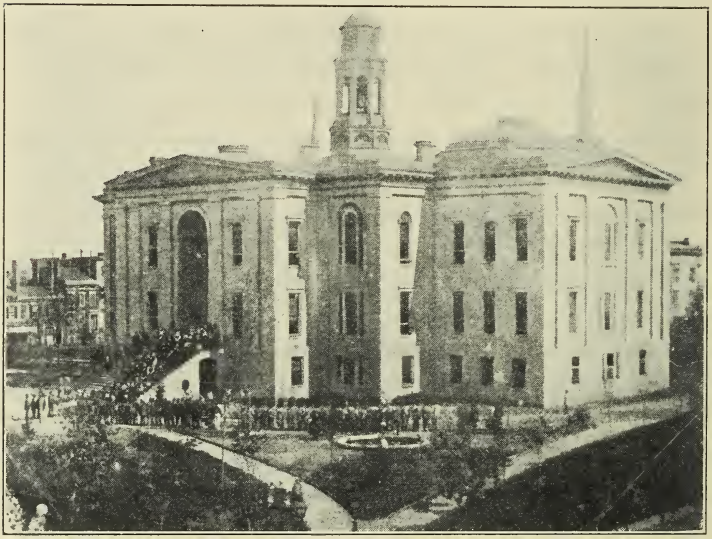
"No," came the reply. "I don't need any help, I've got a good horse under me."

Stone pavements were useless—the stones soon sank beyond useful depth. In 1848 and 1850, three miles of streets were planked forty-eight feet wide, at a cost of thirty-one thousand dollars.

Finally this first public building, erected in 1836, having for seventeen years served the city and county, and having seen the settlement grow from an incorporated town of less than four thousand to a city of more than thirty thousand, passed away and made room for the second building.

The Second Court House

In 1853 the county and city united in building, under one roof and one harmonious plan, a joint city hall and



THE SECOND COURT HOUSE
Loaned by the Chicago Historical Society

county court house. It was completed and occupied about a year before I came to the city a second time to hunt my fortune.

I was a boy fourteen years of age, a stranger, with a total wealth of $1.50 and not a friend in all the city. I cannot recall the exact place where I finally found a location, but it was in State Street near where the Palmer House now stands. That street was then largely built up of one- and two-story, false front, wood structures, and in one of them I found a room suitable to my lack of means.

It was in the winter. The job I had captured could not afford me a warm room, so I had the choice of spending my evenings in my cold room, the city street, or the saloon. A few nights in the last was sufficient to disgust me, and I was limited to the first two alternatives. I compromised by dividing my time between them: I would walk the streets until I was cold and tired, then go to my room and to bed.

Thanks, many grateful thanks, to the men and women of Chicago with generous heart and lavish hand, who, by their Y. M. C. A., their free reading rooms, their night schools, their settlement work, and other liberal provisions, have said to the world that "Never again," as I did, "shall a friendless boy walk the streets in the dead of winter, or any other time, seeking warmth and welcome and finding none."

In 1855 the Galena and Chicago Railroad installed along its lines from Chicago to Freeport an invention highly recommended by some, but held to be of doubtful utility by many. This new and untried invention was a

telegraph. It worked satisfactorily, and thenceforth there was no more watching with a telescope from the observatory of the depot for late trains, or sending a man on horseback to hunt missing ones.

During the standing of this court house, the streets of the business part of the city were unsanitary, unsightly, and in wet weather almost impassable. To remedy all three of these conditions, the unprecedented and gigantic project was designed and carried to a successful conclusion of raising the whole business district—its buildings, its streets, and its sidewalks—from seven to fifteen feet.

This tremendous undertaking called for the assistance of the best engineers in the country, and they came from all quarters to help. Among others, I think from Cincinnati, was the later noted George M. Pullman, who really began his career when he raised the Tremont House, at that time the largest building in Chicago. He accomplished the feat without breaking a window, cracking a wall, or jamming a door. No employee or guest of the hotel was discommoded during the process, either in his room or at table. If necessary litter upon the street front and workmen beneath the building had not been noticed, no one would have known what was going on. Afterward, whole blocks were raised without interruption of, or confusion in, the various forms of business therein conducted.

Of necessity, all the owners of property in a block could not be ready to raise their buildings at the same time. The result was that sometimes part of the stores would be raised and part not. Each merchant insisted that the sidewalk must conform to the grade of his store

floor. Therefore it soon appeared that walking along a street in those days was a constant succession of going upstairs to the higher level and downstairs to the lower.

Third Court House and City Hall

And now, in the late fifties, as the second court house and city hall again proved itself too small for necessary business, the county and city officials decided to construct

Chicago Court House, Viewed from the Northwest, 1858
Loaned by the Chicago Historical Society

practically a new building, by taking off the roof of the old one and adding another story. This was done, and the old building which had served a city of a little over thirty thousand inhabitants and which determined the grade of the whole business section, now passed on and left to its successor over a hundred thousand people, a lake traffic greatly increased, and a railroad system fairly inaugurated.

When the story was added to court house number two a large cupola was erected, and in it an enormous bell was installed the alarm note of which could be heard to the utmost corporate limits. To this bell the fire alarm system of the city was attached. When necessity demanded the bell clanged forth the general alarm and added the ward where danger menaced. I well remember that bell. Its sonorous call to action when fire threatened was strangely exciting. First its loud, rapid alarm filled the air with deafening clang for thirty to sixty seconds. Then every man in the business section stopped to listen; the lawyer ceased his plea, the shop-keeper and his customer stopped their trading, the working man paused with his hammer in the air, all waiting for the ward number; it comes, one, two, three, four—ward four. Men of that ward were permitted and expected to rush out to make sure that their individual property was in no danger; all others resumed their pleasures or occupations.

But the duty of fire alarm was not the only office held by this bell. It was the herald of the town. It rang the note of war when Sumter was fired upon; it sounded peals of rejoicing when the news of the victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg reached us; it almost broke itself with joy when Lee surrendered; and, dolefully tol-

ling, it sobbed its sorrow when Lincoln, son of its state and martyr for its nation, lay in state beneath its dome, while thousands upon thousands of citizens mournfully passed for a farewell gaze upon the beloved remains.

In my memory the most significant and exciting note ever heard from the bell was on the tenth day of May, 1869, when the two ends of the Union Pacific Railroad came together at Promontory Point in Utah, and the two halves of our country were physically united for the first time. Great preparations had been made. Prominent men from the East and the West met at that junction. Telegraphic connections were made so that every stroke of the sledge in driving the last spike—a gold one—could be flashed across the country to the Chicago court house and tallied by the bell.

Everything was ready in the city and harbor, and at the appointed time business was called off and everyone was waiting. At length came the "dong, dong, dong," from the driven spike. Then pandemonium broke loose. Every tug and steamer on the lake or the harbor blew its whistle; the churches, the schoolhouses, and the public buildings clanged their bells; work shops and factories blared their semaphores; and if there was anything movable or immovable capable of making a noise that was not utilized that day, I do not know what it was. Chicago was out for a jollification, and she had it in the Chicago way—thoroughly, enthusiastically, good-naturedly, and with a bang.

Of the six court houses of the city, this might be called the heroic one. It was built when the country was supposed by many to be a temporary gathering of states, one-half slave and one-half free; at a time when it was

possible for a man, apparently as white as any of us, to be shackled under its dome and returned to slavery for life, just because some particular woman had been his mother. It finally stood in a united country, "one and indivisible," where every man was actually "born free and equal." To accomplish this the people had voluntarily sent forth their sons by thousands and their money by millions; they had cheered regiment after regiment of northwestern boys as they marched through their streets, going south, and welcomed them on their return home.

During those days, I owed the city my personal gratitude for several days' needed shelter in their "Soldier's Rest." That rest, as I remember it, stood on Michigan Avenue about where the Art Institute is now located, or perhaps farther north. Its front was on the avenue, and its rear, for about two-thirds of its length, was supported by *piles driven in the lake*. This was not because the building was over a mile long, as would be necessary to make that condition today, but because, from Randolph Street to Park Row, Michigan Avenue was then the west shore of Lake Michigan. The city at one time canopied the streets around the court house and turned them into a magnificent voluntary gift-offering, when the Sanitary Commission held their great fair for the benefit of our then "boys in blue."

By 1864, the growth of the city had polluted the water supply to an unbearable degree. When the wind was in certain directions, the foul river and noxious sewer outflow, in place of going to the depths of the lake, would seek the intake of the water system and carry disease and death with it. For the safety of the city these water intakes must be at least two miles out in the lake. How

could this be done? Engineers solved the problem. Near the water works, a well was dug ninety feet deep. Out in the lake two miles, by the aid of an octagonal coffer-dam, another well, eighty-five feet below the surface of the water, was also dug. Then by digging from the bottom of each well a tunnel two miles long was constructed, so carefully, and so scientifically, that no lives were lost; and when the two ends joined there was scarcely an inch of difference in position or size of the two excavations. This satisfactorily provided for Chicago's water supply.

The Fourth Court House and City Hall

In 1870 a substantially new building was again made. The county erected a large wing on the west of the old court house and the city a like one on the east, thus prac-

THE FOURTH COURT HOUSE
Loaned by Chicago Historical Society

tically making the fourth court house and city hall. This might be called the tragic building of the series. It had hardly been completed and occupied when the giant bell, still retained in its cupola, rang out the fire alarm that proved its own death knell.

About an hour before midnight of October 8th and 9th, 1871, was sounded the first alarm note that awoke the city for the Great Chicago Fire. The alarm was repeated again, and again until the bell's mighty voice was stilled by suffocation in the ruins of its own home.

Among great conflagrations this fire is an anomaly, because it seemed bound by no rules save those of its own making. It broke out in some wooden houses and stables near Jefferson and DeKoven Streets, in the southwest part of the city. Before daylight, pushed by a wind from the southwest, it swept clean a strip toward the northeast, a block or two wide and about four miles long, clear to the water works and the old cemetery upon the north side, having jumped the river easily on its way. Then all Sunday, Sunday night, and Monday morning, on both sides of this strip, it burned outward until it was controlled or found nothing else to consume.

The statistics of that tragedy are appalling. Two hundred and fifty people lost their lives; one hundred thousand were homeless. All that was left of the city was not, in commercial value, worth one-half of that which was destroyed.

The heat passed all common estimate and observation. It was comparable only to that of oxygen and hydrogen under a blow pipe. Exposed safes were absolutely consumed, but those in brick vaults, or that dropped in places

covered by the debris of the fallen buildings were saved with their contents. Iron pillars two feet square were in parts absolutely *burned up**, no residue remaining.

Thieves and cut-throats flocked from everywhere, like vultures to their prey, and added to the distress of the people. Crime seemed threatening what remained from the ravages of the fire, until the military boys from the State University and Gen. Sheridan's regular troops came and restored order.

Thanks to the sympathy of the entire world, to the courage and ability of its inhabitants, and to the confidence of financial men everywhere, wealth unlimited

*Lieut. Governor Wm. Bross, in "History of Chicago," page 91: "In places it would strike great iron columns nearly two feet square and for four or five feet, perhaps more, the iron would be burned up. No residuum being left."

The Fifth Court House
Loaned by Chicago Historical Society

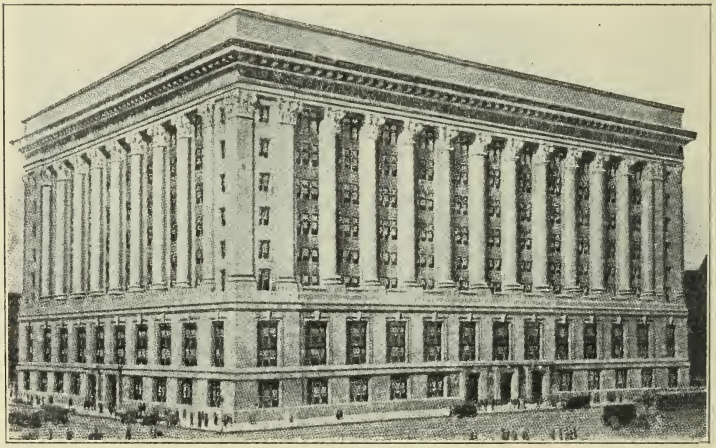
was offered for reconstruction. The city soon arose better, newer, and more substantial. Her symbol and seal should be the Phoenix.

The Fifth Court House

Of this, I have little to say. During its reign I spent much of my time west of the Mississippi. It was occupied by 1885, and I think was the beauty of the series. I saw it in its pride, when the dream-city of the Columbian World's Fair transformed Jackson Park into a realm of beauty, wealth, and education. But like many other beautiful things it was frail; its foundation gave way, it was condemned, and in 1905 the wrecking of its walls commenced.

The Sixth Court House

The sixth and present court house and city hall was occupied in 1911. The combined cost was ten million



The Sixth Court House

dollars. It is the largest, the best arranged, and the most substantial structure from which the city was ever governed.

And what a city! It is stated that some single firms have thirteen thousand employees. Such a firm, with its laborers, their families, and attendants, if segregated, would alone make a city of more than fifty thousand people. There are single office buildings whose tenantry, with their dependents, would, thus segregated, make towns of more than five thousand inhabitants.

Chicago is extremely cosmopolitan. I always knew that, but never fully realized it until the Fourth Liberty Loan parade. Then, for hours, I saw its foreign sections pass. Each nationality marched by itself headed by more or less of its marchers, who displayed their national costumes and expressed their peculiar characteristics. There passed me that day costumes I never befor had seen in common life, on the stage, or in pictures. I heard languages utterly strange, and saw banners showing nationalities which I have never yet been able to find on a map. There are said to be forty-three nationalities inhabiting the city in large numbers, and they all seemed to be out in full force to attest their devotion to this land of their adoption and to pledge their support in the war it was carrying on.

Let me recapitulate the manner in which the census kept up with our city buildings, all during my lifetime, four years alone excepted. In round numbers: No. 1 took possession of a town of four thousand people in 1836; No. 2 thirty thousand in 1853; No. 3, one hundred thousand in 1859; No. 4, three hundred thousand in 1870; No. 5, eight hundred thousand in 1885; No. 6, two

million one hundred thousand in 1911, and the end is not yet. The last building has already seen over half a million added to the population of the city, and how many more it will turn over to its successor no one can tell.

Optimistic boomers have already formed a "Chicago Plan" which, if carried out, will make the present look like a pigmy beside a future giant. This plan contemplates a great civic center, supposedly at the junction of La Salle and Congress Streets. Here all public buildings are to be assembled, constructed artistically in design, magnificent in detail and gigantic in size. From this center, broad avenues are to diverge diagonally, as in our capital at Washington, making communications everywhere rapid and pleasant. On the lake a beautiful, broad boulevard, built outside the railroad tracks, would connect Grant and Jackson Parks, and a magnificent yacht and boating lagoon would be constructed between the same two points by making a series of islands out in the lake. Above the river, another yachting course would be extended north by the same means, perhaps to connect at Wilmette.

Can this be done? Stupendous as it may seem, it is only one more of the supposedly impossible things that the city has met and conquered. Has it not already been commenced? Is not the widening of Twelfth Street and Michigan Boulevard one step of the plan? And is it not already understood that whatever is done in the future in the way of changes shall be further steps in the same direction?

Can it be done? I believe it will be done, and I would give some years of the end of my life to be permitted, a half century from now, to return for twenty-four hours to see what shall have been accomplished.

I have dwelt thus long in my description of Chicago, not because it is the only city of the West of phenomenal growth, but for the reason that its story is typical of what other cities have done, and because I have been more closely identified with it than with any other. St. Louis, since I was born, has grown from a place of sixteen thousand to a city of nearly seven hundred thousand. Milwaukee, when I was first there, contained about twenty thousand people; now it has nearly four hundred thousand. Had I gone to what is now Minneapolis when I crossed the Mississippi in 1857, I could still have found odd pieces of government land which are now inside that city of over three hundred thousand inhabitants. The site of the great dam itself, the center of its power and wealth, was not pre-empted until 1848, and the significant sum of one hundred and seventy-two dollars and twelve cents, silver, was paid for the millions of dollars of value there today. St. Paul, owing to its proximity to Fort Snelling, was inhabited earlier. It was first settled by outcasts and undesirables from the fort, and was called "Pigs Eye" from the characteristic of one of its chief sinners. Denver, Colorado, I found in 1859, was a little village of board shacks containing a few hundred residents; now it has more than two hundred thousand people. Omaha, Nebraska, when I first passed through it, could hardly be called a town; now it has more than one hundred and thirty-four thousand inhabitants.

There is a circle of towns and small cities, commencing west of Omaha and following the line of the Union Pacific to Denver, continuing along the foothills of the Rocky Mountains from Cheyenne south to Trinidad, and thence north-east and east away back into Kansas—a circle of live, growing, wide-awake, western communities, ranging from villages up to good sized cities. In any of these places, Denver and Boulder alone excepted, had I been a year or two older I could have taken the present site for a homestead or pre-emption, when I passed through or camped upon it in 1859 or 1860.

I mention these towns and cities not because they are exceptional, but because they represent nearly all of such communities now flourishing west of the Missouri River that were, when I was a man nearly grown, far distant from a white settlement of any kind, and inhabited by no one, not even a wandering red man.

Great as was the growth of the cities of the West, the country was not far behind. In 1818 congress permitted Illinois to become a state, provided it had forty thousand people. The census takers *found them,* but in getting them they were said to have counted every emigrant who passed through their respective districts. Therefore, if some settler bound for Iowa or Minnesota was caught by six census men, he counted just six times as heavily as one actual resident of the state. Now, Illinois does not have to pad or multiply its enumeration to show six million inhabitants. During my lifetime Wisconsin has grown from thirty thousand to nearly two million five hundred thousand. Iowa has increased from forty-three thousand to over two million two hundred

thousand; Indiana from six hundred eighty thousand to two million seven hundred thousand; Colorado from no census to one million one hundred thousand; Kansas from no census to one million seven hundred thousand. California from no census to two million four hundred thousand. In this ratio the wonderful story goes on all over the West.

CHAPTER VII

RAILROAD BUILDING AND LAND-GRABBING

In 1854, at the age of fourteen, I became a "railroad man." I commenced running upon the Chicago and Milwaukee railroad as "water boy," and performed that duty on the first trains that made the through trips between the two cities. Then there were three villages between the two places: Waukegan, Kenosha, and Racine. Farm residences were few and far between. Now for nearly one-half of the distance there is one continuous city, though under some twenty-five different names and corporations.

There were orginally only two trains a day upon the road, one starting from each terminal and returning at night. They were drawn by locomotives of the same type as the "Pioneer," the first engine on the Galena & Chicago Railroad. These engines seemed to run largely to smoke stacks and whistles, but they were so weak in steam making power that it was said when the whistle was blown the train had to be stopped. This may be an exaggeration, but I do know that sometimes we were halted between stations for the fireman to get up sufficient steam to go on. Whether this stoppage was due to an excessive use of the whistle or to some other cause, I refuse to say.

A baggage car and two—or at most three—small passenger cars made up our train, and were ample for the traffic. Postal cars and express cars or sleeping cars were not then known or wanted. The coaches were coupled freely and widely, the drawbars protruded well from the platform and were connected to the next car either by three short links or one long one. When the train was

stretched out the open space between the platforms was so wide and so shifting that passing from one car to another was an acrobatic feat not always safe. To this I can testify, for one day I dropped down between two of the platforms and only a fortunate catch at a brake rod and the railing prevented my falling upon the rails beneath and ending my story there.

The Galena & Chicago and the Milwaukee & Chicago Railways were the only ones then in operation that now constitute part of the Chicago & Northwestern system. There were no suburban trains, and I do not believe that the combined outgoing and incoming passengers on the two roads would amount to two hundred people daily. Today seventy-five thousand passengers, carried by three hundred and ten trains, arrive and leave at their station on Madison Street each twenty-four hours.

Milwaukee having secured a railroad to the south, now determined to make an outlet to the northwest. It commenced building the Milwaukee and La Crosse Road in 1855, and I secured the train rights on it for myself.

No change in anything I can think of can be found greater than in the method, or lack of method, of our railroading then, and the machine-like precision with which it is conducted now. At that time our "railroad men" necessarily had to come from all trades and professions except railroading, which occupation was then in its infancy. Nearly every man belonging to the train carried his drinking flask, which he freely patronized and passed to those who had none, not omitting any officials of the road who might be present. Of course, in order to be a man among men I also carried mine. At New Year's all hands on the train swore off drinking forever.

That "forever" lasted about thirty days, when their flasks all reappeared, and I did some thinking. That drinking was a bad habit, all had admitted by trying to stop; that it was their master, was proved by their commencing again. That was demonstration enough for me; I threw my flask away.

The La Crosse Road on which I was running made its way through a beautiful land of mingled groves and prairies west of Milwaukee. It was sparsely settled by backwoodsmen who came here because their last home had been so thickly settled that neighbors were not more than four or five miles apart, and such proximity made it entirely too crowded for them. A very large proportion of these people had never seen a train of cars before we appeared, a startling apparition to them.

Lack of funds compelled the company to purchase and use a very light rail, the ends of which were laid loosely in old fashioned "chairs," and as the ties were laid in loose, sandy loam, without ballast, it was not strange that some cars occasionally "jumped the track," and bumped along over the ties until stopped. As our time was slow and the cars were light, little damage was usually done. We had no connections to make, and the schedule was liberal. So, getting necessary tools—always carried for such emergency—out of the baggage car and off the engine, we would get to work with the aid of willing passengers, and jack the cars up and pry them into place. Little harm would generally happen on these occasions, save, perhaps, being late for supper at the home end of the run. Railroad travel in this new West, sometimes approximated old stage service, where, it was said, in rainy weather the stage coach passengers paid "ten cents

a mile for the privilege of walking and carrying a rail to pry the stage out of the mud."

The train boy of those times, whose place I tried to fill, was called the water boy. He supplied the passengers with ice water when they wanted it, and in return was permitted to sell what he could and would. Usually the right was individual, and he was a little business man, not an employee. He sold his own goods, pocketed the differences between selling proceeds and cost price, and accounted to no man therefor. Trade was good with the people who were taking their first ride on the cars, and many a time I have sold some young fellow the first peaches and bananas he and his girl ever ate. Often the water boy's job was, financially, the best one on the train. I know mine was, and as I had few expenses I was rapidly becoming the moneyed man of our gang. But unfortunately in the fall of 1856 sickness compelled me to tell the boys "Good-bye" and leave the road.

I next found myself in the land-rush for north central Iowa in the spring of 1857, before there was any bridge across the Mississippi at any point. The "opening," or sale of public land, was at Osage, and, I think, was the last one held under the old pre-emption laws. Land grabbers with their gold—the only money Uncle Sam would recognize at the land office—had filled the hotels and houses of the town to overflowing, and settlers with their teams and wagons were camped everywhere through the town. Under the law, settlers upon land had the first right to buy it at the government price of $1.25 per acre; this chance had been given them before the opening day, but money was scarce and could be obtained only at exorbitant rates. Some few settlers had borrowed at forty

per cent per annum, but the larger part of their land was still not paid for, and the speculators there gathered expected to buy the improved holdings at government rates. The pioneers, however, did not propose to be sold out of the homes they had worked so hard to make, if they could help it.

The hour of opening arrived. Jubilantly the speculators with their gold went to the land office to make their entries, but they found the settlers in possession of the doors and they could not get in. And what a shabby-looking lot of men these settlers were at first sight: the most of them were barefooted—they called themselves "the barefoot brigade"; many were without hats or caps, nearly all in clothes showing long service, and some of these garments bearing many signs of near-dissolution. But despite their apparel, which the lack of money had compelled them to wear, they were not bums or hoboes; they were a brave, hardy, dependable lot of men, the bone and sinew of the Western border.

The "Land Grabbers" appealed to the officials of the land office to get access to the doors, but were told in reply that "the books of the office are all open to receive land entries whenever you see fit to come for them."

"But we can't get in," was the reply.

"We cannot help that," said the officials. "How or when you get here is no part of our jurisdiction."

The land-buyers then appealed to the civil officers of the town, but were told, "We cannot see any disturbance on the street for us to interfere."

"But we want those men moved out of our way so we can get into the land office."

"If that is what you want," said the mayor, "let me tell you something. I know some of those men, and there are not enough inhabitants in the county to do your job. If you want them moved, you will have to do it yourselves."

Thus the issue was joined. It was a fight or a compromise: the moneyed men chose the latter and sent a delegation to open negotiations. "What do you settlers want, any way?"

"We want," was answered, "to locate our own homes and one quarter section besides."

"You have those rights already," said the buyers. "You have possession of the doors, why don't you go ahead and locate your selections?"

"We have no money," replied the settlers. "You are business men enough to understand that a good quarter section that we could select near settlements, is a much better buy at $2.50 per acre than anything you, not knowing the country, can catch at $1.25. So we want to sell you our extra quarter sections at the first named figure."

"We agree to that," assented the buyers. "We will buy your extra selections at the price you name, $2.50 per acre."

"But," continued the pioneers, "we have no money to enter either piece. We want you to advance each of us four hundred dollars to buy both and after we get them, we will deed you one."

"Nonsense!" objected the speculators. "That is neither law nor business; legally you cannot sell what you do not own, and it is not business to pay for land until a deed is either delivered or placed in escrow."

The eye of the leader of the settlers' delegation snapped and his jaw tightened as he replied, "We know that the proceeding is neither law nor business; it is more than *either,* it is a *necessity* if you buy any land at this sale." Then he added in a less belligerent tone, "I realize we are an almighty tough-looking lot, but if you are afraid we will not do the square thing in the deal, I think you will find that every bank in town and also the land office itself will vouch for us. As the banks and land office gladly made sufficient guaranty, agreements were made and carried on the terms proposed. This desirable arrangement having been effected, the settlers went home happy with paid-for deeds to their homes in their pockets, and left the speculators to buy and tie up from settlement the lands of about twelve counties.

Such was a "Land Opening" under the old pre-emption law, when the Government sold its land to any speculator who would buy it at one dollar and a quarter an acre. A very few years later the "Homestead Law" was passed, and no land could be bought at any price, but farms were given free to any citizen who would live on them. Under that law, a land opening of some Indian reservation, compared with the other just described, was like a circus to a prayer meeting. I attended one such in 1892, a full generation later than that of Osage.

The Sisseton Sioux reservation in South Dakota was to be opened for settlement, not purchases, at twelve o'clock noon, the second Saturday in April, 1892, and no person was permitted to be on the land before that hour. There were two methods prescribed for acquiring title at this opening: one was by taking possession of the land and making improvements thereon; the other, by handing

the description of the land you wanted, with your name and two dollars fee, to a clerk in the land office at Watertown. The man who first settled, either by taking possession or filing in the land office, secured the homestead.

There were about a thousand farms and about ten thousand persons who wanted them. The country was settled all around the reservation and the lands were valuable. A Louisiana lottery was small and insignificant compared to the chances here presented for the success of a life time, and excitement ran correspondingly high.

During the week preceding the sale, the city filled up with the most heterogeneous collection of persons possible. Lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, merchants without stores, schoolteachers without schools; and the landless of all former nationalities and degrees, from all parts of the Union, came here to establish new, or re-establish old, homes.

Old soldiers were given the advantage over the others of filing by attorney, and that was what brought me into the scrimmage. I was the attorney for nearly sixty of my comrades who wanted homesteads. I could not take possession of the land for these comrades—I was limited in my choice of method: I must file for them in the land office. The doors were to be opened on Saturday at noon, and feeling that I must be near the head of the line, Tuesday at two o'clock in the morning, I roused myself and went to the land office. I found eight men ahead of me, but that was not bad; I was number nine in the line, and maintained it through night and day, rain, cold, and snow, until the stated hour Saturday at twelve o'clock, when there were more than a thousand men behind me.

At that hour, those who wanted to get their homes by occupation were stationed all around the reservation, the lines of which had been marked and guarded by sentinels to prevent any from entering before the appointed time. To comply with the law, these seekers must be first on the land that they wanted and must be first to commence improvements.

The "improvements" usually favored consisted of digging a well or a cellar. If one first placed his feet on the ground of his choice and threw one spade of earth from his proposed well or cellar, he had commenced improvements and secured the land, unless someone in the land office had filed on the same piece before he had made such "settlement."

As the hour approached the most intense excitement reigned along the long line of those who meant to make filings at the land office. Among those who hoped to gain their homes by occupation every nerve was strained throughout the ranks of the men and women, on horseback, on foot, in carriages and wagons; any and every means of locomotion that could be used for speed were lined up for over one hundred and fifty miles around the reservation. The hour came: the land office threw open its doors, the sentinels on the waiting line around the reservation fired their guns as a signal, and the mad rush then began. To repeat all the tales of the struggle, comic and pathetic, would require volumes; one of them may only partially picture a little of the scene.

A young man and his sister were mounted, waiting for the signal. Both were excited and anxious, for they knew where they wanted to locate. "Now, Betty," cautioned the man, "be sure to follow me, and keep up with me if

you can, for I have the spade to commence our improvements and I am going to ride on a dead run." The gun was fired; the rush was on. They both were away at their utmost speed, but were separated in the mixup. When the man reached the chosen place he found that his sister had out-run him and, having no spade, was digging her cellar like a woodchuck or gopher—with her hands and feet. If the girl did not secure her home she certainly deserved it. Luck favored me in my filings. Out of the sixty which I made I caught about twenty-five quarter sections on which my comrades made homes, and some of whom became wealthy.

It is the common impression that land early purchased of the Government at the low price of a dollar and a quarter an acre made their buyers wealthy. Whatever it may have done at other times and other openings, I am not discussing, but the lands at the Osage sale in 1857 proved a regular "Old Man of the Sea" upon the backs of their unlucky purchasers. It was more than thirty years—a full generation—before they were saleable. The reason was apparent: western Iowa and Minnesota were still open for settlers; the Homestead Act soon passed, and while "Uncle Sam was rich enough to *give* us all a farm" what was the use of going to north central Iowa and *buying one?*

There were enough residents in the counties, subject to this sale, to organize civil governments and hold the offices, and the first duty of county officers was to see that non-resident landholders *paid taxes*—a duty that was properly attended to. I know whereof I am writing. My partner and I had on our books, twenty years after this opening, thousands of acres of these lands offered, without

takers, for sale at five dollars per acre. The cost of that land, counting investment, taxes and interest throughout all these years, must have been more than twice that sum. Many of these lands were subsequently sold for taxes and their owners never realized anything for their investment.

About 1870 a peculiar condition prevailed in the western part of one county. Many entries had been made there by Southern people; then the war came on, followed by the reconstruction period in the South, when our Southern brothers had all they could do to maintain and keep up their plantations without bothering with any wild-cat lands in Iowa. There were accumulated on these lands, ten years of unpaid taxes. As no one would buy them for the amount due, it was decided that they should be sold for whatever they would bring. This was done. The sale dragged; nobody wanted to bid, and many pieces sold below fifty dollars for the *whole quarter section.* To be sure it was only a tax title, but under the circumstances, it was a title which has held for nearly half a century—will hold for ten centuries longer—and one which it would cost from one hundred to two hundred dollars *per acre* to dispossess today. From fifty dollars a quarter section to two hundred dollars an acre is a respectable profit. These purchasers made money.

Many of the quarter sections sold at Osage were so wet or broken that good lands could be bought at much less than the expense of draining or otherwise reclaiming them. I remember one case of a non-resident who had paid taxes for more than ten years on a piece of land, and finally came out to see it. He employed the country surveyor, and with his help found the first corner of the

quarter section. The surveyor folded his compass and started west to find the next corner, when the Easterner stopped him and said, "You say this is a corner of my land." "Yes," replied the surveyor.

"Now, which is my land? Point it out, please."

The surveyor, pointing west said, "Your north line runs one-half mile in this direction;" then pointing south, "a half-mile there. It is a half-mile square of land located in here," waving his hand between the two points and indicating a shaky, wild-grass slough, at that time worthless for any purpose whatever.

"Well say, what is that hole in the ground there?" asked the land owner.

"That is a craw-fish hole," replied the surveyor.

"Do you think the gentleman lives there?"

"Yes," said the surveyor. "Don't you see the fresh dirt he threw out last night?"

The land owner thoughtfully unbuttoned his coat, took from his pocket a warranty deed for the land, carefully wrapped it around the end of his cane, and pushed it well home into the craw-fish's residence, then said, "There, Mr. Craw-fish, you have possession of this land. Blame you, take the title!"

It was not until about 1890 that holding lands in that part of Iowa was a good speculation: at that time came a steady rise lasting for twenty years; lands purchased at from six to twenty dollars an acre in 1890, often sold for from sixty dollars to two hundred dollars an acre in 1910.

CHAPTER VIII

PIONEER LIFE

The interval between the years 1857 and 1890—a third of a century, a full generation—were certainly "back woods," or, if you prefer, "back prairie," times of primitive pioneer life in northern Iowa. It is hard for one who has not experienced it to realize the conditions which then and there surrounded the settlers. Take our party for instance. We located some forty miles west of the land office in Osage, and after we had left Mitchell on the Cedar River, about three miles on our way, we passed but two houses on all the long journey—one of them vacant. At the end of our drive, we found the little settlement that was our objective with about half a dozen houses and possessed of the ambitious design to capture the county seat. This design they accomplished and maintained until another part of the county located a few more citizens, when the honor was lost never to return.

We found the people here regaining heart and hope from the effects of perhaps the hardest winter that section ever knew. The snow came early and in great abundance. To listen to the tales told us of the depths of the drifts, one would suppose that some lively liar had been teaching school in that vicinity, but investigation proved that it was harder to invent lies than to relate facts that were so much stranger than fiction. They told of going out to the meadow to get hay for their teams, and having to dig *down* to reach the top of their stacks. This was doubtless true in cases. Of their having to dig tunnels into their houses. This also certainly was sometimes a

fact. Harder yet for a stranger to believe, but most indisputable of all; at times they were compelled to stretch a line from the back door of the house to the stable for fear of getting lost during a storm while going from one to the other. This was true, not only of the winter in question, but true for many winters thereafter. So long as the snow-filled blizzards could sweep for miles without finding a house, a stable, or grove, or cornfield, around which and in which the snow could find rest, it rushed on, a blinding, swirling mass until it pounced upon some advanced settler's home and buried it. If the pioneer himself was caught outside in the blinding, suffocating swirl, he soon lost all sense of direction, and might become bewildered and suffocated, helpless in his own door yard.

But the deep snow was not the climax of the tragedy of the winter 1856-1857. About the middle of the winter came a warm spell and some rain, and then it turned fearfully cold. A crust formed on top of the deep snow strong enough to carry a man, but not enough to support any domestic animal heavier than a dog. This condition continued during the remainder of the winter. Elk and deer were imprisoned in the places where the rains found them, and as the sharp, icy crust prevented their getting away, they either starved, or were killed by the wolves, the settlers' dog, or the settlers themselves. That winter practically exterminated the hoof and horn game from northern Iowa.

Soon there was danger that not only the wild game but also the settlers and their families would starve, for no crops had yet been raised in this location. On the Cedar River, nearly forty miles away, was the nearest

point where farming had been done and a mill erected to grind grain. Not a team could possibly make this trip through the crusted snow; there was only one thing left to do; the crust would hold up the men, and they must hitch themselves to sleds and haul the flour or meal in, or starve. They chose the first alternative, and taking the place of horses, hauled in the provisions. They also did all the other work that their teams usually performed. This was a prairie country, wood was scarce and many times a long way off. Though most families had not provided a winter's supply, the home fires must be kept burning. Again they tied themselves to their sleds and went to the timber, usually miles away, cut their sled loads of wood and returned to toast their shins before a blaze whose worth they fully realized. One man who lived six miles from the timber told me, "After I had gone to the timber, cut my load and returned home—a twelve-mile trip—I could sit and enjoy that fire as never before in my life. Before spring I could do anything a horse could except whinny and eat hay."

The next summer, fields were broken up; wheat, corn, oats, and barley planted, and bountiful crops harvested. That fall a mill was built, and the question of provisions for another winter was settled so far as cereals were concerned. For sugar, sorghum cane was planted. In each settlement some enterprising man would put up a sorghum mill, and press the cane and boil down the sap on "shares." Of course, one could not frost cake with sorghum, but candy could be made, and no better fun existed than plenty of girls and a sorghum candy pull. For coffee, carrots roasted hard and ground in the coffee mill strove

hard to fill the demand, and old ladies tried to think that red-root leaves gathered on the prairie at the right time, and properly cured, made fine tea.

The prairie sod, turned over the first year, was an unequaled place to raise garden vegetables. The groves and thickets furnished plums and crab apples for all who would come and get them. Thus was the inner man supplied, if not bountifully and daintily, at least sufficiently, and better still, what one had was free for all; no person went hungry if there were provisions anywhere in the neighborhood.

But money, and things money alone could buy, were scarce, almost absent. There were but two sources of money supply: first, taxes realized from non-resident land owners; second, what sums the settlers brought into the country with them. We could raise unlimited crops, but of what use were they after home wants were supplied? It was two hundred miles to McGregor, the nearest market—eight days going and eight days returning.

Our best cash crop was wheat. Twenty bushels would make as much as the average team could haul over sloughs that were not graded, and through rivers not bridged. This grain would sell for forty cents a bushel; eight dollars compensation for the load of wheat, sixteen day's work with team, sixteen day's expense on the road for a man and team, besides necessary breakages and incidentals. The only figuring necessary for such a market-man to make after he got home would be to find out how much he would have saved had he thrown his wheat away before he started.

The resourceful pioneer, however, would manage to beat even as bad a proposition as this. He would start while grass was green, with an ox team that was expected to forage for its own rations and stable itself out of doors nights; he would, besides his wheat, put in his wagon a small sack of flour, some blankets, a little salt, and his shot gun. By this means, if, through the trip, the cattle succeeded in feeding and stabling themselves, and if the man lived the entire time on his own cooking of pancakes and dudah gravy, mingled with what game he might shoot, and if there were no mishaps that ruined the grain or called for cash outlay, the man might return home with a dress for his wife, shoes for the girl, tobacco for the father, tea for the mother, ever necessary powder and shot for the gun, and probably new experiences to relate.

I mentioned an article found on the menu of this market-man which was standard with all during the first few years of new settlement, but which became obsolete in good families after cows came to be milked and pigs fed. "Dudah gravy" is the luxury I refer to, and that the knowledge of its making may not die out of the land, I here preserve the recipe. Put sufficient water in a frying pan, salt to the taste; then take a piece of butter or other fat and hold over the frying pan carefully, so that the shadow of the fat may rest upon the water. Put the butter away for further use, thicken the water with flour as desired. Serve hot.

You doubtless notice in the financial statement I have given that there was scant provision made for any comforts or necessities that demanded money to procure. Principal among these was clothing. As new clothing was near the boundary of the impossible, the old was utilized

to the limit of its endurance. It is surprising how long a suit will last if so used. Judicious, or even unjudicious, patching will extend its life so that it may even rival the nine assigned the cat. At first it was thought that patches should correspond with the material and color of the garment, but from lack of material this idea was soon abandoned as unnecessary and as being too much of a concession to eastern style and to the backwoods four hundred. A white patch upon black goods, while not sought for, was permissible; and when time came to patch the patch, if a brilliant red was handy, one's garment might soon rival that ancient and unlucky suit of many colors that Joseph wore. Occasionally in this community might unexpectedly appear a person dressed in fine broadcloth, or rustling silk, according to the sex of its wearer. Immediately he or she would be surrounded by sympathizing neighbors, who knew only too well the direful fact, that these persons had not achieved wealth, but that everything they possessed was worn out except this suit. As the saying went, "Poverty had driven them to their best." The efforts made to preserve this best suit would be pathetic had they not been so amusing.

When we commenced raising wheat, canvas sacks were necessary. As these were hard to keep track of when unlimited borrowing and lending was the rule, each owner branded his own sacks indelibly with his name. Now two grain sacks make a serviceable pair of pants, and two more a coat, and should a settler appear some morning with a brand new canvas suit bearing one neighbor's name branded on the coat and another friend's initials stamped on the pants, no one was shocked; for it would be a mighty mean man who would begrudge a neighbor a sack

or two when he needed a suit of clothes, even though his permission for such reconstruction had not been asked.

One writer on the settlement of the West says, "Wherever Spaniards located they first built a church; the French, a fort; Germans, a beer hall; Dutchmen, a warehouse; Englishmen, a tavern; and Americans, a school and a printing office." Our settlement was made up of people from all corners of the world, but if the above classification be true, it was very strongly American; for wherever on our prairies or in our groves there were half a dozen children that could be gathered—naturally come by, or borrowed of far away neighbors for this purpose—a school was there organized; and wherever there was even an apology for a village, there either flourished or languished a newspaper.

Our people may have been of all lands and of all tongues, but they soon became one in broad, generous comradeship and hospitality. Should a man at the close of spring work, or at any other time, care to hitch up his team and drive with his family fifteen or twenty miles to a near neighbor for a few days' visit, he was always gladly welcomed. Every one had plenty to eat, such as it was, and one who could not wrap himself in a blanket and lie on the floor, or in the hay in the stables, either as host or guest, was not worthy of the western friendship there bestowed.

Property was so nearly in common that what one man owned could be used by all; borrowing and lending were endless. Should one man be the luckless owner of some useful and popular piece of farm machinery, and needed it for his own use, he might have to trace its path over

many farms before he found it, and then in courtesy, might be compelled to wait until the neighbor was through using it.

The country was well watered by beautiful streams, clear and sparkling, running over bright and pebbly beds. But one did not always stop to admire their beauty when he considered there were no bridges, and that he often needed to cross them at whatever stage of water they might be. It was remarkable what facility some of our people acquired in fording streams that were seemingly impassable. The secret was in knowing how, and in learning the peculiar characteristics of each ford. One person, desiring to know the secrets of such a crossing, called over the stream to a native, "Say, how do you drive this ford?" "Well," answered the Hoosier—for such he was—"You drive down that ar bank and into the stream sort a slaunchwise until you get fernint that big boulder; then you turn and come kinder catawampus-like to this cotton wood tree, and I think you will get through all on a squegee." This direction platted that ford, but often when carelessness or error of judgment obtained, we did not always get across "on a squegee."

Once, with a rig containing my sister, another man's sister, and myself, I attempted to cross a stream whose depth I had under-estimated. When part way across, the team commenced swimming and carried the front wheels of the wagon with them to the further shore; the hind wheels dropped into the deep water, while my sister, the other fellow's sister and I, went floating down the stream in the wagon-box. Before I had finished reassembling the disunited parts of my outfit I learned

that before driving into water of unknown depth, it was wise to chain the box down to the running gear of the wagon.

Near the north line of Iowa, where we were located, is the broadest sweep of prairie in the state, because there were fewer large streams here than elsewhere to stop the destructive fall-fires. From the upper Cedar River to the upper Des Moines River, about seventy-five miles, the distance is practically one broad prairie. Here and there some lake or stream may have protected a grove or belt of trees, but these spots were like oases in a great desert, and to them rushed the first comers. Such a settlement was ours, whose inhabitants, being hundreds of miles from steam or river transportation, were compelled to have wood to keep them alive through the hard winter. Therefore, if a piece of land had a few acres of timber on it, they seemed not to care if the rest was brush or stone that would take years to conquer, or swamps that would never be worth anything.

The pioneers who waited until the railroad brought market for their wheat, and coal for their stoves, and who went out in the middle of the prairie, where they could sit whistling on their plows while they broke the raw sod in furrows half a mile long without stop or impediment, rapidly passed the old, first residents in everything that marked financial success.

In the fall after repeated frosts had thoroughly killed the grass, and bright, sunshiny days had dried it, came the warm, hazy, lazy time of our Indian summer. We soon learned what that hazy, smoky air meant—prairie fires were running somewhere. Then everyone

looked to his protection from that danger. All were out everywhere, plowing fire-breaks where necessary, and establishing foundations for back-fires where deemed desirable. Woe to the farmer who neglected these precautions. The loss of his crops of the summer, his hay for the winter, and even his house and buildings—everything he had—might be the penalty inflicted for his neglect.

An effective fire break was easily made. A strip four or five feet wide was plowed around the property to be protected, then four or five rods outside of that plowing another in like manner was made thus forming two parallel rings a few rods apart around the exposed buildings or stacks. After that, some still evening, the grass and everything between the two strips that would take fire was burned. This with proper back-firing, should emergency demand, was amply sufficient. Few fires could jump such a break.

To one who had no property at stake, or who had adequately prepared for it, a fire at night, seen from its front upon that great prairie, was a most beautiful and inspiring sight to behold. From right to left as far as could be seen, the broad line of fire might be rapidly approaching. The sky was illuminated to its zenith with the glow of the advancing flames, as they sprang high or dropped low, governed by the wind, or as vegetation furnished food for consumption. No wonder that men and women were nervous for fear the mighty onslaught would jump their breaks and come in upon them. No wonder they prepared for a "fight to the finish," should disaster demand it.

When fire swept down unexpectedly on an unprotected settlement, all hands—men, women, and children—turned out to fight. Often the battle was long and exhausting; the tense exertion, hot flame and dense smoke, frequently overcoming the contestants. Some rushed their teams with plows to make fire breaks, all others either back-firing or with wet blankets, grain sacks, or any other available weapon, charging the flames and whipping them out, until the strife was won and property safe, or the battle was lost and everything burned.

In that back-woods epoch "Live and let live, console and help your neighbor" was the motto in the hard times of our pioneer days. They were really hard times; times when whole communities, perhaps, were hungry from failure of crops; times when they were cold, owing to hard winters, poor houses and insufficient clothing; times when roads were impassable, rivers uncrossable, and they were completely cut off from the outside world.

And yet! And yet! Very few who passed through those years would permit to take them out of their lives: other years you might have, but not these. There was a democracy, a comradeship, cemented in the furnace of their hardships, that was truer, firmer, and more lasting than any glitter that a finer civilization could produce. Could a man leave this and go back to the flesh pots of an older country? Never! Few persons who once got the breath of western life ever returned east to live. They might be nomads moving here and there, as many were, but they always moved *farther west.*

We had a fertile, beautiful country, "fair as the Garden of the Lord." Its oases of trees dotted the landscape here and there; flowers thickly scattered over the

rolling prairies everywhere, from the time the wild anemone (Pasque flower) painted blue the sunny sides of the hills in the spring—even before the snow was all gone—until fall, when the goldenrod flaunted its brilliant yellow in the face of coming Jack Frost, himself.

We saw this country not with a stranger's eyes; he saw only a barren land devoid of everything that, to him, made life bearable. We saw it not as Longfellow described it—"Sea-like, pathless, limitless, waste of desert." We visualized the same landscape covered by future homes, and bounty-giving fields, and fruit-laden orchards; by town and cities, with schoolhouses on all the hills, and churches in all the communities; and these all possessed by and for the benefit of our children and our children's children.

We loved this land: we worked for it, and when our country called in 1861, we voluntarily more than filled our quotas and fought for it.

But some of the deprivations, compared with present modes of life, were not caused entirely by our extreme Western location, they were partly due to the non-development of the country at large. Before the Civil War, whether one lived in the North, South, East, or West, he had no artificial light in his house save that furnished by oil lamps or home-made tallow candles; he had no heat except what was furnished by fireplaces and wood stoves; a very large percentage of sleeping rooms were without heat of any kind, and, when necessary, the "warming pan" was filled with coals from the fire-place and pushed by its long handle around between the sheets of the bed until one dare go to bed without fear of freezing.

There was no rural mail delivery, therefore nō daily paper, and probably no paper at any time other than the local one from the county seat, and that consisted, perhaps, of only four small pages. Postage was high; letters were few and had no envelopes, the sheets of paper being fastened together by sealing wax or wafer, and must be delivered at the town post office.

Books were so few and costly that not many families possessed private libraries of any size, and access to a public library, the farmer had not.

The family was largely, if not wholly, clothed in home-made garments. The wool was sheared, carded, and spun on the farm, woven into cloth by some loom in the community, and cut out and made by the women of the house or some person who went from family to family to do that special work. Not until the fifties did the young men on the farm commence priding themselves on being the possessors of "store clothes."

The farmer of today would give up in despair if compelled to raise a crop with the implements then used. The agriculturist of those days had no silo, no gang plow, no hinged drag, no disk, no seeder or drill for either field or garden; no reaper or binder, no mower or hay-loader or horse-rake, fork, or corn-cutter, and he never heard of a motor machine for farm use. This old-time farmer had not one of the many implements that an up-to-date farmer of today deems absolutely necessary to make a crop, and yet he had all he wanted, and all he knew how to use. He was far from destitute and was rich compared with the farmer of Old Mexico who does *all* his work with only three *hand* tools: ax, hoe, and macheta. He

still had his team and wagon, or cart; a plow—of narrow cut and with only a *cast iron mould board*—and a drag, a grain cradle, a scythe, a hand rake, a pitchfork, a hoe, an ax, and a flail.

With this small outfit, coupled with a willingness to work, the men and women of those days raised a few field crops and the best generation of boys and girls the world ever saw—a generation that worked the wonders of the succeeding fifty years.

The towns and cities were lacking in modern convenience quite as much as the country. They had no electric lights, no telephones, no movies, no street cars except horse cars in the larger cities. Cable cars were not introduced until 1873, nor electric cars until 1888. There was no hot or cold water in rooms, even of hotels, unless carried up in pitchers. There were no automobiles, no bicycles, no railroad trains except connecting large cities—even Buffalo was not reached until 1842, or Chicago until 1852—and no elevated railroads anywhere.

Of the many magazines now waiting periodically to be bought, only two could then be found—*Godey's Lady's Book* and *Harper's Magazine,* and these did not appear in general circulation until the early fifties.

The multitude of breakfast and prepared foods now on sale did not then exist. The housewife at that time was compelled to do all the cooking for the family.

Of the greater sports, baseball was then "one old cat"; tennis was "battledore and shuttlecock"; golf had not yet crossed the ocean, and polo had not arisen above shinny.

Only the larger cities had pavements, and those were likely to be laid with cobble stones.

Drinking intoxicating liquors was a common habit. Even when the minister made his customary pastoral visit the "toddy" was provided and duly used. Men prided themselves on being able to carry their liquor without showing it, and drinking bouts were frequent among the best citizens, to test who could drink the most and get away from the table without assistance. Pocket drinking-flasks were carried as commonly as watches, and "Will you have a drink?" was as frequent a greeting as "Good morning."

Prices for labor were low in those days. Salaries amounting to eight hundred or a thousand dollars a year were liberal; unskilled labor received from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half a day, and skilled labor from a dollar and a half to three dollars. But every one seemed happier then than now, when even common labor gets from five to eight dollars a day, and skilled workers and professional men have only the sky for the higher limit of their charges—happier, because in those "good old times" there were thousands of costly things now deemed necessary that then were not cared for, or known of; happier, because the principal requirements of living bore prices corresponding to the worker's wages.

The price of wheat was from forty cents to a dollar a bushel; butter, ten cents a pound; eggs, fifteen cents a dozen; chickens, twenty-five cents each; dressed pork, two dollars and fifty cents a hundred. At a Farmer's Institute I held in Cerro Gordo County, Iowa, in 1890, I placed the following then debatable question on the program. "Is it cheaper to burn corn for fuel on the farm than to burn coal at three dollars and fifty cents a ton?" The question was earnestly debated, and decision

was made that "if the farm was more than ten miles from the depot where coal could be bought, it was cheaper to burn corn." The Clear Lake, Iowa, market for April 15, 1897, was: Oats 10-12; wheat 56-60; corn 10; rye 20; barley 15-18; potatoes 30; hogs 3.30 to 3.50; cattle 3.25 to 3.75; butter 10 to 12; eggs 6 and chickens 5.

But the greatest change for the better between the before- and after-Civil War times was one of currency. Before 1860 the only money that one could take from one state to another and be sure it would retain its value was gold or silver. Banks of exchange were conspicuous for their absence, and therefore a cumbersome belt around the body, filled with gold, was a traveling necessity where even a limited amount of money was transported. Bank bills were plentiful but mostly of the "wild cat" variety that might be good today and worthless tomorrow.

Different states had diverse laws covering banks of issue, and the flood of paper currency sent out by them was correspondingly valuable or worthless. Ohio had a better banking system than other states and thus her currency was more desirable. Some states were lax in requirements, and their issues were to be avoided.

Thompson's Bank-note Reporter hung near the cash drawer of every store, and when paper money was presented, that book was consulted to ascertain the value of the bills offered. This Reporter listed every bank of issue in the United States and stated the value of its bills. The value might range from worthless to par according to circumstances. This list was published monthly, and there were many and wild fluctuations in the value of the paper currency it reported from time

to time. So great were these changes in value that one might go to bed with a comfortable roll of good money on hand and get up in the morning still possessed of the same bank bills and find himself "dead broke."

The necessities of the Civil War compelled the adoption of a national and stable currency, and the advantages accruing from the banks of issue Secretary Chase established may have equaled the cost of that war.

Banks of deposit in most of the states still were under few or no requirements as to the opening of their business, or of examination during the continuation of the same; the liabilities of the proprietors of such concerns being no greater, and their affairs being subject to no closer supervision, than that of partners or proprietors of any other line of trade.

It would seem at first sight that depositors, not having the protection that recent laws provide, would have lost their deposits more heavily than now. I do not think this was true, at least in Iowa and adjacent states. The temptation to every banker is to use his depositor's money when he sees a proposition that promises large and fairly safe returns. In these modern times financing new corporations and speculation in stocks and produce are the pit-falls that alluringly present themselves and secure advance of cash from optimistic bank officials. In old times it was choice pieces of real estate being sold at less than their value that lured the depositors' money from the bank safe.

Of course, if everything went as expected, the depositors' money was safe in both cases; but if conditions

went wrong, some one suffered. When the banker of recent years is caught there are only the resources and stock of a broken corporation and the margin and collateral of a trade deal upon which to rely; all perhaps comparatively worthless, and the depositors are the victims. In the case of the old-time banker, if he was an honest man (and he usually was), his choice pieces of real estate were still on hand, and their proceeds, together with the other resources of the bank, would usually pay the depositors and correspondents in full. In this case the value of the real estate so sold would be slaughtered without mercy, and the banker, not the depositor, suffered.

I speak knowingly and feelingly on this subject because I went through the mill in the last eighties from both a depositor's and the banker's standpoint. I was conducting a private bank and, as usual with Iowa bankers at that time, I carried the bulk of the bank funds on deposit, subject to draft, in a bank in Chicago. My Chicago correspondent failed, and I received payment of only ten cents on the dollar. This misfortune, coupled with an illegal act of my cashier, compelled me to close my doors. My bank resources, my choice pieces of real estate, and homestead paid my depositors one hundred cents on the dollar inside of ninety days. My private obligations were, of course, unprovided for, but pioneer sympathy was with me, and to that kindly consideration I owe the fact that, though it was years before those debts were all paid, not a man enforced proceedings against me, but every one gave me all the time I needed and all the courtesy and encouragement I wanted.

My experience of eighty years has taught me that if the Golden Rule is hard to maintain in business, this paraphrase of it is almost sure to be true:

"As ye do unto others even so others will do unto you."

CHAPTER IX

"WESTWARD HO!" AND THE CALIFORNIA TRAIL

In the summer of 1858 the exciting news came from the Rocky Mountains that gold had been discovered at Pike's Peak. This was so soon after the rush of the "Forty-Niners" to California that every one remembered the fortunes there made in the placer mines of that territory. It was proclaimed that a new Eldorado had been discovered, containing fabulous wealth for those who would only go and pick it up, and the message was enthusiastically received and heartily believed. All the winter of 1858-1859, parties were organizing to start immediately when spring opened.

It follows without telling, that a foot-loose boy like myself would be swept away with the crowd; and the spring of 1859 found me driving a team of three yoke of cattle to which was attached a covered wagon bearing in large letters the motto *"Pike's Peak or Bust."*

Early in the season with ten western pioneers from Northern Iowa we left our homes and drove over forty miles toward the west across an absolutely uninhabited and treeless prairie until we reached an upper branch of the Des Moines River. Then we followed a track down that stream, finding at intervals gatherings of settlers here and there, and, occasionally, block houses built the preceding summer as protection from the Indians under Inkpaduta, who had been committing depredations at Spirit Lake and elsewhere.

Reaching the town of Des Moines, now the capitol and metropolis of our state, we found hardly more than a village. From there we again went west across another prairie, nearly one hundred and fifty miles in extent, with houses few and far between, until we reached the settlement of Council Bluffs on the Missouri River. Should you examine our route, you would see that from the upper branch of the Des Moines River to Council Bluffs via Des Moines is a very long roundabout way. Deviation was deemed desirable in order that we might take advantage of the roads that joined the scattering improvements made in the timber along the river; use the best fords found through the unbridged streams, and follow the safest and hardest places across the ungraded sloughs.

The roads we sought would not be recognized as such today. They were simply trails, unworked wagon tracks, two parallel strips about twelve inches wide and two feet apart, where the wheels of wagons and feet of teams had trampled down the grass, leaving the middle growing as luxuriantly as elsewhere. This track, or road, wound and twisted across the prairie, following from ridge to ridge, to find the smoothest land, and going often miles out of the way to seek a place where an ungraded slough or unbridged stream might be crossed.

Had we, at that time, attempted to drive the short way between the two places mentioned, there would have been no track, and we would not have known where to find crossings of streams and when to avoid the low, wet and miry land. We would have been compelled to navigate the prairie much as the sailor does the sea. The sailor has to avoid rocks and shoals, the prairie schooner must miss uncrossable rivers and quagmires: they both may

make their way by landmarks if they recognize them, or by the sun by day, the stars by night, or the compass when neither can be seen. Without landmarks, or sun, or stars, or compass, the driver of the prairie schooner would be as helpless as a sailor, except for one thing. And that is the dependable compass plant (Silphium Laciniatum.) Longfellow, in his Evangeline, gives a beautiful description of it:

"Look at the delicate plant that lifts
its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point
to the north as true as a magnet;
It is the compass flower, that the
finger of God, has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct
the traveler's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless
waste of the desert."

Evidently, Longfellow never saw the plant; but his description is true in the main—that the leaves point north and south. As to the rest, it resembles what an author of a work said when he described a crab as "a small, red fish that walks backwards." Submitting this to a naturalist the opinion was returned, "Absolutely correct, except the crab is not a fish, is not red, and does not walk backwards." So with Longfellow's description of this flower. It is not a "delicate plant"—it is the largest and sturdiest one growing in its habitat. It is never found in the "meadow"—it always seeks dry land. Neither leaves nor flower are "suspended on a fragile stalk," but the leaves grow in a bunch vertically from the ground,

the points of their pennatifid leaves pointing north and south, the central stalk rising nearly leafless. It is never found in a "waste of the desert," but always upon the best of land. So true is this last, that if a seller wants to convince a buyer of the fertility of a piece of land and its adaptability for immediate cultivation, he says, "There are plenty of rosin weeds (common name for compass plant) growing upon the place." Notwithstanding the misinformation Longfellow had received, he does well in calling to the atention of all the great fact "that the finger of God has placed it here....to direct the traveler's journey." Many times I have consulted it and have never been misled by it.

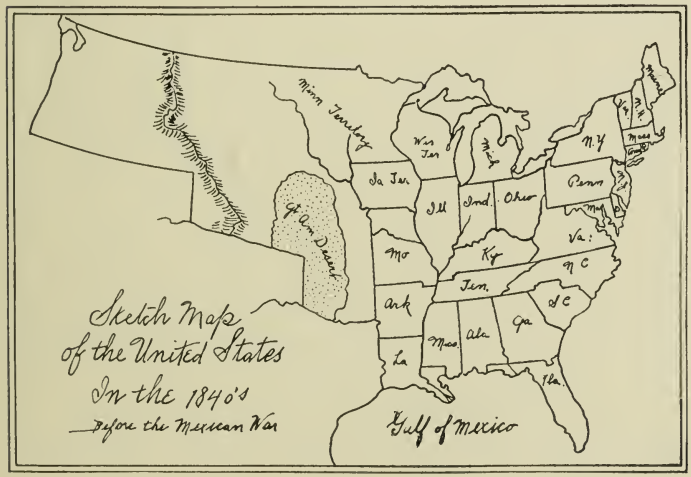
Council Bluffs was really, at this time, the limit of settlement. Across the river, there was an Indian trading station and the nucleus of what is now the city of Omaha. I do not remember to have seen a single farm west of the Missouri River until we reached the irrigated lands of New Mexico. When we left Omaha and its buildings, we were past the bounds of civilization.

According to old opinion and the reports of old explorers, we were now upon the "Great American Desert." Explorer Long, after whom Long's Peak was named, officially reported: "That land west of the meridian of Council Bluffs was a desert, and could never be cultivated." Dr. D. D. Mitchell, superintendent of Indian affairs in 1842, says in his official reports: "If we draw a line through Missouri near the mouth of the Vermilion River, we shall designate the limits beyond which civilized man is never likely to settle. At this point, the Creator seems

to have said to the tides of emigration that are annually flowing toward the west, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

Following these reports of explorers and officials, the geography makers drew their maps. The atlas I studied when a boy, showed the "Great American Desert" west of the Missouri River marked as plainly and almost as extensively as the Desert of Sahara in North Africa or the Desert of Gobi in China.

It was almost eight hundred miles from the Missouri River to our first objective, Fort Laramie, near the foot of the Rocky Mountains. In this long distance, there was no mark of white man's work save Fort Kearney, about half way there, which slightly broke the monotony. There was no fear of our losing our way— the road was plainly marked and deeply worn. We were now on the old California Trail, three thousand miles long, com-



posed of many parallel wagon tracks, which here followed the north bank of the Platte River past Fort Laramie, and thence into South Pass, and onward through Utah to California.

The trail was largely used, first by the Mormons in 1847, when their advance caravan of one hundred and forty-seven people, with seventy-three wagons, drove over it, and on the twenty-fourth day of July, wound their way down the Wasatch Mountains, and first saw the valley of their then found "Deseret."

The next year saw their great migration on this route: the whole Mormon people with their possessions—horses, mules, oxen, and donkeys for teams; cows, sheep, goats, and even swine driven loose; wagons—heavy and light, covered and uncovered—carriages, buggies, carts, and even wheelbarrows, conveying the persons, food or property of the multitude. Some rode, many walked, not a few pushed their property before them in carts or wheelbarrows.

For their religion and misdemeanors, these people had been driven out of Ohio in 1833, and out of Missouri in 1838. Then they settled and built a town and temple at Nauvoo in Illinois, but their leader was killed, and they were driven out of that State in 1846. This year, 1848, with Deseret, the land of promise, ever before their vision, they now toiled over these plains, welcoming the babes that were born and burying the dead that failed along the way, all of them as enthusiastic and devoted a set of converts to a new faith as the world ever saw.

You may think what you will of the morals and religion of these people, but no one can help admiring the

courage and devotion of these converts who left everything that they had in the world, save what they could take with them, even though they had nothing but a hand-cart, and then pushed that cart more than a thousand miles to make a new home at the bidding of their president and elders.

One year later, the grand rush to the California gold field came, and the long train of "Forty-Niners," seeking wealth in that land, wore the ruts still deeper and made more numerous its parallel tracks. It is now half a century since the Union Pacific Railroad took the place of the caravans on this trail, but I will guarantee that if I could find a piece of land where the road then crossed, that had not been torn up by the plow, I could see the trail yet, still so visibly present that it would be followed with ease. I so found the Santa Fe trail on the Arkansas River, and this route was the more deeply worn and the broader of the two.

Driving west from Omaha, and seeing not a resident or soul save Indians, we found the broad, muddy, shallow, unnavigable Platte River. This stream is typical of all the rivers flowing into the Mississippi or Missouri Rivers out of the mountains from the west. They are all bright and clear where they leave the mountains, but soon pick up and carry along the light soil of the plains which they cross, until they come to resemble your morning coffee after it has been well colored, according to conditions: creamy like the Platte and Arkansas, or reddish, as is the Red of Louisiana and the Colorado in Arizona. Many are simply muddy as is the Missouri, often called the "Big Muddy." For a long distance below where it and the Mississippi meet, the clear water of the latter does

not mix with the muddy water of the former. That greatest fool known to history, "Thompson's Colt," when he "swam across the river in order to slake his thirst," would have been justified if he lived in Missouri at this point and wanted a clean drink. If the water from any of these streams is dipped in the evening, it will settle over night, and the mud and sand will carry down with it all other contamination, leaving it clear, pleasant and healthful; this is the usual method of handling it.

The vagaries of all these streams are freakish and wild, and for that reason many that carry plenty of water are unnavigable. Bill Nye said, "Western rivers are a mile wide and an inch thick; they have a wide circulation, but little influence." They seem to change their banks at will, sometimes, even at low water. They spread out a mile wide, but one may easily wade across them if he is careful to avoid quicksand.

The valley of the Platte, up which we were traveling, was wide, almost perfectly level, and bordered on both sides by gently rolling hills. For about the first hundred miles or more of travel in our "Great American Desert," we considered that we met every sign of fertility and promise that we left in the favored lands of Iowa. Our judgment has since proved correct, for the land is now covered by prosperous farms and rich towns.

Farther west, the soil was still fertile, but the scant rainfall necessitated a change of vegetation; the long, luxuriant grasses of the western prairies gave way to short buffalo grass and, in dryest places, to sage brush and grease wood.

The success and riches of the now rapidly passing ranches of our one-time "cow country" was built upon buffalo grass. This grass though short and small, was highly nutritious. It ripened before the frost, and unless late and heavy fall rains came, which were almost unknown there, it retained its feeding value all winter. This condition developed a very desirable financial situation; the ranchman's cattle boarded themselves all the four seasons of the year, and left to him the less tedious detail of picking out bunches of his horned property as they reached marketable age and pocketing the money their sale produced.

There was no danger of our becoming lonesome on our journey toward the mountains for the California trail was this summer in the very height of its employment and usefulness. Along some one of its numerous trails the overland stage drove a three thousand mile trip from Council Bluffs to Sacramento, and the pony express dashed over the same route three days to Denver and eight to the last terminal.

Three distinct classes of people were lining the borders of this thoroughfare with their camps and filling its trails with their long lines of wagons. First, were the through trains to California. These were large, thoroughly organized, well-armed and efficiently commanded. Such organization was usually made at its outfitting point on the Missouri River. Unless the train was controlled by one interest, its captain or master was selected in some form or manner mutually agreed upon. One such election was humorously described in the *New Orleans Picayune,* November 1, 1843. "The candidates stood up

in a row before their electors and at a signal they turned about and marched off, while the whole mass broke after them lickety split, each man forming behind his favorite so that each candidate flourished a kind of tail of his own and a man with the longest tail was elected—a literal running for office."

These trains were required to be thoroughly organized, armed, and equipped, because in 1857 the Mountain Meadow Massacre had taken place in what is now Utah. In that tragedy a hundred and twenty emigrants bound for California were slaughtered. The Mormons insisted that the Indians did the deed, but this statement did not coincide with the fact that much of the rich property of the plundered train was found in the possession of the Mormons. The doubt of the innocence of the people of Deseret heightened, until twenty years later it was conclusively proved that they were guilty, and John D. Lee, one of their leaders, was hanged for participation in the crime.

That summer we knew not who were guilty. Therefore, in order that there should be no repetition of the tragedy, through trains went armed and prepared against any aggressors whoever they might be. They traveled with all the method and precision of a military unit; every wagon had its number and must keep its place. When they stopped for the night they formed their wagons into a circle, the tongue of each chained to the rear of the one in front, thus forming a very respectable fort for defense against enemies, or making a corral for their teams.

Teams were usually composed of oxen or mules, sel-

dom of horses. Three or more span of mules or yoke of oxen were used to each wagon, and when only three, the first was the lead team, the second the swing team, and the one nearest the wagon the wheel team. The driver of oxen usually walked most of the time unless things were going unusually well, and he might climb up into his wagon for a rest. The driver of mules rode the nigh wheel mule and directed the whole six by a single line attached to the bit of the nigh leader. Stage and circus men only, use a line for each horse driven. Both drivers of mules and oxen use as a propelling force a short-handled long-lashed whip, and a vocabulary long, loud, and lurid enough to meet all expected contingencies.

The second class was the Mormons. Their trains were all well appointed, but as they had no enemies to contend with they were neither so large, so thoroughly armed or disciplined as the Californians. They seemed to have been organized as much for proselyting as for freighting purposes. There was always an air of festivity about them. Dances were held by their camp fires each night, to which all who would might come in welcome. Apparently everything was done to convince the Gentiles they met of the desirability of joining them, the "Chosen people of God."

The third, and altogether the largest class, was the Pike's Peakers. A more heterogeneous lot of people, it would be impossible to find. In some respects they were worse than that Mormon migration of 1848 that I tried to describe. A few of these gold seekers were organized into well-appointed, well-conducted caravans, but the main body traveled as they saw fit, without discipline,

method or order, and many times without discretion. Many went in small trains of a few wagons. These usually were acquaintances or relatives from some community that might voluntarily keep together for company and mutual assistance.

Such a train as this was ours: we had three families of relatives, three men, four women, three children, and myself, an outsider—eleven persons in all. We drove four wagons, drawn by twelve yoke of oxen and cows. The last were brought along for their milk, and were put into the teams on the light loads because it was the easiest way of handling them. There was just one horse for riding and emergency purposes. We were frontier people who knew what camping meant, and came fully prepared for it, and, better than all, we had a "boss" whose supremacy not one of us dared to dispute.

This boss was "Charley," our oldest man. He was a "Forty-Niner" who had crossed the plains twice, and who was an experienced miner. Under his guidance everything moved as smoothly as a military unit. When we camped at night or broke camp in the morning, each person knew just what he was to do, and went quietly and instantly about it. When Charley, who had been prospecting ahead on horseback, led us to his selected camp ground and held up his hand, each driver dropped his chains, unyoked the oxen, drove them to the river and let them loose. Charley and Hoit then put up the tent, while George and I alternated in finding water and fuel. One of us would take two buckets and a spade and wade out into the muddy river, and if a place could not be found, on some sand bar, where the water had filtered through and become clear, a small well was dug and filter-

ing waited for. The other boy would take a basket and sack, and scour the plains for dry buffalo chips, the only burning material obtainable. Meanwhile, the women had commenced getting the meal, not forgetting to open up the churn, which set over a back wagon axle and held the morning's milk, to ascertain whether the all day's jolting had made the butter for supper. As work was thus regulated at night, so was it assigned for the morning. In this manner was celerity achieved, and order and comfort were the result.

Few others were so fortunate as we; for they were persons mostly from cities or communities in the East to whom a tent was a mystery, and its setting up an unsolved problem. The building of a fire, where there was no wood, was to them unheard of; and the cooking of a meal under those circumstances was an impossibility. It was a rare train of this kind that did not have at least three or four bosses, not one of whom knew what should be done, but all insistent on his methods being adopted. Quarrels resulted, life-long friendships were broken, and partnerships were destroyed. It is a true saying in the West, "You never know a man until you have camped with him."

But the Pike's Peakers were not all going the same way; almost as many were driving east away from the mountains as were driving west towards them. The reason for this was that returning miners, who had been through the mines, were bringing back discouraging reports. This frightened the more timid, and they turned around and started back home. Almost universally the migrants had painted "Pike's Peak" upon their wagons when they started for the mountains, but after they had

turned back the address was altogether wrong. To avoid the jeering suggestions that they would meet, they added something to indicate a change in their objective. Therefore wagon tops reading "Pike's Peak" were changed to read "Pike's Peak, Not for Me"; "Pike's Peak, Over the Left"; "Pike's Peak Not for Joseph, No! No!" and other phrases of negation that ingenuity invented, or skill portrayed.

But there were others, ourselves among the number, who proposed to go through no matter what reports might come back; and these men, to show their determination and to hearten others, amended their address to read "Pike's Peak or Bust." Sadly be it told that some of these brave souls also gave up and turned East dejectedly before the snows of the mountains came into view. These men were again compelled to amend their amendment so that their signs now read "Pike's Beak or Bust" —"Busted."

The condition of some of these returning migrants was pitiful. Many had gone to the mines with provisions and only money enough to take them there, thinking gold could be dug as soon as a claim was found, and if worse came to worse, they could work for another until good luck came. They found no gold, they failed to obtain work. Many lost even their outfits, and were now compelled to walk home, foot-sore, weary, hungry, and begging their subsistence from outgoing teams. People from the cities and the East, realizing their inability to replace provisions, and who were accustomed to refuse solicitations for aid, could drive past these men; but we of the western border, who were used to dividing everything we had with those in need, could not; had we men

been so disposed, the women would not have permitted any one to leave our camp hungry so long as there was anything left in our wagons.

In consequence of such liberality, no great time elapsed before everything eatable was gone out of our wagons except flour, and the boss put an embargo on that. Something must be done, or we would be reduced to pancakes and dudah gravy, and very short rations of those. One morning Charley started in advance very early; about mid-afternoon we saw him waving a signal from a mound at the right of the trail. We turned our teams and drove toward him. He led us five or six miles to a valley covered with luxuriant grass that he had found by a small, willow-bordered stream in the hills. When we had made camp, he said, "Now we will give the cattle a chance to rest and fill up on this grass for a few days, while we see what we can do to fill the wagons with something to eat."

The next morning we started out afoot with our guns. We were in the edge of the buffalo country. The great mass of these animals we had not seen, but among the hollows and swales of the rolling plains could be found bunches of males which had been driven out of the herd by their stronger and more ambitious antagonists. They were living forced lives of celibacy, and were probably cursing among themselves the unfairness of buffalo aristocratic government.

We found such a bunch, and among them a fine, large, fat fellow. We stalked them until we got into good rifle range, when we fired our rifles and he fell. We could have killed more, but we were sportsmen, not butchers—one was all we needed. Returning to the camp, two of us

took a team and went for our game, while the remaining two went to work with the aid of the women and built a jerking stand. This was done by cutting willows from the bank of the stream and building a platform about three feet high and six feet by six feet in extent, covering the top with willow switches several inches apart.

When our buffalo came he was skinned and cut into long strips. The top of the stand was covered with these strips, a fire was built underneath, and the sun and fire commenced the Indian method of jerking meat. Its continuance and completion consisted merely in turning and re-arranging to promote even drying, then storing away the finished strips when done, and adding raw strips in their places, until the whole carcass was properly "jerked" and packed away in the wagons.

To those who care to know, I want to say that where time is no object, jerking meat is, in my opinion, the best method of cooking and preserving it. If one wants it hot, a piece steaming from off the stand is as much superior to broiled steak, as broiled steak is superior to fried. The finished jerked product is not only more agreeable to eat, but has much better keeping qualities than dried beef.

When we again yoked up our teams, and once more took the trail, our women had sufficient food of finest quality for all hungry men, and they were not required to withhold their giving, for should the wagons again be depleted, all that was necessary for us to do would be to give our teams another resting spell and repeat our hunting experience.

A word about the surprise some of the best outfitted trains received. Some such, wishing to get to the mines

at the earliest date, selected horses or mules to draw their wagons, thinking they could outstrip in travel the slower oxen. They were disappointed in the final test: horses and mules had been used to grain; oxen had not, so that when both were compelled to live upon the grass, the grain-fed teams lost all their superiority, and the mileage of both oxen and mules became about the same.

Twenty to twenty-five miles a day was what the average train wanted to make daily when the roads were good and food plentiful. This might be reduced to as little as a mile or two under adverse circumstances. Some tried to increase this rate by traveling nights during the hot weather and resting days, but stock did not thrive on the schedule, for they wanted their nights to graze and rest. This method was generally given up.

Fort Laramie, on the upper waters of the north fork of the Platte River and lying close to the foot hills on the east slopes of the Rocky Mountains, was our second objective. A little more than a month from Omaha brought us to this place, and here we were compelled to make a long-delayed decision. Our party had not been entirely immune to discouraging reports from Pike's Peak that we had been constantly meeting, but we differed from the returning gold seekers. We had agreed that, come what would, we were determined not to return to the East. We would go to Fort Laramie, and there decide whether to go along the east foot-hills of the mountains to Pike's Peak, or continue west through the South Pass and thence onward to California.

The party was strongly divided as to which alternative should be adopted and I am uncertain what the result would have been had we not found at the fort, when we

arrived there, a late copy of the *New York Tribune*. This paper contained a report of an examination of the mines at the Peak made personally by its editor, Horace Greely. He not only practically endorsed the fabulous stories of riches as heretofore told, but added a few like ones of his own making. This settled the matter unanimously for our whole party, and with visions before us of much wealth, easily made, we forded the river and set our faces towards the south, along the foothills, for the "Land of Gold."

CHAPTER X

ROCKY MOUNTAIN FOOTHILLS AND MINES

Jubilant with prospects of success, and comparatively near our ultimate destination, with high hopes and happy hearts, we passed where Laramie, Cheyenne, Fort Collins, Greeley, Brighton, and many other towns and cities now stand. We found not a soul in any of these places. Their locations were there, for any one to take and plat for the future populous communities they now are. From Fort Laramie until we reached Boulder, nearly one hundred and fifty miles, there was not a sign of occupancy, save the remains of Fort Russell, where Cheyenne now is. At this place our troops wintered in 1857-1858 under command of General Albert Sidney Johnston, later of Confederate fame, while on their way to straighten out the Mormons after the "Mountain Meadow Massacre." There we found the empty barracks, where our soldiers had lived, and the tin cans the contents of which they had devoured—and nothing more.

For the first few weeks after a camping party starts on the road, it is necessary that they watch the stock carefully and constantly, whether they be cattle, horses, or mules, for fear they will leave and go back to their old home. After that length of time, they consider the camp a new moving home, and they stay by it as contentedly and closely as they did by the barns and stables wherein they were born and raised. After such length of time there is little or no danger of their straying away, unless something happens to create a stampede.

This danger is always present, and its cause may be anything or nothing; a straying mountain lion, a prowling

wolf, a screeching owl, a sharp crash of thunder, or a bunch of Indians swinging their blankets, may create a panic, and away the animals go, all together at their utmost speed, in their mad terror as dangerous as so many wild bulls, should one dare to confront them. For over a thousand miles traveled, our cattle had been so contented with us, and so at home with the wagons, that thoughts of the well-known risk of the stampede, at this late day, had practically ceased.

But we were not to escape; at last one suddenly came. It happened near midnight. It was upon us in a mad rush. I was cow boy that night and as it had been extremely warm all day, I had lain down to sleep, divested of all clothing. I heard the first, bawling out-cry of the herd when it started, and grabbing the bridle at my side, took no time to dress, but was instantly chasing the horse which, frightened as badly as the worst beast in the bunch, was madly plunging as desperately as his spancels would permit in the direction that the cattle had gone. I managed to calm him enough to get his bridle on and his spancels off, then jumped upon his back.

By that time the herd was out of hearing and I had lost the direction in which they had gone; but the horse knew, and the moment I had mounted and given him the bit, he was away after them with the speed of an antelope. Charley, who stood anxiously in the door of his tent, listening to every sound, heard me go, and turning to his wife said, "That boy is riding for a fall." The boss was right: I had nearly overtaken the frightened teams when my horse's feet struck a prairie-dog house and he fell so flatly and heavily that he rolled completely over. Had I retained my seat on his back, I should have

been crushed; but I was riding so rapidly that when he fell I *went on,* how far I dare not guess. My fall was harder than his, for I had farther to go; it was so severe that under ordinary circumstances I should have lain as still as I could and called for help, but there was no time for any such softness now. I was up, and as the pony scrambled to his feet I mounted his back and rose with him. Away we went again with no lack of speed, or increase of caution. There was need of the speed; we could not afford the caution.

Finally we reached the herd; they were still running, still wild, still frightened, still ungovernable. To get in front of them was useless, dangerous, and perhaps fatal. The only course was to ride among them and talk with them, trusting to a familiar voice to calm their terrors. What a scene! A bunch of crazy cattle, a naked boy on a wild horse, conversing with the dumb brutes on various subjects. Soon my own team recognized my voice and stopped running; others followed their example, and the stampede was broken.

Nothing now remained but to work them back to camp. Their terror controlled, no one knew where that home was better than the cattle themselves, and so all I had to do was to follow along behind and urge the laggards. About the middle of the forenoon we reached the tents to the joy of the occupants.

Another danger to man and beast in this country was alkali. This, present nearly everywhere, was abundant in places; many times large areas of low ground were so impregnated with it that they looked as though they were covered with a light coat of snow. Water too strongly alkalied is fatal. I never knew a running stream that

carried a sufficient amount to be dangerous, but pools that are remnants of ponds collected during the rainy seasons may be deadly. Cattle will not drink from these unless exceedingly thirsty, and so we always made it a point to see that they were driven to some river or creek before letting them run at will.

But despite our care, we were victims at last. It seldom rains where we were at that time, but when it does the clouds roll low, thunder breaks with a tremendous crash, the "windows of heaven are opened" and a genuine cloudburst may result. We encountered one such storm. It came up suddenly, and we made camp with all possible speed. The rain poured in torrents, the wind blew like a hurricane; the thunder was so loud and the lightning so blinding that it was impossible to drive the teams away from the wagon, and they did not get immediately to the stream to quench their thirst.

The result was, when the storm had passed, the land was flooded and the cattle drank the new fallen rain that had dissolved alkali from the ground. The next morning we found all had been poisoned. We stayed several days doing the best we could for the sick ones, but in spite of our best efforts six of our twenty-four head of cattle died, and when we resumed our journey, I had only two yoke of oxen in place of the three I was accustomed to drive.

It may be the glamour of youth that has filled my mind for over half a century, but looking back through all these years, it still seems to me that the scenery along the foothills and the first range of the Rockies of Colorado challenges comparison with anything, anywhere, for picturesque contrast and beauty. In this country I have seen more freakish sights, like the Grand Canyon of Ari-

zona, higher and more abrupt cliffs, like El Captain in the Yosemite Valley; and more gigantic and higher reaching peaks, like Mount Shasta in California; but for scenic qualities I still cling to my first love.

And why should it not be so? Is not contrast the most enduring element of beauty? Where on this earth can one find a more diverse manifestation of the unique, the grand, the beautiful? As one stands upon some uplifted crag of the first range and looks east, the broad plains roll away as far as the eye can follow them, not bare and desolete, but made green and beautiful by the most nutritious grass the world ever saw. Hundreds of streams, flowing bright and clear from the snowy peaks, wind their way eastward by devious courses and mark their progress by long lines of trees and groves that their life-giving waters sustain. It is a beautiful land, lacking only a few inches of rainfall to make it a paradise. As one turns around and looks west he can almost hear William Tell's welcome to his old home: "Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again." Precipices and canyons, bold peaks and narrow valleys, bald mountain tops and timber-clad slopes, meet one's view, until, far in the distance, overtopping all, the snow range that crowns the continent and divides its waters east and west dominates the whole scene. So I saw it in boyhood, so it has stayed with me during my life, so it will ever remain, a glorious memory of our picturesque America.

At last we reached our final objective—the mines of the Rocky Mountains. But we did not find them at Pike's Peak. The rich ledges of Cripple Creek and other gold-producing rocks near the foot of that mountain were not discovered until years afterwards. The "Diggins," when

we arrived, were confined to a strip of country among the crags and canyons, about forty miles north and south, lying in the mountains and foot-hills west of Boulder and Denver, two villages that then boasted several saloons and a few houses each.

We entered the mines, hopefully, near the first place. Our boss was a cool-headed miner, with several years' experience in California. We looked over the placer mines that had been opened up; we prospected new valleys for indications of new finds, and discovered one that gave a strong color. We opened it up from wall to wall down to the bed rock. We found gold, but as there was not enough to pay for working it we left.

Illustrative of the craze which seems to affect all gold hunters alike, was the effect that our little find produced. The fact that we struck gold was enough; thousands flocked to the valley; it mattered not that we told them the pay dirt was poor—they thought we were lying. The fact that we had left our claim as worthless failed to impress them for they believed we had quit because we had made our pile; they insisted on tearing up the valley without reward or returns.

We spent most of the fall prospecting the rocks and gulches of the Rocky Mountains until Charley at last gave his opinion, which, to his credit (though given then as a prophecy), could not be more nearly correct were I to write it now as history proved by half a century of experience. His decision was that gold was here in considerable quantity; but unlike California, there had been very little volcanic action to melt it out of the quartz that usually contains it. Therefore, water and gravity could not work it down into the streams and low valleys as it

did where the California placer miners found it. His further opinion was, that the labor and machinery necessary to extract the gold from the rocks would be so expensive that large capital would be required to work the mineral leads, and that so far as we were concerned, even if we had the money, there were better chances in Iowa to invest it.

Still thinking we might find something different, we continued prospecting, hunting, and taking life easy, moving all the time south, among cliffs and valleys of the foothills and plains, as need or fancy called. From the time we left Denver until we reached Fort Union and the Spanish town of Mora, New Mexico, there was no sign of habitation except the Spanish grant of Maxwell's Ranch located forty or fifty miles south of the Raton Range.

It was a land almost untouched even by hunters. Buffalo there were none—they seemed to be ranging farther east this year. But deer—both black and long-tailed—, antelope, mountain sheep, and turkeys were plentiful. We had seen many signs of bear but no bears, until one day I thought I saw one and called to my comrade.

"George, do you see that bear over there on the side hill?"

"Bear! Your Granny, that's a stump."

"I tell you, George, it is a bear; I saw it move."

"Ah!" replied George. "Rub the alkali dust out of your eyes so that you can see straight; that's a black, pine stump."

Just here the discussion stopped, for the "black pine stump," having finished the investigation of our outfit, dropped from its sitting position to one upon its four feet, and ambled away towards the mountain by that rolling gait known to beardom everywhere. Instantly every team was given a most willing rest, and all four of us, men and boys, seized our guns and plunged into the brush after his black impertinence. But the search for the gentleman was unavailing—he had not only sat by the trail side and seemingly laughed at us, but he had also made good his dare and got away with it. There was one thing that the brute did not take away with him when he vanished, and that was our longing for a bear hunt.

During the summer, we had met and vanquished all kinds of big game of the plains and mountains, bear and elk excepted, and here seemed the chance to reduce that exception to one species.

Buffalo we had found plentiful, but in detached bunches, as the main herd had not arrived that far north when we drove up the Platte River. Antelope, nearby or far away, most always might be seen in larger or smaller bands grazing quietly or running swiftly over the plains. Deer were seldom seen unless looked for, but along any brush or grove-lined stream they might be driven out by the dogs. Mountain sheep were found only in the high hills, and were captured after laborious climbing and long, patient stalking.

All these we had hunted to our satisfaction, but this was the first time bear had presented itself for our consideration, and we wanted one badly for several reasons. We had lived on the dry meat of hoof and horn game so

long that a good fat bear would be a most desirable luxury; it was almost a necessity for dietary reasons, and we wanted to add one to our list of trophies.

It was agreed by unanimous vote that we would drive until we found water, and then make a camp and go bear hunting. We soon found a beautiful stream flowing bright and clear from the mountains, made camp, cared for the teams, and George and I ate our dinner. We were ready for business, but where were the two old hunter frontiersmen, the men who were the head and front of our party? The humiliating fact developed that they did not want us two boys along on this important trip; they had slipped off by themselves while we hearty growing boys were attending to what we considered a more important matter, getting something to eat. George and I called an indignation meeting and resolved, that if the old hunters did not want us there was no law that we knew of that would prevent us from going bear hunting ourselves. We went. The valley where we had stopped proved to be full of game, and all of it seemed to know that we were after bear and would not that day shoot at anything else.

One insulting gentleman, a magnificent black-tailed buck with a head of antlers that would grace the proudest banquet hall, stood upon a little plateau some fifty feet above us, not more than fifty yards away, and gazed upon us unconcernedly, as much as to say. "Who are you and what are you doing here? Don't you know that I am monarch of this valley?" His insolence was more than I could bear, and I raised my rifle to shoot, but George stopped me, saying, "We can get deer any time we want it. What we want today is bear, and by shooting your rifle you will scare any here into hiding." George was

right, and we watched his majesty march away as proud and haughty as any biped king could possibly be, but much more handsome.

Time had reached mid-afternoon; we were tired; we had climbed cliffs and searched valleys, but we had found nothing, and were going leisurely back. On a high bluff overlooking the valley of the stream where camp had been made, we flung ourselves upon the soft needles beneath the pinion trees, and commenced to feast both our aesthetic and physical natures, the former by marking the beauty and grandeur of the scene before us, and the latter by reinforcing a hasty dinner with the pinion nuts which were scattered in profusion upon the ground.

There was one great advantage in still-hunting in that country at that time. If one got tired of stalking the game and would sit down and be quiet, the game might perhaps stalk him—a fact which proved true that afternoon. We were leisurely enjoying ourselves, when we discovered two bears, an old one and a two-thirds grown cub, that had evidently been down to the river making a meal of the luscious cherries that abounded everywhere along the bank, and now seemed disposed to come up into the bluffs for an added course, or dessert, of pinion nuts.

We hid ourselves and calculated where they would be likely to climb the cliff. Then, finding a parallel canyon, we commenced climbing the other side of the mountain, thinking when we reached the top we might meet them. *We did.* As we carefully raised our heads over the edge of the cliff at the summit, they were not six rods away, and looked as big as elephants. A picture of the hasty descent of two boys down that mountain side might be

interesting, but inglorious. Not finding ourselves pursued, I called a halt and said, "George, this won't do, we came out for bear, and let's have a shot at them any way."

"But," replied George, "they are grizzlies, and we can't kill them with our guns but they can and will kill us."

"Are you *sure,* they are grizzlies?"

"Yes, *sure,*" said he. "Didn't you see their color?" I had noticed their color, I had also noted the insufficiency of our arms. George had a squirrel rifle, shooting a ball a hundred to the pound, hardly larger than a buck shot; I had one about calibre forty; neither bullet was large enough to even cripple badly a grizzly unless fired into its heart or its brains.

The chance to put a bullet in either place was exceedingly small. Still I *did want* a shot at the fellows, and so I said to George: "If you *are sure* these bears are grizzlies, we can safely have a whack at them. A grizzly cannot climb, we can. Let's go up, pick out trees easily mounted, and have our shots at them. If they charge us we can climb our tree."

George certified that they were grizzlies, and I certified that grizzlies could not climb trees; then we returned to the attack. The plan of battle was this: George, the better shot, was to take the old bear first. If he killed her, I was to take the young one. If he did not kill his game, and she charged, then I was to give her my shot. That failing to down her, we were to take to our previously located trees. We had now recovered from our scare; George, at least, was as steady as an old veteran.

We approached our former outlook, the bears had not discovered us and were still in the same place; they were playing in a little pond of water caught by a cup in the rocks. George waited until his antagonist turned her side squarely towards him; then aiming six inches back of her fore shoulder, he fired. A loud roar, a shrieking yell, some convulsive rollings upon the ground, and all danger was past. The game was ours.

As for the young bear, his astonishment and dismay were amazing. Not a moment was he still enough for a shot, but I took him on the fly and the bullet just creased his back. He ran for a grove lower down the slope with us after him. Where do you think we found him? Not in a rock-strewn den, nor in a dark, dismal cave, but in the *top of the highest tree in the grove* from which another bullet soon dropped him.

These were not grizzlies, nor were they black bear. They were silver tips, of which Kit Carson, the noted scout of that time, said, "They are as much meaner to fight than the grizzlies as the grizzly is meaner than the black." The only thing that prevented two boys from leaving their bones where no one would ever find them, was revealed when we opened the large brute, and found that George's bullet had gone straight through her heart —an inch either way, the shot would have failed. Then was the time when we could both truly have said we came within an inch of losing our lives.

Two proud boys returned to camp and our pride was augmented to an almost insufferable point when we found that the old hunters had captured no bear that day, nor did they do so during the whole trip. That afternoon's luck was a God-send to us boys. Heretofore, if, when

driving deer, we were placed upon a runway and permitted one to pass without killing it, sorry times fell upon us. We were told the utter degeneracy of all our forebears and informed of the depths of infamy to which we, without doubt, would descend—all so decidedly and emphatically told that the surrounding air seemed to get blue. After that day, when such mishap occurred and the customary fireworks began, all we had to do was to mention the subject of shooting bear, and peace nestled close in camp.

It was a beautiful place where we had made our camp. The Purgatory River, then called the "Picketware," flowed past, fresh and clear from the snows upon the mountains, playing hide and seek among the clustering trees that reached far away, their magic beauty set forth and heightened by the frowning summits of the

RESIDENCES IN TRINIDAD

X: Where George and I killed the two bears in 1859

towering precipice upon either side. In all the two years of my western wanderings, in no place did I ever see game so plentiful. The groves and hills swarmed with it. The place was far from civilization: no homes, nor ranches, nor improvements of any kind, were nearer than Denver, two hundred miles north. East and northeast, Bent's Fort was the first neighbor, and beyond that it was four hundred miles to where the white folks of Kansas lived. West, two ranges of mountains and six hundred miles intervened before one could reach the valley where the Mormons were building their Deseret; south and southwest there was nothing but Indians until the Spanish settlements reaching up from old Mexico came into view.

What a place for such a bunch of pioneers as we were to take pre-emption claims and settle down! With pure water abundant, groves and timber for fire and building without end, uncounted game for meat, luxuriant and luscious fruit along the river banks for dessert, and, if we saw fit to use it, even bread in bountiful store beneath the pinions (P. Edulis) upon the hills—what more could we ask? We debated the question, but Charlie, our mentor, decided that the claims were so far away from any settlement that they would *never* be of any value, and so a fortune was lost for all of us.

When I visited the place in 1918 I found that the city of Trinidad with its bustling business, rattling street cars, paved avenues, and long rows of tall, commercial blocks had wiped out the scene of sylvan beauty which I had left, seemingly only a short—a very short—time ago. When I discovered the easily recognized little plateau from which the black-tailed buck had so scornfully

questioned my right to be there, I found a college building. Close up around the ledge where George and I had our adventure was clustered the residential section of a large city. Where deer then fed, now were buildings costing three hundred thousand dollars; where the cherries hung along the river bank, the Santa Fe railroad now displayed its extensive depots and endless yards; and where we were forced to swim the Picketware River a modern cement bridge spanned the stream.

We had left the place, seemingly but just the other day, a spot of beauty as Nature had made it—I returned to find it a populous, busy, wide-awake, energetic city, and it had grown up, not during my life time, but during a short period of my mature years. This growth of Trinidad is remarkable, but still more remarkable is the fact that such growth is not exceptional; it is only a sample of what hundreds of other cities, upon the plains

Bridge at Trinidad where we Forded the River in 1859

and in the mountains of our West, have likewise accomplished in the same time—some of them to a greater extent. But we, blind to this future, turned our backs to the fortunes lying there awaiting any one's taking and resumed our way toward Arizona.

A small stream flows out of the Raton Mountains from the south and enters the Picketware, or Purgatory River, near where we had camped. Up this creek follows the Santa Fe trail in order to make the Raton Pass. Here, the water, working day and night, without Sundays or holidays off, for millions of years, has cut a canyon, deep but not wide. Sometimes the stream flows close to the mountains upon one side, and then crosses to the other side of the gorge. Every time the stream did this when we climbed through the pass, we were necessarily compelled to ford each time the stream swerved from one side to the other; at times after getting

Street in Trinidad where the Deer were Running in 1859

into the stream, we might be forced to drive along its bed some distance before we had a chance to emerge upon either bank. Needless to say, it was hard going for wagons, teams, and drivers. When we were near the top of the pass—eight thousand to ten thousand feet altitude—we found an unsually rocky stretch of the trail; there we had the misfortune to break a wagon wheel—nearly every spoke in it was shattered, and no wagon shop was nearer than the Spanish settlement of New Mexico.

I thought we should certainly have to leave the wagon and throw away at least part of its load, but I had underestimated the resources of the boss. He ordered camp made, and under his direction we hewed and whittled out new spokes, drove them into the hubs, built a fire, reset the tire, and went on our way.

Moro and Toas are the first towns of the Mexican settlement reaching northeast from Old Mexico that we came to, and we made a halt near the first-named place.

These towns and this territory became ours as the result of the Mexican war. The acquisition of New Mexico and Arizona by the United States was so comparatively recent, and they were so isolated from our central government that, although in theory they were subject to our jurisdiction, in fact, the customs and laws of Mexico were the only ones observed by the general public. For instance: legally, peons were free after the territory was annexed, but peonage flourished as fully when we were there as it ever did when Mexico governed the land. I saw at one time nearly a dozen peons bucked, gagged, and in this helpless condition exposed for hours to the torment of the flies and mosquitos, just because their creditor had ordered them not to gamble and they had disobeyed him.

Other than the soldiers in the army, the only Americans in the country were discharged soldiers who had married Mexican girls and made settlements, outlaws who had "left their country for their country's good," and wandering hunters and prospectors like ourselves. Under this condition, common and agricultural labor was abundant, but skilled workmen of all varieties exceedingly scarce.

One day I heard a ranchero say he would give fifty cents a bushel for all the charcoal a man could burn in one pit. As I was absolutely without money and it was a "ground-hog-case" with me, I told him if he would haul it from the pit, I would burn it for him: he agreed, and I took the job. I knew nothing about charcoal burning—had never even seen a pit, but it struck me that where wood cost nothing, coal at that price was as good as a gold mine, and a great deal easier worked.

I risked my ability to make good on this contract upon the peculiar make-up of the American army. It has proved true in all emergencies of both war and peace that should contingencies arise requiring the performance of any particular act of construction or repair, there was always some one in the ranks who knew how it should be done. The first thing I did was to go up to Fort Union and hunt for a soldier who had burned charcoal: I found one, and he gave me all the time and information I wanted. He told me what to do from the time I constructed my flues and chimney at the start until I finally banked up and put out the fire when carbonization was complete. I succeeded with my coal, but I lost my companions of the past season. They concluded to return to

the States while my pit was still burning, and I could not afford to leave it and go with them.

I remained in the vicinity of Fort Union and Mora until late the next spring, when by that time I had learned to sputter a little Mexican Spanish; had become tired of a country where no crops could be raised without irrigation; had become disgusted with the mongrel, Spanish-Indian "greasers" that inhabited it, and had gathered enough money to purchase an outfit and return to "God's country" as told in the "Passing of the Indian."

CHAPTER XI

WHICH IS THE BETTER HALF OF THE UNITED STATES

The unimpeachable march of events has proved that the explorer was wrong who said that "all west of the meridian of Council Bluffs was a desert that never could be cultivated," and the official was mistaken who placed a meridian line in Missouri where he asserted that "the Almighty had said civilization could never cross."

Now, in this latter day, come those who take an opposite view from these older prophets. They assume the ninety-seventh meridian—near Wichita, Kansas—as the farthest point west where crops can be successfully grown without irrigation, and then they shock all of our preconceived ideas and supposedly settled physical facts regarding our country by maintaining that the best part of the United States lies *west* of that line. By the best, they do not mean largest, which may be true, but best in all its material, aesthetic, and life-giving resources. This startling proposition, reduced to its lowest terms, means that the part of our country which at my birth was either unknown or considered of little or no value, has, during my lifetime, become worth more than all the portion that we then rightly knew.

Our western brothers are not without some ground for their optimism. They have the higher peaks, the deeper chasms, the richer mines, and, in places, the better climate for the ailing and the aged. But we of the East possess the larger rivers, the longer line of seaboard, a climate that produces strong men and vigorous women, and, more than all else, we have a much greater extent

of food-producing lands. The fact is that east of the line mentioned, there is probably not more than twenty per cent of the country that cannot be successfully cultivated; west of the same, there is not twenty per cent that can be so used.

The west is a land of contrasts. It has lakes situated many thousands of feet above ocean level and seas nearly as far below. It possesses high-reaching mountain tops covered by perennial snows, sparkling streams, roaring water falls, but also dry places where scarcely a drop of water falls the year around. One can find precipitous cliffs nearly a mile high and dark canyons more than that distance deep. Within its borders lie parks, like the Yosemite and Yellowstone, the most beautiful in the world, and wide deserts like Mohave and Death's Valley, the most drear and forbidding in all creation.

THE GRAND CANYON, FROM MOHAVE POINT

It is new and yet it is old. It is new geologically, because the outcrops of the strata of the Rocky Mountains are babes in age compared with the igneous rocks of the Alleghanies; and the remains of the extinct saurians and other orders, genera, and species that scientists are digging out of their hills and valleys, seem so fresh and recent that hunters are still looking to find in distant and unexplored places some of their surviving individuals, and are yet relating to credulous listeners tales of supposed glimpses of the vanished fauna.

It is old ethnologically because the oldest people now living in our country, the Pueblos, there reside. How old these Indian tribes may be remains yet to be told. They may have traded with the Mound Builders when they occupied the Mississippi Valley. It is also old in its flora, because its gigantic sequoias as much out-rank in age and size our tallest trees as these latter do the bushes that grow at their feet. So immense are some of these ancient monarchs that one single tree built a large church in Santa Rosa, California, from its lowest sill to its topmost finial, and through a cavity in the trunk of another, still growing and flourishing, tourists in a "coach and six" daily drive and have plenty of room to spare.

The record of erosion that the ages have made in the mesozoic rocks of Arizona and adjoining states would be unbelievable if not demonstrated by facts. For some reason, the lands here do not lie in rolling hills, as they do north of the Raton and east of the Rocky mountains, but are found in mesa or table land.

The most striking instance of this erosion is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. Here the river has dug a great ditch, as much larger than the Panama Canal

as the Panama Canal is greater than a three-foot, irrigating acequia; so immense a ditch that the people upon its very brink haul their water one hundred and twenty-five miles rather than raise it up the cliffs from the river that runs at their feet.

It is a gigantic fissure through a great mesa. In looking across the mighty distorted space, the level line of the table-land on the opposite bank can be seen thirteen miles away conforming to the line upon the side where the beholder is standing. Between the two mesa lines of level table-land is this great canyon, thirteen miles across, one mile deep; but not an empty canyon: it is filled with gigantic forms, apparently of castles, forts, ships, dens, domes, and grotesque forms resembling animals that might be brothers of the extinct saurians, or cousins of

GRAND CANYON FROM HOPI POINT

The apparently little stream in the foreground is the Colorado River, one mile beneath my feet when this was taken

by-gone mammoths—all colored by the varying hues of the rainbow-like strata through which the river has cut its way. It is a sight unsurpassed and unforgetable beyond degree; the tongue and brain fail when asked to tell its wonders.

As the weather was stormy when I visited the canyon I remained some days longer than I had intended, because I wanted to see it in all the glory of sunshine as well as through the mystery of fleeting clouds. Afterwards I thanked the storm, for it showed me the canyon in all its glorious beauty, and added thereto an unusual but perfectly natural phenomenon the production of which requires such unusual conditions, that few see it, and they only once in a life time.

The environment necessary is a precipitous height of half a mile or more on some mountain top or canyon side, a rain cloud directly in front, and a bright morning or evening sun thirty or forty degrees from the horizon behind the observer. Such were the surroundings as I stood with a professor of a southwestern university at my side, on Observation Point, a half mile or more directly over Bright Angel Trail. The weather was clearing up and rain clouds before us were rolling through the canyon, revealing and again blotting out the wondrous vision before us as though they were a great curtain shifted before a gigantic stage.

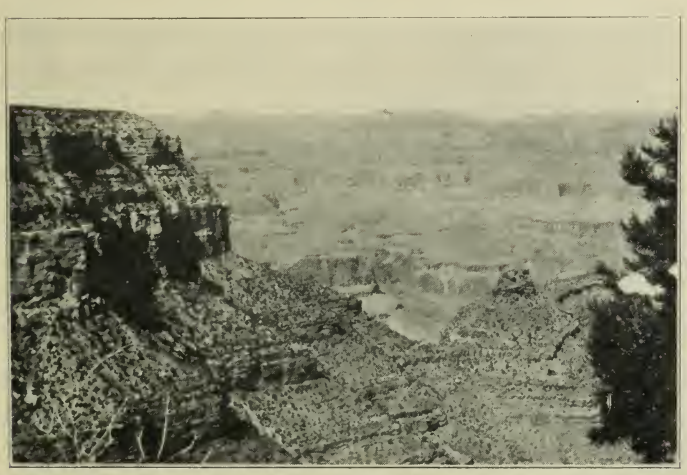
I said, "Professor, we must watch closely. We might catch a rainbow down there and that would be the only thing that could possibly increase the magnificence of this outlook." I do not know what chair the professor occupied in his university, but he was posted in optics and refraction.

He replied, "Conditions are such here that if we should catch a rainbow, it would be a complete one (a full circle) and *our shadow would be in its center.*"

He had hardly stopped speaking when the bow appeared to me. I excitedly exclaimed, "Professor! I see a perfectly round rainbow, and my shadow is in the center of it! But where are you?"

He answered: "Don't you know that two persons can never see the same rainbow? I also have one and my shadow is likewise in its center."

The scene lasted but a moment; then the rain cloud passed out of focus and the rainbow vanished. When it had gone the professor said, "I suppose what we have just seen accounts for the halo we find drawn around the



VIEW FROM OBSERVATION POINT
"Bright Angel Trail" is seen at point marked X

saints of old; some persons had witnessed what we have just viewed, and not knowing that it was perfectly natural thought it a supernatural manifestation."

Just then the wife of the professor came out upon the platform and turning to her, I said, "If you had been out here a minute ago you could have seen yourself with a halo around you."

"But," remarked the Professor, "How much better it would be if she could have seen me surrounded by my halo."

The conclusion of the professor regarding the halo I found verified that very evening. The experience we had undergone I related to the manager of the curio store at the canyon, with whom I had become acquainted. He listened with much surprise and great interest until I was through, and then said, "Why, what you have witnessed, comes to us here as a legend of what a Navajo boy once saw there." From that occurrence, the *Bright Angel Trail* directly below has been named.

Considering the stupendous work that nature has done here, one would think it impossible for the water to display any greater evidence of its erosive power; but this exhibition is small compared with what it has performed almost unnoticed elsewhere. Here the energy is more marked, because it has been confined to a restricted district only thirteen miles wide; here a great gash has been ploughed through a broad mesa. Elsewhere in many places the action has been reversed; the whole country has been swept away, hundreds of feet deep, leaving only here and there mesas or high tables, small and great, to show the altitude at which the whole surrounding country had at sometime lain.

Such conditions may be found at Adamana, where the government reservation for the protection of a petrified forest and painted desert is located. There, geologists and scientific men have searched the rocks, and if they have read them aright, they tell a story more wonderful than any Arabian Nights' Tale. There, in the Mesozoic Age, flourished a grove of carboniferous flora, not less than twelve thousand square miles in extent. Then came some mighty force which levelled the trees to the ground and in places buried them in clay.

Ages upon ages passed. The winds or the waves uncovered them, and behold a miracle! The trees had not decayed, nor turned to coal as usual; they had turned to jewels, precious stones such as Shah Jehan built into the finest, ornamental parts of Taj Mahal—the gem of the world's construction. The silex in the clay had changed the wood of the trees into "agate, jasper, chalcedony, opal,

Adamana Reservation

and other silicates." But the change had left record of the forms of the trees, even to the bark that covered them, and also the annual ring growths of the exogens, marked with all of the colors of the rainbow.

They are beautiful and will take a polish as fine as a diamond. No wonder that a prominent jeweler of one of our largest cities was said to have tried to get away with a load to make into jewels for his "Four Hundred," but was stopped by the custodian. I saw the load where they told me he had dropped it, and the specimens there shown were no more beautiful than train loads that were left.

The erosion did not cease with the uncovering of the trees, but continued, until now we find upon the tops of the high mesa logs in full length, some absolutely unbroken, lying where they fell millions of years ago; while

Petrified Forest at Adamana
Petrified Log Bridge over Chasm

on the lower mesa many, many feet below them, where the original surrounding earth has been swept away to its present depth, the ground is covered with chips and pieces of trees, from the size of a thumb-nail up to pieces of logs five or six feet in diameter, that have fallen from the upper to the lower level as the earth was swept from beneath them.

I asked the custodian of the reservation what the extent of these petrified-forest-covered lands was. He said that he had traveled a hundred and twenty-five miles north, eighty miles east, forty-five miles south and thirty miles west, and he had seen petrified trees, in places, in all that scope of country—how much farther they extended he could not say.

PETRIFIED LOGS LYING WHERE THEY FELL AGES AGO
Note the typical manner of their breaking into sections

I asked him further, "Should all these detached forests be consolidated into one grove, what would, in your opinion be its size?"

He replied: "Of course, any such estimate would be largely a guess; but I will make the conservative one that it would not be less than a hundred square miles."

Just think of it! A hundred square miles of nature's jewelry-shop where precious stones lie thick on the ground for any to come and take at will, *provided* they do not attempt to carry more than five pounds. Should they attempt such prohibited appropriation, an unpleasant meeting with the custodian or his marshal might result.

Tall mesas, large and small, abound through this region in all directions. Acoma, one of the oldest pueblos of the Indians, is built upon one. This table is about seventy acres in extent, and stands over three hundred feet high; there it marks the former level of the whole plain. The sides are so steep that the summit is accessible only by the aid of ladders or of steps cut in the cliff.

Not far from Acoma lies the "Enchanted Mesa," which until lately was considered unsurmountable. I was told while there that a party recently had come from the East properly equipped, and with the express purpose of climbing to its top. Among other things, they brought from a life saving station a gun whose projectile carried a line. With the aid of this gun, and other appliances, with much work and many calculations, they at last reached the summit of the table-land. To their chagrin they found the Indians had been there perhaps centuries before them.

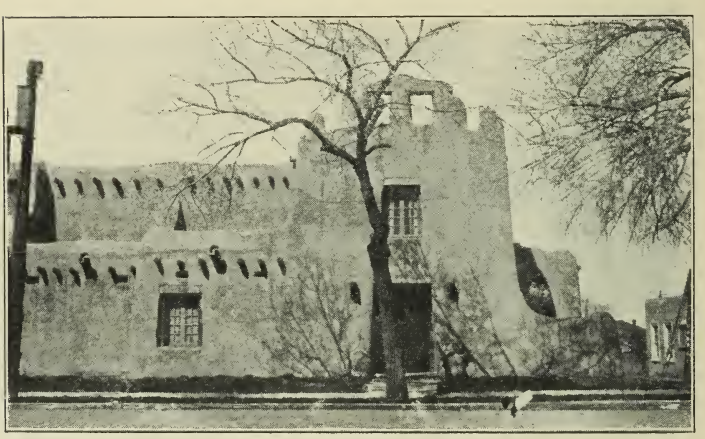
One thing our Southwestern citizens are doing that I believe to be highly commendable. It is a work which will for all time make their part of the country distinctive and interesting. They are creating new styles of architecture, based upon the Pueblo Indian form on the one hand, and the style of the Mission Fathers and their followers on the other. These two new styles are named the "Hopi" for the former and the "Mission" the latter. (See pp. 68, 70, 74.)

Following and modifying these old forms are a new business block in Albuquerque, the "Hokona" on the campus of the University of New Mexico, and many other buildings in our southwestern cities. This Hokona is representative of all the buildings of the University mentioned, even the Main Edifice is quite as strongly

HOKONA, UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO

FINE ART BUILDING AT SANTA FE

1. Reproduction of the Indian Cathedral of Acoma
2. Same of Santa Ana
3. Same of Laguna



LAGUNA CORNER OF ABOVE

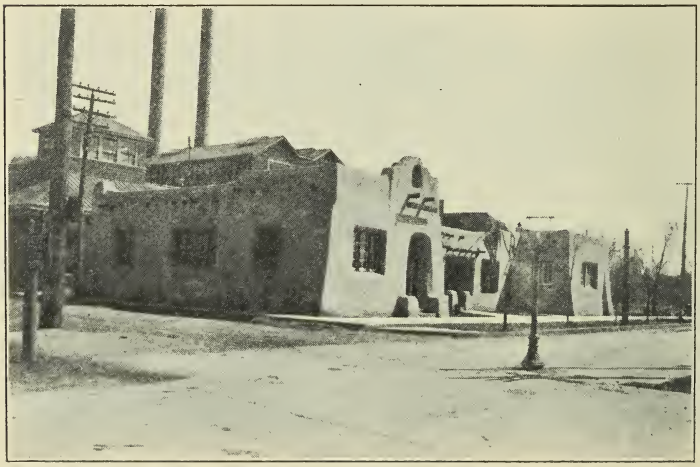
For Picture of Original Building see Page 70
The Indians did the Better Work

Hopi in form as the one photographed. Hokona in Indian language means "Squaws' House," so of course this building is the girls' dormitory.

As the basis of the Mission style, is presented the Indian cathedral at Laguna and the replica, or copy, of the cathedral at Acoma built as part of the fine art building at Santa Fe. Copying the style of these old constructions there has been built, among many others of like orders, the new government land office in Santa Fe and the hotel Alvarado and railroad station at Albuquerque.

Business Block, Albuquerque
Hopi Style

HOTEL AND DEPOT AT ALBUQUERQUE
Mission Style

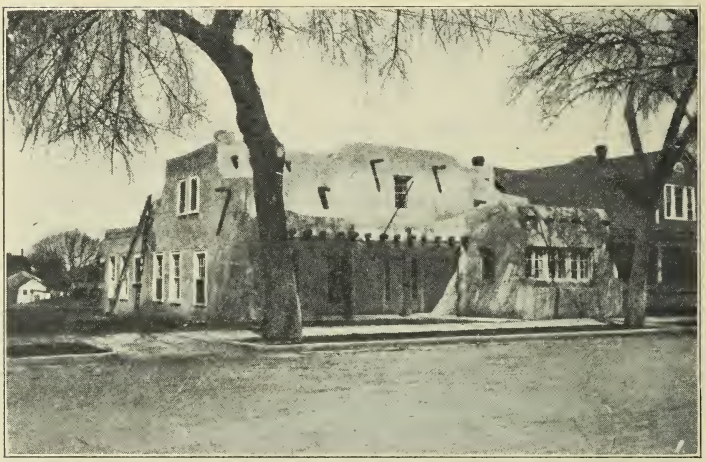


LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE
Mission Style

Our friends of Santa Fe have gone still further in this direction: they have taken both forms of architecture and combined them into one, creating the "Santa Fe style." Here is shown a new Santa Fe dwelling house constructed in this style and furnished according to the requirements of the best society of the city; also a representation of the "Elks' Home" of the same place, which shows what the style can develop when used upon a public building. I think it is demonstrated already that we are to have, at least in our West, a new and valuable style of architecture, and one that is distinctively American.

Another pecuilarity of this great Southwest is the refraction of light in this nearly rainless country. It often presents optical illusions of unexpected and perplexing character. I do not mean that form of mirage which consists in seeing things that do not exist: I have not seen that and do not believe in it. I mean the appearance of things that do exist, but in an unusual and seemingly impossible manner. An example of this is the plain view of objects that really lie below the horizon and should by natural law be hidden by the curvature of the earth. Another is the appearance of objects as near at hand when in reality they are far distant.

A story, venerable in the mountains, so clearly illustrates what I mean that I will tell it, hoping its age is so great it will be new to some. An English tourist, stopping at Denver, one morning saw the mountains apparently so close and inviting that he suggested to a friend of that city that they walk over and back before dinner. The Denver friend, knowing the hills were forty



THE "SANTA FE STYLE"
Hopi and Mission Styles combined.
A Residence of Santa Fe's Exclusive "Four Hundred"

"SANTA FE STYLE" FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS
The Elks' House at Santa Fe

miles away but seeing some fun, agreed. After they had walked a couple of hours the Englishman began to get uneasy, the mountains were no nearer; another hour, and he was quite disturbed—they were as far away as ever; one more hour, and they came to an irrigating acequia about two feet across. He sat down, pulled off his shoes and stockings and was rolling up his trousers when his friend said, "What are you doing?"

The tourist answered, "I want to get through that stream."

"Why don't you step over it?" the Denverite suggested.

"Ah! said the Englishman, "What do I know about distances in your blasted country?"

SCANDIA MOUNTAIN NEAR ALBUQUERQUE

Refraction makes them seem to the eyes to reach the height of the mark half way between the horizon and the top of the picture

He did not know anything if he trusted to sight, and the longer one stays in that country the less reliance he places on that faculty for judging distances. A peculiar fact about this illusion, which I would not believe until repeated trials had convinced me of its truth, is that it deceives the eye, but it cannot fool the camera.

To illustrate what I mean, look at the photograph I present showing the New Mexico camp for war recruits. In the background the Scandia Mountains show dimly and low down in the distance. To the eye, the range looms up apparently thirty degrees in the firmament, as high as the mark shown in the sky, and the groves, cliffs, canyons, snowbanks, and whole mountain scenery are so distinctly plain that one might expect to reach them in an hour or two of walking. The camera alone refused to be misled; I have tried many times, but never secured any better result than here shown. I do not understand it; I pass it along to anyone who knows the answer to the riddle.

My experience of over three-quarters of a century has shown that prophets here in the West have had a very hard time, and seem to have been born chiefly for the purpose of being discredited. Yet with their dire disaster in plain view, I want to foretell one thing—it is this: the plebeian, degraded, much-despised, Indian-made adobe is bound to be the principal building material of arid America, not only for dwellings but also for public buildings. Why should it not be? It is cheap, simply mud and straw properly mixed and sun baked. It is durable; note the buildings that have stood for centuries in the Southwest. (See also pages 68 and 70.) If it is kept with a dry roof above, and occasionally plastered

with a thin coat of the original material on the outside, colored to suit one's fancy, it is as good and looks as well at the end of a century of its life as at its commencement. An adobe house is cool in summer and warm in winter. Its outer walls may be marked and colored so as to present as fine an appearance as anything that can be found. What more can be asked of any building material? Some have already answered that question in the negative—more will follow, and the guess I leave is, that the very large majority, even of Americans, will finally adopt it.

The climate of arid America is so pleasant and beautiful that land-boomers in that country have, for lo these many years, been selling Eastern innocents "climate by the acre," meaning thereby that many a poor fellow who has bought a ranch of these gentlemen without proper

RECENT PUEBLO HOUSES, SAN DOMINGO, NEW MEXICO
Adobe

investigation ultimately found that climate was the only thing of real value he had purchased. It is no idle boast of the far-west people that the dryness of the air decreases the extreme heat in summer and lessens the intense cold in winter. It is the moisture in the air that in cold weather penetrates the clothing and chills the body, and the humidity of hot days that prostrates and threatens sunstroke.

I can testify personally in this case. In the winter of 1917, when the frost ruined the groves and gardens of Florida, the temperature after the sun rose was over thirty-two degrees, and yet with a heavy overcoat I was compelled to seek a fire to keep warm. The next winter, in New Mexico, I walked out frequently thinking it a warm morning, and passing where water was standing, I would, to my surprise, find it frozen. On the other hand, when I was driving oxen on the plain in summer, I have experienced days when the heat did not seem oppressive, and yet the chains that had lain on the ground in the sun were so hot they could not easily be handled without gloves.

The Government has taken this matter under observation. An instrument has been installed that is supposed to register the difference between real and apparent heat and cold. The observer has reported that there may be a difference between the two of about forty degrees. This means that a man at Santa Fe, in winter, with the thermometer registering zero, would not feel the cold more than a man in Chicago at forty degrees above. And per contra, a person in summer at New York, with the

thermometer at seventy degrees, would suffer as much from heat as one in Arizona would at one hundred and ten.

Whether further observations will sustain this seemingly extreme statement remains to be seen. But this is true: although the thermometer in the far Southwest frequently goes on a rampage and shows a real heat of much above a hundred degrees, still, the apparent heat is so low that sunstrokes are unknown there, while eighty or ninety is all that New York or Chicago can possibly stand without such casualties.

The great thing that our Westerners rely upon to make their half of the nation more valuable than the East, is spelled I-r-r-i-g-a-t-i-o-n, and many of the enthusiasts talk of it as some new thing. Why, bless your heart! It is the oldest thing in America; the Spaniards personally testified to its presence on the Rio Grande River nearly a century before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock; C. F. Lummis gives us good reason for believing that the Quere Indians were flooding their fields on the Rio de los Frijoles about the time Julius Caesar was stirring up trouble with the Gauls; and from the old, forgotten, pre-historic, and even pre-legendary irrigation works that are found where our new systems are being installed, it is quite possible that there may have been corn in Arizona that Joseph failed to buy when he ran his great corner in grain in Egypt.

The Indians taught the Mexicans their system of simply diverting the flow of the river upon the land. Then came the Americans, who improved upon it by building rude dams to raise the head of water to cover new territory; afterwards followed irrigation companies,

more or less successful, which atempted not only to raise the level of the waters, but also to conserve them for uncertain seasons. Finally appeared Uncle Sam, who took hold of the matter in a systematic and scientific way.

The Government is now installing great projects like the one at Salt River. There stands the Roosevelt Dam, its summit two hundred and forty feet above the level of the river at its feet. With its mighty strength it holds back the waters of a reservoir covering sixteen thousand eight hundred and thirty-two acres. This is expected to supply two hundred thousand acres of land throughout the dryest season. This project is only one of the twenty-five such, under consideration or completed, which Uncle Sam is building. Taken all together they will supply water for over two million acres. But this is only a small part of the acreage under ditch in the seventeen states that are on the arid list. There was in 1910 a total of thirteen million seven hundred and thirty-eight thousand four hundred and eighty-five acres under irrigation. This is about one and two-tenths per cent of the area of the states involved, but the amount so cultivated is annually increasing.

Irrigation is doing a great thing for our southwestern friends; but when they, as Smythe did in California, compute the population of some of their irrigated valleys as a basis, and then extend that ratio all over their state, irrespective of its agricultural possibilities, thereby reaching an estimated future census exceeding the people contained in France, they are sure to come out with a wrong conclusion. If that calculation can be made good, and

if the other dry states can do the same, then we, who live east of the ninety-seventh meridian, must look to the West and take off our hats.

In reaching these optimistic conclusions I am certain they have overlooked several points. First, fertility of soil; second, water supply; third, the principal cause of California's growth. Regarding fertility, though it is true that much of the western soil, especially in the valleys, is very productive when once it is watered, still this condition is by no means as general as they would have us believe. I examined a report of the soil survey of the Rio Grande River Valley near Albuquerque, and I was surprised at the great variety and wide range in the productiveness of the soils shown, even here. In places were spots of great fertility, but in close proximity were others almost sterile.

The Rio Grande River at Albuquerque

The surveyors had, however, been kind to the real estate interest of the valley, and had marked nothing as poor or worthless. Their lowest grade was in effect indicated as "productive, if supplied with fertilizers and water." A sand hill could be truly so marked. As I was curious to see what kind of soil would bear that designation, I hunted up one location so marked, and found it was composed entirely, so far as I could see, of coarse gravel and small water-washed stones. Such soil is rare in the valleys, but away from the streams it is more abundant. In places there are hundreds of square miles either too sterile or too rough for cultivation of any kind, even if it had unlimited water.

The water supply, I think, cannot sufficiently moisten even the lands that are fertile and sufficiently level for irrigation. When Los Angeles is compelled to go three hundred miles for water, and then to take it away from those who need it, and San Francisco is forced to appear before Congress and say that for supply she must have the waters of California's pride, the Yosemite Valley, where will the moisture come from to wet the great San Joaquin and other valleys?

I know the answer given to that question—any real estate man on Broadway Street in Los Angeles will not only tell it to you, but demonstrate it. It is this: "Buy five or ten acres of land of us (more if you want), then install a pumping outfit upon it sufficient for a small city, and the generous, bountiful, never failing under-flow will water your land and make you rich." This may all be true, but like Mark Twain in another matter, "I am harrassed by doubts." Government officials report that the flowing wells of Southern California and the Pecos Val-

ley have already reduced this underflow so much that many have stopped running, and "conditions indicate that the quantity of water that can be taken from an underground source is as definitely limited as that which can be taken from the streams."

Our trans-mountain friends, when boasting of the remarkable strides their states have made, are apt to forget that the greater part of the money which has pushed their progress was made in the disdained East. When they point out a magnificent valley filled with beautiful homes, made glorious by blooming flowers and golden fruits, they are apt to infer, if not positively state, that these are the results of fruit growing in their locality, when, as a matter of fact, they are the proceeds of the corn and cereals of Eastern States.

It is certain a large, very large, proportion of those who live in California, earned their money in the East, and are spending it in their new homes. The beautiful residences in the grand valleys were built and are kept up, not by their citrus groves, but by the annual flow of money over the Rocky Mountains, which, should it be stopped, would cause their homes to be suddenly closed, and a great emigration toward the rising sun would be the immediate result.

California may sometime have the thirty-eight million people, that Smythe predicts for her, and the other arid states in like proportion, but when they achieve that result, the States east of the ninety-seventh meridian will have to feed and clothe them.

While the West has been doing all these things, the East has been a most worthy team-mate of the West in

the great march of progress. What some cities of the East have achieved in population is only an index of her accomplishments everywhere. When I was born in 1840 there resided in New York City 391,144 people; now it has over 5,000,000. Buffalo had 18,213; now, 500,000. New York State, 2,428,921; now 10,000,000. Cleveland 6,048; now 700,000.

When my life began, the population of the whole United States was 17,069,453, and its center was sixteen miles south of Clarksburg, West Virginia. While I am still living and vigorous, that center has moved west to Whitehall, Indiana, and the numbers have increased about seven hundred per cent, being now more than a hundred million, and no man can predict the future.

Before another centennial of our history shall come, may not Andrew Carnegie's apostrophe to the United States become as true in his prophecy as in his history? "In 1850 she passed Austria; in 1860 it was her Mother Land to whom she held out her hand lovingly as she swept by; in 1870 she overtook and passed France; in 1880 she outstripped the German Empire, and now, in 1890, she is left without a competitor to contend with, except giant Russia—all others she has left behind. Another decade, and the sound of the rushing Republic close behind will astonish even Russia with its eighty-six millions in Europe; yet another decade, and it, too, like all the rest, will fall behind to watch for a time, the new nation in advance, until it forges so far forward as to pass beyond her ken, when five hundred millions, every one an American, and all boasting a common citizenship, will dominate the world—for the world's good."

PART III

THE FREEING OF THE NEGRO

CHAPTER XII

LIKE TOPSY, SLAVERY "JUST GROWED."

The first public meeting I can remember to have attended was in the church building of my native New England village. There I received my first conception of slavery. It was not a bright angel that enlightened me, but a very black, runaway negro who brought the message and appealed for sympathy and aid. It was a long tale of cruelty and wrong he related, and as proof of his truthfulness he presented the unimpeachable voucher of his own torn and lash-scarred back.

Then I wondered how, and I am still questioning why, the Institution of slavery, like the old man of the sea upon Sindbad the Sailor, should have settled itself upon the free nation and there clung until four years of Civil War loosened its hold and disposed of it forever.

Is it a mistake that I capitalized the word *Institution?* I think not, because I believe it to have been an entity that demanded personification. It was greater, more powerful, more lasting than slavery itself or the laws therewith connected. Slavery is dead, buried, and has no mourners even among those who controlled it; the laws it enacted are now mere forceless words upon the obsolete statutes where printed, but the unwritten customs, practices, and prejudices which the Institution bred, still survive to annoy, perplex and curse, equally the white man and the black, both North and South.

Northerners have written of this black peril from their standpoint; Southerners, from their view of the Institution. Both have doubtless been honest and have

told the truth as they found it and understood it, but they have been like witnesses in court. There the law and the judge, realizing the limitations of human and mental capacity, have prescribed what the oath regarding the truth shall be. The correct formula, as I have numberless times administered it, is, "You do solemnly swear that the evidence you may give in the cause now pending shall be the truth, and nothing but the truth." No thoughtful judge, or careful clerk, would swear witnesses, as is sometimes done, to "tell the truth, the *whole truth,* and nothing but the truth," because it is impossible to comply with such an oath. No one knows the whole truth about insignificant affairs; therefore no person could possess such unattainable knowledge about the great question of slavery.

But some writers, I fear, have not tried to tell all the truth they knew. Like lawyers in court, many have purposely omitted from their briefs facts and precedents that did not help to prove their side of the case—a tendency always constant, tempting and overpowering to a prejudiced mind. I think I have had unusual opportunities to see both sides of this matter, and I purpose to construct no brief for either side of the case. Old age, and friendly relations with the Southern men I once so honestly fought during the Civil War, have obliterated my prejudices; contact and conversation with ex-slaveholders and ex-slaves in every state of the old South since that event, have taught me much. What I may here state shall be written, so far as in me lies, "with charity for all, with malice toward none," and will approach as nearly as can be that impossible trinity, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The common law of England was the legal heritage of all the colonies from that country, and as that law knew no chattel slavery, nor villeinage, lawyers and courts have many times taken the position that slavery could not exist in this country except by virtue of, and in conformity to, statutory law. Upon this position Lincoln stood, and it must be legally correct, though it sometimes seems to be historically wrong.

Our "Magna Charta," the Constitution of the United States, is strongly illustrative of this fact. Even though William Lloyd Garrison did stigmatize it as a "Covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and burned it in public, still, as I read that document, there is no word from its beginning to its close that *establishes* slavery. It does, however, *recognize* the Institution under the term "three-fifths of all other persons," and later Congress passed laws *regulating* it; but in no place, so far as I can find, in the Constitution itself or in the session laws following, is there any law establishing it.

What is true of the Government at Washington, so far as I can learn, is also true of the individual states North and South. Slavery was a fact that, like Topsy, "Just growed up" until legal action regarding it was necessary. Then it was recognized and regulated in some states, and discarded and made illegal in others, as financial interests and modes of thought dictated.

The sociological anomaly of a great slave Institution growing up among, and attaching itself to a free people, free by their fundamental law, free by all traditions of their ancestors, and free by the facts of their immigration and settlement, is to me an astonishing anti-climax

to the hopes and aspirations of those who fought the primitive wilderness and laid the foundations of our republic.

To my mind, the reading of the foregoing riddle is something as follows. Although the laws of England knew not chattel slavery nor villeinage, they did recognize apprenticeships and servants; convicts and redemptioners might even be bought and sold for service for terms of years. Should one care to examine the genealogy of those whose ancestors settled New England or Jamestown, he may find the record of the time when the persons in question came to the colony, and then the record some years later is likely to read, "Freeman in...." This lapse of time, before the immigrant became entitled to full citizenship, might be for various limitations: under-age, non-church membership, and like reasons, but the main deficiency was *likely to be* because he was a redemptioner, a man who had not yet worked out his term of service for his immigration expenses and was still a quasi-slave until he was declared a freeman.

The first negroes brought to the colonies were sold in Virginia, as recorded by John Rolfe, in August 1619, when, "a Dutch Man of War sold us twenty nigars." Now under the laws of England, and therefore of Virginia, these "twenty nigars" could not have been slaves; the English common law would not permit it; they should have been, and were so considered by some, redemptioners, and entitled to freedom when they had worked out the cost of their purchase. Some such negroes did establish that fact in law by going into court upon a "Quantum meruit" plea for services rendered, and won their liberty. But such cases, where negroes

proved their equity, were very few. Gradually the planters and owners of slaves, North and South, forgot the black man's equity; he did not fight for his right and it lapsed, and he became by custom and prescription, a hereditary slave. Then came statutes regulating and recognizing such bondage, and the fact of slavery was established.

In the early days of the black man's bondage there was no question of sectionalism. North and South were equally committed to the same error. In 1708, there were four hundred slaves in Puritan Boston. It was the act of a slave that infuriated the British soldiers to the Boston Massacre; and Crispus Attucks, a mulatto slave, was one of the five persons who then and there lost their lives.

When I was in the South with the Northern Army during the Civil War, the Southerners used to say to me, "You uns ought not to blame we uns for slavery, because you uns caught the slaves and sold them to we uns." At that time I resented the charge as being untrue, but now I know that the South had few ships and fewer sailors, and that our enterprising Yankee skippers could not withstand the tempting risks and rich returns the African slave trade rendered before 1808, and were smart enough and quick enough to secure at least their share of the ill-gotten gains. The negroes scattered through the New England states are probably the remains of cargoes, the bulk of which had been disposed of elsewhere. So far as the introduction of slavery is concerned, the North is equally guilty with the South. In this matter, "pot can't call kettle black."

During these early years, there was also very little or no debate of right and wrong concerning slavery. It was purely an economic question, "Does it pay?" If there was a moral and religious view at all, the Southern ideal prevailed everywhere, that it was a missionary work, and a fulfilment of divine command, when negroes were brought from their state of ignorance and savagery in Africa and civilized and made Christians in America. The South had no monopoly of this sentiment; as long ago as 1452, before America was discovered, Gomez Ennes de Azurara, court chronicler of Spain, extolled the acts of the negro stealers then active. He rated them as valiant crusaders of the Christian faith, bringing heathen to Christianity and civilization. That killing and cruelty were necessary he deplored, but considered the evils overbalanced by the saving of the negro's soul. He admitted that many of them died from the change of climate and hard treatment, but consoled himself that they expired as Christians and therefore were happy.

When the South in later years, from its pulpits, in its press, and through its business and social channels, stood in defense of its peculiar Institution upon this ground of divine commands, it was advancing nothing new: it had the authority of a world opinion of at least three hundred years upholding and sustaining it. The mistake our Southern friends made was not that they permitted slavery at that time, but that they failed later to move forward to higher views in line with more progressive people here and in Europe.

As stated before, the question of slavery was at that time almost purely an economic one: families both North and South owned negroes largely as evidence of wealth

and social standing. But no economic institution can rise or fall upon that basis alone; in the long run, to succeed, it must create wealth, not spend it; it must supply money to pay taxes, feed and clothe the wife and children, and provide necessities and comforts, or it will fail.

The negro then had no mechanical ability. Therefore, to make slavery pay demanded some field crop that would employ the hands all, or nearly all, the year round, and that possessed a sure and reasonably constant market. The North had no such crop; the nearest approach the South possessed was tobacco, but the price of the negro was so low and he was so easy to get that the planters soon ruined the tobacco market by oversupplying it.

About this time, came the Revolutionary War and that immortal Declaration, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." That was a challenge not only to Great Britain and the world at large, but to every slave holder; there was no escaping from it; either the Declaration was a lie, or the negro was not a man.

The challenge of the "Declaration" together with the non-economic value of slavery at that time would, I believe, have then wiped it from the face of the nation, North and South, had there been an available place where the liberated slaves could have been sent and segregated. It was the undisputed theory in the South, held firmly up to the time of the Civil War, that the two races, black and white, could not live together except by the slavery of the former. Even Lincoln, before his Emancipation Proclamation, tried to find some place or country that wanted the negro, but failed. Conditions

soon after the Revolution were such on the plantation, that, as John Randolph once expressed it, the necessity would soon come that, "in case the slave should not elope from his master, the master would run away from him."

The Revolutionary War finally ended, and the question of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" having been settled for the white man, the North and South faced the problem, in its application to the black man. Many prominent men in the South were as honestly anti-slavery as those of the North. Thomas Jefferson was a stronger believer than Abraham Lincoln in the rights of the negro. With Lincoln he objected to bondage extending to any new states, and in 1781 said, "To suffer the continuance of the slaves in states already overrun with them may be pardonable, because unavoidable, but to introduce them into countries where none exist, can never be forgiven."

He went even further than Lincoln: he wished to have it abolished in Virginia where it had existed from its very first introduction, and tried to frame an amendment to disestablish it. In support of this course he said in 1785, "Virginia is the next state to which we may turn our eyes for the interesting spectacle of justice in conflict with avarice and oppression; a conflict in which the sacred side is gaining daily recruits from the influx of young men, grown and growing up. These have sucked in the principles of liberty, as it were, with their mother's milk, and it is to these that I look with anxiety to turn the fate of the question."

Jefferson's hope was not realized; the young men of Virginia did not rally to freedom's side; public opinion was opposed to emancipation, the cause in that state was

lost. But though he lost the fight in his own state, he had many friends and a strong following. Washington was one; he earnestly wished for some plan "by which slavery would be abolished." Of the one hundred and forty-three emancipation societies that existed in the country at large, just prior to the introduction of Whitney's cotton gin, one hundred and three were in the South. This shows that a strong, honest, and energetic effort was made in that section to give the slave his right, even though it failed. We must not forget that the fight was made but lost.

Between the years 1777 and 1804 the Northern states, one by one, emancipated the slaves within their borders by more or less gradual methods. In 1821, Ohio, being willing to share with the South the cost of freedom, proposed the emancipation in all the states of all slaves as they reached the age of twenty-one and their removal to Liberia, the general government to pay the expenses. Eight other Northern states concurred in this resolution, but as six Southern states refused, the cause was lost.

In both North and South, the slavery question was double-headed moral and economic. First, was the negro a man and entitled to his "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?" Second, did it pay to keep him as a slave, provided right to do so was established?

As heretofore stated, to make slavery profitable a country must have some agricultural crop that will employ hands the year round, and for which crop there is a fairly constant market. The North never developed such a commodity; discussions and statistics proved that for temporary work such as it had, free labor was cheaper and better than the keeping of slaves the year round. The

moral view was warmly debated, and the decree was given that the black fellow was a man, and entitled to a man's rights. Therefore, in the part of our Union where the snow lies deepest, it was decided that we had no right to keep slaves, and it would not pay to own them if we had such authority.

With the people of the South the case was reversed. They had a product, tobacco, that answered the economic requirements, but they had "killed the goose that laid the golden egg" by over-supplying their market; so, even with them, for several decades after the Revolution, slavery did not pay financially. Then was the time of emancipation societies in the South; then was when some method would have been found to free the slaves could any available place have been found to send them. In the North blacks were few. But in the South the tobacco industry had so multiplied the negroes that the idea of freeing them and allowing them to remain with the whites was, at that time among planters, altogether unthinkable.

It was disastrously unfortunate for the country just at that time, when the scales of freedom and slavery were so evenly balanced, that cotton came and changed the economic conditions and settled slavery upon the nation. It was a simple little piece of machinery that accomplished this great result. It had been realized for years that cotton of finest quality could be raised, and that its planting, picking, marketing, and separating of seed from lint, would employ slaves the year round; also that the market was sure. The trouble with cotton was, that the process of separating the seed of the plant from the lint that it carried, was so slow as to greatly limit the quantity

of product and make it unprofitable. But in 1793 Whitney came with his inexpensive cotton gin that stripped the lint from the seed cheaply, quickly, and cleanly, and henceforth, at least in the South, "Cotton was King."

With the change in economic value of the slave, came a change in sentiment concerning him. It was one thing to free a chattel that was an incumbrance and not paying the bother and expense of care and keep, but it was a different matter to emancipate one who was earning, net, from five hundred to a thousand dollars a year.

With the alteration in the economic idea came also a revision in the moral sentiment, and the question was examined more closely. It might be true that all men were *created* equal, but could not that equality be lost? Criminals in penal institutions had lost it, and might not others have done the same? Then theologians came to the rescue with a new teaching: How, through an accident occuring when Noah over-did the use of the vineyard he planted, Ham was sentenced, "Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." By what ethnologic proof the negro became Ham, and we white Saxons his brothers, I know not, but it was doubtless demonstrated to the satisfaction of the pulpit in the South, and the joy of the pew. The New Testament also was quoted, especially the Apostle Paul's warning to servants, "be obedient to your master in the flesh"; and ministers dwelt strongly upon the time when the same Apostle caught a runaway slave, Onesimus, and returned him to his master, Philemon, with a letter bespeaking mercy.

Also the theory, centuries old, was ready for use, that it was missionary work to bring the savage heathen from

Africa and civilize and christianize them here. This was revamped, brought down to date, and modernized. When these opinions and theories, and many others like them, were taught to the Southern people from their youth up, in the pulpit, from the rostrum, by the press, and in the home, it is almost certain they would at last believe them to be right.

I have known many Southern people; I have found them, like the Northerners and Westerners, mighty fine folks. I think we are all pretty much alike, and under the same conditions act pretty much in the same manner. We are equally affected by the same environment, submit in the same way to outward impressions, and strive as mightily after those ideals in manners, morals, and material success that are held before us as most desirable of attainment in the communities in which we live. I am forced to confess that if the chance for financial profit in slavery had been presented to the North that was developed in the South, and if the same dogmas regarding the rights of the black man and the duties of the white Christian toward him, taught by the church, state, and press, had obtained in Massachusetts that were urged in Virginia, I verily believe I should have been born the son of a slaveholder or else I should have been pushed to the other inevitable end of every slave-holding community, and should have first opened my eyes on some hill of the old Bay State as one of the many "poor white trash" that the plantation system most surely evolves.

The working relations between the negro and his master after the Institution of slavery had thus grown up among us were as varied as the personality of both master and slave. Planters who knew most concerning

it differed greatly. Some of them extolled the faithfulness, attachment, industry, and obedience of their slaves as fully as their language would permit. Others charged, "They lie and steal and are not to be trusted out of sight or hearing." Another asserted, "In working niggers we must calculate they will not labor at all except to avoid punishment." And one more sufferer says, "It seems on the plantations as if they took pains to break all the tools and spoil all the cattle they possibly could."

All these planters were probably testifying from their own experience, but the causes of the wide differences of opinion are as diverse as the make-up of the actors involved. Whether you consider the negro as a man or an animal, he displays—like the white man—characteristics of both. Tell a good horseman about an outlawed, balky, worthless horse, and he instantly demands, "What kind of a driver has he?" He knows that a horse uncontrolable by one man is true to its last breath to another.

There was a wealth of philosophy in the old settler whom I knew during my backwoods experience. He loved to circulate among the camp-fires of emigrants on their way to early Minnesota, when they were resting for the night near his place, and quiz them concerning their social relations in the country from which they came. He would ask one party, "What kind of neighbors did you have where you came from?"

The reply might be, "They were the meanest, lowdown, tattling and quarreling lot you can imagine. I was glad to get away from there."

The old man would say, "I am sorry, but you will not find them any better where you are going."

Another to whom the same question was propounded might reply, "Well, neighbor, that is the deep regret my wife and I had when we left the old place. We had the finest neighbors and friends in the world, kind, helpful, and true. It really broke our heart to part with them."

The old man would then place his hand on the emigrant's shoulder, and say, "Never mind, you will find them just as good in your new home."

In our merchant marine and in our navy, we have what the sailors call "happy ships" and those that are "veritable hells." The reason why these vessels are the one or the other may often be found, not among the deck hands and sailors but among the officers, behind the mast, or with the captain upon the bridge.

What is true in all these cases was also true where African slavery held sway. On some plantations the negro was well-cared for, well-fed, kindly and considerately used: the response to such treatment was likely to return fidelity, industry, and trustworthiness. On other plantations, most probably the large ones, he was ill-fed and worked hard; no consideration was given his wants or comfort, and the result might be laziness, carelessness, and even wanton damage to tools and property.

So long as human nature is the uncertain and despotic thing we often find it, "happy plantations" and those that were "hells upon earth" must have existed wherever slavery lived; and the tendency of the Institution itself was towards the latter condition. The master, or his overseer or driver as his agent, was the absolute controller of the slave, his property, his domestic relations, his liberty—even his life. That all slave-holding States made

the *malicious* and *unnecessary* killing of the negro slave a capital offense does not alter or modify the above statement, because it was held that "a slave dying under *moderate* corrections was not murder." As no negro could testify, and only those implicated in such death could be witnesses, malicious and unnecessary killing would be nearly impossible of proof.

Some of the axioms enforced by the Institution, recognized and really necessary for its preservation, were: "Slave labor depends upon physical force, abundant enough, swift enough, and thorough enough, to compel obedience and break down insubordination."

"If slavery is allowable, anything to keep it up is justifiable."

"The control of slaves by any severity necessary to preserve slavery is deeply inwrought in the whole fabric of Southern society."

"For man, woman and child, the only ultimate sanction for command is force, and the community did not feel kindly toward masters who spoil their slaves by leaving them uncorrected."

A leading opinion given by Chief Justice Ruffin, of North Carolina, in 1829, in a suit where a master was prosecuted for beating his slave, and acquitted upon the ground that he had a right to punish short of death, reads: "The end is the profit of the master, and the public safety; the subject is doomed in his own person, and his posterity, without knowledge and without capacity to make anything his own.... such services can only be expected from one who has no will of his own, who surrenders his will in implicit obedience to that of another.

Such is the consequence only of uncontrolled authority over the body. There is nothing else can operate to produce the effect. The power of the master must be absolute to render the submission of the slave perfect." In his *obiter dictum* he says, "As a principle of right, every person in his retirement must repudiate it, but in the actual condition of things it must be so; there is no remedy for it. This discipline belongs to the state of slavery. It constitutes the curse of slavery, both to the bond and free portion of our population."

The Institution even dictated to the Supreme Court, and Judge Taney found in obedience thereto that, in effect, "a negro had no rights that a white man was bound to respect."

These quotations and opinions sound barbaric—they were cruel; but careful consideration leads to the conclusion that such views were necessary if slavery was to be kept alive. The negro in his African home was never a persistent laborer; his work was intermittent and light, and by the heredity of ages he was a trifler and an idler even when he was working for himself. Bringing him to this country and placing him on a plantation and requiring him to work for some one else did not improve his desire for industry. In Africa his habit was to get up in the morning or lie in bed as his desire predominated. Here, if he was on a plantation, the horn blew one hour before daylight and commanded him to get up and prepare his breakfast and dinner and be ready to go into the field at break of day. At home, he worked or not as he saw fit; here, as soon as it was light enough to see, he must go into the field and work, work, work, with only one hour of rest (to eat the dinner he brought with him)

until sun set at least, but often as long as daylight lasted, and then go home and get his supper. And this order both for man and woman continued six days in the week, fifty-two weeks in the year, Fourth of July day and Christmas week only excepted.

What was it that could transform this idler into such a constant worker? It could not be love for the men who burned his villages in Africa, killed his relatives, and brought him in chains to dire servitude; it was not fear of imprisonment, because that would be to him a rest; he would have to be fed and would not be compelled to work; it was impossible to punish him by fines, for he had no property. Whatever might be done with house servants, and individual cases on small plantations, I know not; but on large plantations there was but one answer, one method only to compel him to labor—physical force. The whip was the chief exponent of this form of education. Overseers and drivers carried it always and used it, sometimes from necessity, many times perhaps in passion. As these men might be degenerates, they may have used the whip sometimes in spite, or even compel compliance to demands that shall be nameless here. Wherever the blackman labored in slavery, there the whip flourished as a compelling force, and no one spoke a word against such use. Even Washington, on his plantation, emancipator that he wanted to be, humanitarian that he was, used it, and wrote to his overseer, "Let Abram get his deserts when taken, but don't let Crow give it to him."

I do not say that there were no places where the whip was not used, because I know such was not the case. Many were the city and country houses and smaller

plantations where justice and kindness were found in the big house, and obedience, love, and affection in the cabin. This condition was no doubt the rule, where the slaves had been born and bred (as in the older states) servants to the same people, and associated with them from generation to generation. I have met and talked with many of these old negroes who are as proud of "their old families" and as loyal to their traditions as any of the white members of the same could possibly be. But even here the whip waved in the background, and they might feel it any time should necessity sell them south or financial disaster or sure death meet their beloved master. These brighter spots in the dark picture of slavery represent only a portion of the broad view; the great mass of slaves were worked on large plantations where they came in contact with few whites except the overseers and drivers. On such plantations they were worked for the money there was in them.

When we consider the tendency of the facts presented, it is strange that the Institution was not more brutal, more demoralizing, and more fatal and deadly than it ultimately became. The reason for this restraint was that the Southern planter in his kindness of heart, his consideration for the helpless, and his love of fair play, was unquestionably more just, generous, and sympathetic than the Institution that controlled him. I say "controlled him," having full view of the significance of these words. The negro was no more the slave of his owner than his owner was the slave of the Institution, and the slave no more dared disobey his master than the master dared disobey the rules, laws, and customs of that Institution.

Can this be true? Let us consider the case. A planter

might have a half-brother as white as himself but who was his slave. They might have been brought up together, as many were, might have been nursed by the same foster mother, played together from childhood, and loved each other as brothers should. But could he educate him? The Institution says No; we will send you to the penitentiary if you do. Could he sit at the table and eat with him? No; society would ostracize him forever should he do so. If the slave was unjustly charged with crime, and being innocent, resisted arrest, could the white brother save him from the gallows? No. Should the master be charged with some assault against a white man, and his slave brother knew he was innocent, would the slave brother be allowed to testify and save the master brother from the penitentiary? No. Would the master be permitted to treat his brother in any way as an equal? No. The Institution had drawn a line that no Southern man dared cross.

Any person who had a drop of negro blood in his veins, even so slight that it was impossible to detect it, was as fully a negro as the blackest Senegambian that ever came from Africa, and one who would treat him in any way different would be debarred from white society.

The master might be a drunkard, a gambler, an adulterer or even a murderer, and still maintain his caste; but to eat with a half-brother as white, as able, and as intelligent as himself, was an unforgivable sin. Why? Because it was necessary to so rule in order to maintain the Institution, and no one dared disobey. The Institution controlled the master financially, as well as legally and socially. Years after the war, in a club room in Mobile,

Alabama, I was talking with a Virginia ex-slave-holder who said to me, "There is one thing you Yanks do not understand; it is that when you freed the negro you also freed the master. I was the worst worked slave on my plantation when emancipation came." He represented a large class of Southern slave owners who lived outside the cotton belt and where slaves could not be profitably worked. He believed the blacks were men and women, and refused, like George Washington, to sell them on the market like so many cattle. The certain result in this case followed: the plantation sooner or later became overrun with darkies who could not raise enough to pay their annual expense, and the sheriff was a more or less constant visitor at the owner's door.

The only solution of this condition seemed to be, either to sell some negroes or set them free; most owners were compelled to adopt the plan of selling. Richmond papers in the fall of 1836 say, "Estimates by intelligent men placed Virginia's export in slaves the preceding year at one hundred and twenty thousand." Part of these emigrated with their masters, but the most were sold and exported by traders. This method of cleaning up a plantation was almost universal. To planters who were conscientiously opposed to selling men like cattle, the second plan mentioned, emancipation was forbidden by the Institution unless the owner filed bonds to support the negroes after they became free. These bonds might be hard to procure, and would only increase the financial troubles of the already over-burdened planter. Whatever others may think in this matter, my sympathy is extended to the most down-trodden and hard-working slave on such a plantation—the master and owner.

CHAPTER XIII

SERVITUDE "BEFO 'DE WAH"

The last slave in Massachusetts had died just before I made my appearance there in 1840. I had the distinction to be born in almost the only state in the Union that had, at that time, no slaves. New Hampshire still had one; Rhode Island, five; Connecticut, seventeen; and even newly admitted Iowa, my future home, sixteen.

During the sixty years ending in 1850, slaves in the New England and the Middle Atlantic States, by slow manumission and death, had *decreased* from 40,086 to 236, while, during the same time in the Southern states they had *increased* from 657,538 to 3,324,060.

Slavery during my boyhood was probably at the pinnacle of its financial success and political power. In its pride, it thought at one time to make a slave state out of Illinois, which had previously been admitted to the Union with a free constitution. The effort was made, but defeated by a vote of the people. During the heat of that contest a member of the Illinois legislature, by the suggestive name of John Grammar, made the following appeal in favor of slavery.

"Having rights on my side, I don't fear, Sir. I will show that that ar propŏsition is unconstitutionable, illegal, and forninst the compact. Don't everybody know, or at least-wise ought to know, that Congress that sat at Vincennes guaransheed to all French inhabitants the right to their niggers, and ain't I got as much rights as any Frenchman in the state? Answer me that."

In spite of this appeal, or perhaps because of it, voters of the state refused to change their constitution from freedom to slavery, by a ballot of six thousand six hundred and forty against such change to four thousand nine hundred and seventy-two in favor of it.

The first step leading to the prosperity of the South was the closing of the African slave trade. The North and South had united in supporting this legislation; the North from humanitarian and political reasons, and the South from the same cause, with this added thought, that such act would increase the value of her slaves then on hand, and thereby tend to decrease the over-production that was ruining her market.

Both these forecasts were correct. Prime field hands that before the foreign trade closed could have been bought for two hundred dollars rose in price to three hundred in 1820, to six hundred in 1830, a thousand to twelve hundred in 1840, and the price was soaring towards two thousand just before the war. For two decades, at least, before that time there was a general rule for the price of slaves, more or less closely followed; a good field hand was worth a hundred dollars for every cent to the pound that cotton sold for. If cotton sold for twelve cents a pound, a good picker was worth twelve hundred dollars. Thus the price of slaves marched alongside the price of cotton, both advancing, owing to the scarcity of slave labor.

But the inability of the northeastern slave states—Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, and others—to supply the wants of the newer southwestern plantations, broke the hundred dollar rule and sent prices so high that there

was a loud call from the lower South to open again the African slave trade. This might have been done had not the Civil War settled forever the slave question in America.

Although the old slave-producing states failed to supply the growing wants of the new southwest cotton district, they certainly performed wonders in that direction. They had taken this want seriously into consideration, as shown from a letter from one James Corbin, who wrote to James Madison in 1819, saying that wheat raising compared with tobacco raising was "by no means as conducive to the health of our negroes upon whose increase our principal profit depends." As mentioned before, Virginia in one year was estimated to have sent out a hundred and twenty thousand negro slaves. Census tables show that there must have immigrated into the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi during the first half of the nineteenth century from a half to three-quarters of a million slaves.

These had not all been sold from one master to the other. Some masters had emigrated with their slaves. They had disposed of their worn-out plantations in the older states, taken all their removable chattels—men, women, children, horses, mules, and everything else—and like Abraham of old, had moved to a new and better country. Only a person who has enjoyed the penetrating of a new country under the conditions of clean, outdoor life—the moving wagon-top by day and the shelter of a tent by night—can realize the chances which such an aggregation as I have mentioned might have for enjoyment. I doubt not the darkies of such a group, if they had a good master, turned the march into a jolly picnic, and had

such a time that its memories entranced their listening children and grandchildren in long following years.

But the slave "coffles" of the traders who handled the larger number of migrants were far different. The men, women, and children who composed them had been torn from their homes, their friends, perhaps their wives or husbands or parents, and were driven hopelessly to a destiny they had always coupled with slow death. They were going unwillingly, and only as far and as fast as the force of the Institution could compel them. These coffles contained, most likely, some of the insubordinate, unruly, and perhaps criminal slaves of the community from which they had been drawn.

What could two or three men do with a hundred or more such unwilling, hopeless, possibly desperate, men or women, in order to protect their own lives and property from loss? The answer is obvious. Therefore, when I read, "Overland coffles from border states to the lower plantations resembled those spoken of by Mungo Park in Africa, the slaves being manacled and chained," I do not doubt that it represents the facts, because if I had undertaken any such business and had ventured my money and my life in any such property, I do not see how I could have felt safe a minute of the day did I not have every one within absolute control.

If it was right to buy and sell men, it was necessary to carry them to a market where sale was possible. The men who risked the transfer were in equity entitled to protect themselves from loss of either life or property during the change. The shame for these manacles and chains lies not with the men who put them on, but with

the Institution that compelled the trade and forced the brutality upon its followers.

The black fellows who wore these shackles carried them far differently: some with deep disgrace, some with deadly defiance, some as a matter of course, and some as a joke. I remember reading of one case where a traveler, meeting such a coffle, found a young fellow and a middle aged man coupled together and leading the column. The young man was whistling and singing, and as they met he sang out, "Dis de way to do it. When you trabble, go in style." But the other man was disconsolate. The first was foot loose, with no ties of heart or home to bind him, but the other had been torn from his family and everything that, to him, made life worth living.

Strange as it may seem, the negro traders who were the financial salvation of the planters of the northeastern slave states, were looked down upon and refused affiliation with the planters they rescued. The slave owners would sell their surplus chattels to one another for much less price than to these men. They would resort to all other means of disposing of them before patronizing the firms organized and operated for that purpose. The Yankee farmer was no more keen or alive to the necessity of disposing of his surplus chattels than a Virginian or Carolina planter was when he found, as the saying went with them, "that he had to eat a nigger" in order to keep the sheriff from his door for another year.

The planter had one advantage the Yankee farmer had not. He could call a darkey into his office and say: "Sam, I am in a tight place financially, and I have to sell one of you boys. You are a good hand, and I could get a thousand

dollars for you to go South on a plantation; but I don't want to do it. Now I will give you a pass to go where necessary and a letter vouching for you, and if you can find a new master whom you want, I will let him have you for eight hundred dollars if he keeps you from the trader." There were many cases on record where the chattel was thus sent around to sell himself, but how often this method was used and how successful were the results, "deponent saith not."

The traders, in the meantime, cared little for the ostracism of the planter. They knew that at last the surplus negro population of these non-cotton and worn-out states must come to them, and they realized that the blacker the ostracism was the fewer men would be in the business and the greater the profits to those who continued therein. So they established their buying agencies in the northeastern slave states and their selling barracoons and establishments in the West and Southwest. They moved their chattels by marching coffles across the country, by "coon cars" on railroads when convenient, or by coast ships if buying and selling places were both near the coast line.

By 1850, firms with barracoons for handling the sale of slaves had been established in all the principal cities of the Southwest. These companies handled their slave consignments at the usual price of thirty-seven and one-half cents per day for confinement, exhibition, and board, and two and one-half per cent commission on sales, *owner's risk*.

Touching working method, I have tried faithfully to find out what were the usual conditions that prevailed on

the average plantation in the South. I have read what has been written by both Northerners and Southerners, I have talked with ex-plantation owners and ex-plantation slaves from many slave states, and I think I know as fully as can be ascertained by one who did not live in it, what the environment was of the plantation slaves who constituted three-fourths of the old slave population of the South.

As I have already stated, it is true that the plantation owner and his agents, the overseer and his driver, had undisputed sway over the person of the slave, his property, his domestic relations, his wife, his children, his liberty, and his life, saving only that they must not let a white man see them kill a slave *maliciously* and *unnecessarily*. The slaves, were not permitted to leave the limits of the plantation without the written pass of their master or overseer. To prevent their doing so, the country was constantly patrolled night and day, and any caught outside the limits without a pass were either soundly flogged or put into the calaboose for their masters to attend to. No attempts of the slave to learn to read were permitted. A scrap of newspaper or any other printing found in a cabin subjected its occupant to severe punishment.

The almost universal ration consisted of one peck of corn or meal, and three pounds of pork a week, with occasional molasses, salt, etc., at the planter's option. Cooking must be done by the slave outside working hours. Two suits of clothes were allowed the men each year—a heavy one for winter, and a light one for summer. The material was usually rough, plantation cloth, spun, woven, and made up on the plantation. One pair of home-made

shoes was also given them for winter wear. A Georgia planter, estimated the value of these articles as follows:

Weekly peck of corn....	$13.00	per year
Two suits of clothes.....	7.00	per year
One pair of shoes.....	1.00	per year
Total	$21.00	per year

Add to this "occasional meat, salt molasses, and medical attendance," and the total cost per capita to support men and women might be somewhere near thirty-five dollars a year. Women received in the place of suits, homespun cloth, needles, thread and buttons with which to make their own clothing. Both men and women were given one blanket every three years. Another planter estimated the cost of keeping a negro to be forty dollars a year. Others estimated such cost at from fifteen to fifty dollars a year, medical attendance not included.

Marriage could be contracted only by permission of the master, and he usually required it to be made only between his own slaves. It might be solemnized in church, made legal by a civil officer, or be simply a common law living together, as circumstances required or the master dictated. This carelessness regarding the marital relations, fostered in slavery, has not been entirely stamped out to this day among the negro population.

Women, married and single, were considered full field hands. In computing a field force a discount of only ten per cent was made for "breeders and suckers." The nursing mothers were not excused from the field, but the babies were placed under the care of some decrepit old "mammy," and the mothers were permitted to go to them four times during the day for half an hour each time.

One old ex-slave told me that on his plantation the boss had fixed up a long box-like body on old carriage wheels and had partitioned the bottom into little baby-sized compartments. This vehicle, loaded with babies and drawn by an old horse, the mammy would bring at stated intervals to the waiting mothers. Very young children were put to work, helping somehow and somewhere. At twelve or fourteen years of age they went to the field, many times as full plow hands.

The first horn for work blew an hour before daybreak, when all hands must get up, eat their breakfast, and prepare to go to work. As day was breaking the plow hands started out, and at daylight the second horn blew for the hoe hands to commence work. At noon, work was stopped for an hour for the purpose of eating the dinner they had brought to the field. Then work continued until sundown on some plantations, but until dark upon others. Curfew blew at nine or nine-thirty o'clock, at which time all must be in their cabins and in their beds.

These hours of labor were long, but there is evidence that the planters, anxious to produce crops, and overseers desiring to make records, were disposed to work the hands longer. One planter, Hammond, laid down this rule for his overseer: "No work must be required after dark." South Carolina found it necessary to pass a law limiting the hours of slave labor to fourteen in winter and fifteen in summer. Upon sugar plantations in the Gulf states, during grinding season, eighteen hours was a day's work. Imagine what labor union men would say if such hours were required of them!

The whip as a means of discipline and education on the plantation might be, and often was, reinforced by

tying up the slave by the thumbs, bucking and gagging him, or any other means of discomfort and pain that ingenuity or circumstances might dictate. The laws in most states also came to the planters' aid by making *death* the penalty for the following acts: resisting punishment or arrest, striking an overseer or master, striking any member of the master's family, conspiracy, burglary or arson.

What cause turned the children of the black women coffee-colored, and the progeny of these to near-white, I will not discuss; but whatever the cause may have been, the process continued until the census reports that nearly three-tenths of those listed as negroes are mulattoes, and in parts of the South, especially in the cities, fully black men with purely African features are almost an exception.

This fact must make gray the hair of ushers whose duty it is to keep the two races separate. I remember at a circus performance in Mobile, where I saw a white-looking couple, as nicely dressed as you could find in any city, enter the tent and start towards the negroes' seats. An usher rushed after them, and, stopping them said, "You can't go there. Those are reserved for 'niggers.'"

The man quietly replied, "Beg pardon, but we belong there. Although we are not 'niggers,' we are negroes."

Cotton held sway so despotically in Dixie Land that other field crops and manufactures were neglected until the South was dependent upon the North for all kinds of supplies. This condition made a rich market for the cities of the North, and they vied with each other to please the Southern people and to control their trade. This ac-

counts for much pro-slavery sentiment in the North and the riots in which abolitionists were maltreated and mobbed. Between 1833 and 1836, over twenty-five riots occurred in the North, and anti-slavery men were maltreated and even killed by the communities in which they lived in order to prove to the South that non-interference with slavery was the policy north of the Mason-Dixon line. This desire upon the part of the North to conciliate the South, both to protect the Union and to secure trade, led the free states to surrender the political control of the nation to the slave Institution.

For nearly half a century, from 1815 to 1860, its policy governed the country almost completely. Only Southern men, or Northern men dominated in their official actions at least by pro-slavery ideas, filled the presidential chair. Adams, Van Buren, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan were Northern men who held the office during that period, but not one stood for anti-slavery principles while in office. During all that time no one who was recognized as an anti-slavery man was appointed to any important postmastership, to the Federal bench, to a collectorate, or even as foreign counsel or minister.

During the last two decades before the Civil War, the Northern people were so anxious to keep on living terms with the South that they even agreed to turn themselves into deputy sheriffs and constables, and catch and return slaves to their masters across the line. The Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 was to that effect, and such no doubt was the intent of a large majority of the Northern people. But some would not agree thereto. Even though it was illegal and punishable by fine and imprisonment, they

appealed to the "Higher Law" and organized and conducted their "Underground Railroad" with its many branches reaching from the border of slavery to the freedom of Canada.

Nothing can so fully illustrate the change of sentiment in the South from the time of Jefferson to the time of Lincoln as the widely diverging opinion of the South regarding the two men. Thomas Jefferson in his day was the idol of the South, its pride, its love, and its mentor; Abraham Lincoln during his lifetime, to the South and to the anti-war wing of the Democratic party at the North, was a tyrant and a fool. "Gorilla in the White House," "Fool Jester in the Capitol," Black Abolition Tyrant at Washington" are only a few of the dainty compliments that I have heard and read that were passed upon him on account of his slavery idea.

And yet Jefferson and Lincoln stood upon identically the same ground as far as the question at issue was concerned. Both insisted slavery should not be extended into new territory, and both looked upon it as a bearable evil, where it had been already established. Jefferson was the stronger abolitionist of the two: he advocated active, legal enactments to kill it where it was established, but Lincoln did not. Yet the South loved the former, and at the commencement of the war hated the latter. Today, however, knowing Lincoln better, it joins hands with the North in appreciation of his life and work.

Northerners and Southerners, at that time, mutually misunderstood and misjudged each other as a whole, as badly and as wrongfully as the latter had misunderstood and misjudged our martyred Lincoln. The average North-

erner looked upon the Southerner as a braggart, void of kindness, courage, or any sense of justice or mercy; one who with passion and without pity was by cruelty and craft forcing from the black man the means of his wealth and luxury. The Southerner looked upon the Northerner as a crude, uncouth money-getter, whose aspirations and ideas never rose above the material wealth he was tying up; who did not for the world dare meet a Cavalier in conflict, and who would not, had he dared, leave his dollars to fight for any cause whatever, and especially not for such a non-cash-producing idea as patriotism.

Both sides were wrong; both paid for their mistake in conflict, in disaster, in defeat, and in death. On the bloody soil of over six hundred hard-fought fields of a fratricidal battle-line that stretched its gory length from the Atlantic Ocean at the East to the Rocky Mountains at the West, they learned to know and appreciate each other. When the final shot was fired at Appomattox, no two separate classes of men in the world entertained greater mutual respect and admiration for each other than the men in blue and the men in gray, who, all over the country, in spirit, shook hands and wished a mutual "Good-bye and God-speed."

Had they in 1861 known each other as they did in 1865 there would have been no Civil War. I testify, with the confidence of knowledge and the experience of half a century, that next after the men these soldiers fought and marched with, the men of the Confederate Camps South and the Union Posts North respect and enjoy meeting the men they fought against.

During my boyhood and early manhood the system of slavery was firmly entrenched in the Union, and held therein a seemingly impregnable position. Very few persons, North or South, dared question the right to slaves in the states where they existed, and opposition to the extension of slavery was neither organized nor popular. The slave Institution, however, was thoroughly organized, energetic, arrogant, domineering, and efficient in politics. It passed fugitive slave laws and enforced them through the North, many times with circumstances of brutality that aroused the opposition of those who had heretofore been tolerant. This was one of the first and minor mistakes that the Institution made. Chasing its slaves into Northern territory and exhibiting the system to the Northern people, thus compelling them to look it in the face and think about it, was a mistake that scattered wide the seeds of the coming Civil War; but the Southern leaders were so certain that the North would not dare resist that they persisted in the blunder. The Missouri Compromise, at this time, alone prevented the slave Institution from overflowing its boundaries, settling where it would, and establishing itself where it wished.

The election of 1852, which took place when I was twelve years old, illustrates and proves the power of the Institution at that time. Franklin Pierce, the candidate of the Democratic party which the South controlled, carried at that election all but four of the then thirty-one states. Out of two hundred and ninety-six electoral votes, two hundred and fifty-four were in his favor. After such an election no wonder the slave Institution thought that it could do anything it saw fit to undertake. No wonder the slave-holders thought the Missouri Com-

promise a bar to their triumphant progress, and wished it cleared away. They did once more what with them was an old proceeding—dangled the bright hope of the presidency before the eyes of the Northern man who would do their work for them. Thus Hon. Steven A. Douglas reached for the prize, did their bidding, and was by them, at the Democratic convention in Charleston in 1860, slaughtered in payment for his services. Many believed Douglas died soon after of a broken heart as a result of his disappointed aspirations.

What small events often produce great results! Douglas' defeat was caused by the answer regarding slavery that Lincoln forced from him at Freeport, Illinois, in the senatorial debate of 1858. Had Douglas been nominated, he would have been elected, for nothing then could have withstood the united Democratic party; there would have been no secession at that time, and what would have been the history of our country no man can guess.

If the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law was a mistake, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise by the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in 1854 was a blunder. As safely might one throw a piece of meat between two starving dogs and expect them to remain quiet as to open up the territories to Douglas "Squatter Sovereignty" and expect the two sections of our country to shrink from the strife for the rich prize.

Kansas, situated above the Missouri Compromise line of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes north, was the first pawn in the game of events. The North immediately decided if it was to be a free or slave state, depending

upon who first settled there, it should be free; even if it had to deplete its population to make it so. The New England Emigrant Society and others of a like nature were organized, and a long line of emigrants with their families started for new homes in Kansas. Then the South discovered its error. If colonization was to decide the fate of the new territory, it could not compete with the North; slave holders did not dare to migrate and risk their slaves to the uncertain results; and if men who were not slave holders were sent from the South they were apt to become anti-slavery in their new surroundings and vote accordingly, as they had already done in California.

The Institution was thus beaten on the issue of "Squatter Sovereignty," but it would not give up the fight. It had two weapons left, its Congress and its President. It still refused to admit Kansas except as a slave state on a constitution modeled after that of Missouri, and adopted by the help of Missouri men whose only home in Kansas was the saddle. Nor did it become a State until 1861, after Lincoln's election, when a greater question superseded and overshadowed it.

"Squatter Sovereignty" and the Kansas fight disrupted every political party in the country. Even the great Democratic party was split in halves. All over the North, without convention, organization, or pre-arrangement, appeared as if by magic, Anti-Kansas-Nebraska men, who, disregarding all previous issues and adopting the disused title of Republicans, organized themselves into the first distinctly Anti-Slavery Party that succeeded in carrying an electoral vote. So good an account did these men give of themselves in the presiden-

tial election of 1856, which came in the midst of the Kansas contest, that they took the popular vote away from the Democratic nominee and carried most of the free States.

But the slave Institution was doomed to commit one more blunder. This was accomplished when Judge Taney, one of its principal upholders and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, rendered judgment in the Dred Scott Case in 1857. His technical decision put the appellant, Dred Scott, out of court on the ground that "a slave or the descendant of a slave, could not be a citizen of the United States or have any standing in federal courts." In the *obiter dictum* of the opinion, he said that the negro was "so far inferior that he had no rights the white man was bound to respect." The history and conditions of the case were such that the decision really meant legally: First, that the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional, as the purpose of the constitution was the protection of property, and slaves were recognized as property by that document. Therefore Congress was bound to protect, not prohibit, slavery in the territories. Second, that a slaveholder could bring a slave into any Northern state, or into every free territory, and keep him there for years, and yet carry him away, still a slave, whenever he saw fit to return South.

This was the last straw that broke the back of many a man's love for his old Democratic party and sent him wendering into the Republican ranks. This position of Judge Taney was as far from that of Thomas Jefferson on the question of slavery, as one pole of the earth is from the other, but it was adopted by the South. Thus the issue between the North and the South was joined.

The Republican party and the mass of the Northern people held the Jeffersonian view, that slaves were not property but persons held to service by local state laws, whose liberty in the territories it was the duty of Congress to protect.

It was upon these issues, thus joined, that the two great parties fought the next presidential campaign. So many Democratic recruits did the new party gain that in 1860 the first person in the history of the United States who was not a slave owner, or who in effect—by affiliation and official ideas—was not a pro-slavery man, Abraham Lincoln, won the presidential election.

The result of this election surprised the North and astonished the South. It seemed impossible that the Institution, by its change of front on the slavery question from the position of Thomas Jefferson to that of Judge Taney, had so alienated and affronted the North that the control of the government, which the Democrats held in 1852 by a majority of two hundred and fifty-four electoral votes out of two hundred and sixty-nine, had been lost to them so woefully that in 1860 they controlled only seventy-two such votes out of three hundred and three.

When the election came the legislature of South Carolina, convened to designate its presidential electors, remained in session until the returns from the general election announced that Lincoln was elected. Then, on November 10th, it called a convention to consider the question of secession. This convention passed an ordinance of secession, and proceeded to form a separate state government; to enact laws; to elect officials; to establish an army and navy; and to perform all the acts of an inde-

pendent nation. Six other states followed immediately. On February 8th, 1861, the "Confederate States of America" was born and the government established at Montgomery, Alabama.

Less than ninety days after the news of the result of the election could have reached the Southern states, they had seceded, formed state conventions, elected delegates to a national convention, and formed a new nation. This was such an expedition of attained results that it pointed, almost conclusively, to a thoroughly pre-arranged plan.

In vain Lincoln pleaded with the Southern states, and showed them he stood on less anti-slavery grounds than Thomas Jefferson, and that no formidable party thought of interfering with the Institution where it was already established. In vain was it pointed out that their slaves would be less safe should the North be a foreign country, like Canada. They considered not that they still controlled the House, the Senate, and the Supreme Court, and that no laws could be passed to injure them should injury be intended. The Institution still held three out of the four departments of our government, but that was not sufficient. They must have all four or none. Nothing could prevent their separation: it was inevitable, and the crime was perpetrated. "Verily, Verily," the axiom still obtains, now as two thousand years ago:

"Whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad."

CHAPTER XIV

WHEN THE "JUBILEE" CAME

It is a peculiar fact that the Emancipation Proclamation, at the time it was issued, effected the practical freedom of very few slaves in the United States. The practical freeing of the slaves was a progressive movement. It commenced in the East in May, 1861, when General Butler fixed the condition of the negro as a "contraband of war," and in the West in August when General Fremont issued his "confiscation and emancipation" proclamation; it was furthered when Congress, March 3rd, 1862, passed an act forbidding, under penalty of dismissal, any officer of the army from returning fugitive slaves to their masters; it was foretold in Lincoln's proclamations of September 11, 1862, and January 1, 1863, and it was finally legally consummated by the ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment November 18, 1865. But all of these hopes and anticipations together with their ultimate fruition would not have been worth the paper they were written on had not April 9th, 1865, seen Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox.

It is true that Lincoln's Proclamation omitted from its application the loyal slave states and specified portions of the disloyal states. This made a legal distinction between the two sections, but the practical working out under conditions above specified amounted to almost the difference one would find between six and a half dozen. In both sections, if a negro wanted freedom and had good legs and a small amount of spunk, all he had to do was to reach the union lines and the prize was won. This was true because slaves of rebel masters had been con-

fiscated by Congress since August, 1861, and even if his master was a Union man no officer dare give him the negro. The extent of the authority of union commanders was to make a record of the fact of the negro coming into the lines and let the owner bring the case before congress for recompense. This proceeding hurt not the negro nor benefited the master.

Regarding the negroes who stayed on the plantation, here again the difference between the two sections was legally great but practically small. Both in loyal and disloyal states the Proclamation when promulgated had no effect whatever, because to the former it did not apply and in the latter it could not be enforced until Lee's surrender. After the close of the war the parts of the country disloyal January 1st, 1863, were legally compelled to pay their former slaves wages, while those at that time loyal still continued slavery conditions until the thirteenth amendment demolished the Institution. This difference was apparent more than real, for the southern planter then seldom paid more wages than it would cost to keep the negroes in food and clothes during slavery times.

It follows, then, that there could have been no one time of general slave rejoicing, and the "Year of Jubilee" to them was a symbolic exaltation which the freedmen met at various times and under such circumstances as the advance of the Federal armies and the laws of congress dictated.

Of all the people, black or white, living in the North or in the South, the negro slaves were the very first to realize that the result of the war was to be their freedom.

How they came by that idea is one of the unexplainable things of that time. They did not get it from their masters, for all the information they received from that source was certainly very uncomplimentary to us. We were represented to the negroes as savages who would kill them and commit all sorts of atrocities upon them; they were told that we were so low down in the animal creation we had not yet shed the horns of our bestial forefathers.

The colored people did not get the idea of liberty from us, because we ourselves did not believe they were to be made free. Sometimes I have heard the "Unpleasantness" of 1861 to 1865, called the "War of Emancipation." Never was there a greater mistake, either as relating to the masses of the people of the North or to the soldiers who fought their battles in the South. I believe my company represented fairly the sentiment of the Union army, and among its one hundred men there was only one abolitionist, only one who believed the slaves should be free and thought that the war would have any effect upon their condition. The other boys of the company were so scandalized at his views that they made life miserable for him by many petty indignities and unfriendly acts. But one day he aroused himself from his usual pacific attitude; he tackled one of the largest and most aggressive of his tormentors, threw him down and sat on him until he agreed to behave himself. For the remainder of the war "Abolitionist" retained his opinions in peace.

The negroes did not get their ideas of freedom from us or from their masters, yet they had them throughout

the South from the center to the conference of slave territory. Booker Washington relates how the slaves in South Carolina sang,

"We'll soon be free
We'll soon be free
When de Lord will call us home."

and with so much fervor and apparent application that the authorities stopped the singing. He also says, "I remember well a time when I was awakened one morning, before the break of day, by my mother bending over me where I lay on a bundle of rags in the corner of my master's kitchen, and hearing her pray that Abraham Lincoln and his soldiers might be successful and that she and I might one day be free."

My cavalry regiment often penetrated far into confederate territory in Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi where never a Yankee soldier had been seen before. There, despite the diabolical descriptions of our persons and characteristics which their masters had given of us, we always found the slaves with grinning teeth and shining eyes waiting to welcome our coming. So many would often want to return to our lines with us that they would have to be refused for fear of encumbering and retarding the movements of our column so far inside the enemy's territory.

That the welcome we thus met was not caused by any fear or any ideas of personal conciliation, is undisputably demonstrated when in the place of appearing to them in the pomp of an irresistible force, one of our number came to any of their cabins as an escaped prisoner, helpless, friendless, exhausted, starving, his welcome was

instant and cordial. Under such circumstances of need the relief rendered to him was limited only by the content of the cabin and the ability of the host. These humble black men would shelter my escaped comrade, give him all their rations if necessary and risk floggings and even their lives to guide him on his way.

In grateful appreciation of such aid rendered to many of my fellow soldiers during the war, I wish here to make this remarkable record: In the thousands of cases where such application must have been made to them, not once did I ever hear of my comrades being betrayed to the Southern master or the Confederate patrol, or ever denied the relief asked if it was possible to supply it.

The feeling of the negro race toward their masters was passing strange. The negro longed for freedom. He had waited for it, had prayed for it. To acquire it he was willing to undergo any privation, to endure any hardship, to suffer any pain. And yet he seemed to hold, as a rule, no grudge against the master who had held him in slavery; on the contrary, there was often a feeling of sympathy and sometimes real love and affection between the big house of the planter and the cabin of the slave. Many a body-servant of a Confederate soldier has faithfully and joyfully followed his master through every suffering which the long war brought, not flinching even from death in his behalf.

This strange sentiment of the slave was demonstrated beyond controversy in thousands of cases. I have seen hundreds of plantations where every white man, voluntarily or involuntarily, had gone into the Confederate service, and the negroes alone were left to protect the

women and children and raise the crops. In all the South, I have never heard of a case where absence of the master was taken advantage of by the slave to abuse persons or destroy property. Heaven knows the negro has sins and failures in plenty to answer for, but when they are all charged up against him let this record I have made be not forgotten.

There was one thing the negro did not do for the Confederacy, he did not fight for it in the ranks of the Confederate army. True it is, a company of negroes was organized for the Confederate service at Memphis, Tennessee, and a regiment of blacks in New Orleans for the same purpose, but I was on duty at headquarters in Memphis where it was our business to know the military history of the city, and we were informed, beyond all doubt, that this company was disbanded before going into service.

In regard to the New Orleans regiment, I was told by a one-time colored sergeant of one of our own negro regiments, now a very intelligent man of wealth and standing in his community, that he knew the facts of the organization of this regiment and that he had served in the army with some of its members. He was certain that the only fighting any of the soldiers of that command ever did was under the Stars and Stripes of Old Glory after they had renounced the Confederate flag and had reorganized themselves as the First Louisiana Native Guards under General Butler. They had the honor to be the first regiment of colored troops to fight *for the Union.*

I do not say the negroes were of no help to the Confederacy, for they were of the greatest assistance. They raised the provisions, built the fortifications, drove the teams, cooked the food, and filled numberless vocations which, except for them, would have taken active, fighting men from the ranks. But as a Confederate soldier, in Confederate gray or at the battle front, I have yet to hear he was ever found.

Nothing can so forcibly demonstrate the absolute lack of anything like the idea of vindictive retaliation for wrongs committed by the whites upon the negroes as the circumstance told by a Confederate colonel who was captured by negro troops on the disastrous Sturgis Expedition in Northern Mississippi. It was about the time of the "Fort Pillow Massacre," when the Confederates were accused of slaughtering the negro soldiers after surrender and afterwards threatening they would take no prisoners, white or black, in any movement wherewith black soldiers were connected. At the very moment of the incident mentioned the Southern troops were needlessly killing the defeated, disorganized, and exhausted Northern soldiers, black and white, of the Sturgis command. Surely, if a black man could feel vindictive and disposed to retaliation, it would be then.

At this time and under these conditions, this Confederate Colonel ordered his men to charge upon a detachment of negroes who, in the disaster and defeat of the day, had still preserved their organization. Waving his saber, he led them to the attack; but the negroes received his men with such a fierce fire that the attacking party concluded to postpone to a more convenient season

the killing of that bunch of darkies. Thus the colonel found himself alone, surrounded by colored troops with loaded guns pointed at his breast. He instantly threw down his saber and said, "Good God, gentlemen, don't kill me!" Did the black soldiers then tally one score in revenge for the Fort Pillow Massacre? Did they even remember the hundreds of their helpless comrades who had been killed that day? No, negro-like, all was forgotten, and the black sergeant threw up the muzzles of the pointing guns saying, "Ya! Ya! Don't shoot, boys. Dat's de fust time de likes of him ever called de likes of us *gentlemen.*" They brought him safely and civilly a prisoner to camp. This is no hearsay evidence I have been relating. I wish it were, for I had the misfortune to be there and the multiplied horrors of that day have been with me more than half a century.

Why was it that the ex-slave seemed to be without such retaliatory feelings toward his former masters? It was not because he did not realize the wrong of Slavery —his determination for freedom proved that. It was not because he lacked courage—the perils he risked for escaped prisoners and the records of many battlefields proved that. What then was the cause?

If I were to attempt to guess the unguessable or explain the unexplainable, I would hazard the idea that the negro, by some instinctive sense, realized his immediate master was not alone responsible for the wrongs committed upon him, but that their source lay far back in some force, or law, or Institution, that controlled master and slave alike. If that was his thought, may it not be a correct answer to the conundrum?

The Civil War by its resulting conditions and forced military necessity, liberated about three millions slaves—slaves, who for generations had toiled for others with never a thought of tomorrow; slaves, whose idea of the difference between slavery and freedom was: a slave would be compelled to work, but a freeman could rejoice in idleness; slaves who possessed not one cent in money and did not even own the clothes on their backs. They were slaves, without education, whose knowledge of the world was that of a child, and who were disposed to put full confidence in any who claimed to be their friends—slaves, to whom freedom loomed up before them as one long, glorious, continual holiday.

Before you blame the negro for his opinion upon the question of labor, remember he came by it honestly. He learned it from his master and his master's friends, who considered work was a deep disgrace. A proof of this last statement is an interview that took place between General Rosecrans at Corinth, Mississippi, and some near-by planters, while my company was body guard for that General. These planters called to complain that their slaves were leaving them and that they were short of hands to secure their crops, and demanded help in the matter. The General could see no way in which he could assist them. They then said, "But what can we do General?"

Rosecrans replied, "I do not see but what you will have to do as we do in the North, go to work yourself." "Work!" they answered, "Work! We want you to understand, General, that before we would degrade ourselves by going to work, we will take a pistol and go on the road and rob travelers."

Such being the opinions of the masters, what could be expected of newly liberated slaves? Is it any wonder there was confusion? Is it any surprise there should be disappointment? Is it strange there should be unrest? The only surprising or strange thing about the whole matter was that there was not more confusion, disappointment and unrest than actually took place. The surprise is that revolution and bloodshed did not appear in their most direful form. Many Southerners expected such an uprising; as preparation for it they tried to buy Spencer carbines of us, which were at that time the only magazine rifle and the most efficient firearm in use.

The actions of the negroes when they ascertained they were free were as varied, as grotesque, and as tragic as the various conditions under which freedom found them. On the better plantations where the masters had the confidence of their slaves, they were called together, frankly told they were free, and at liberty to go where they would; but at the same time they were told that if they would remain on the old place and work as before, they would be paid their wages. Where this was done they remained, as a rule, and things moved along very much as of old—even the old title of master not being omitted in their mutual dealings. In one case where the planter told his old slaves, after hiring them, "Now you are free, I don't own you and you must not call me master any more." The darkies instantly replied, "Yes, Massa; we understand, Massa; we won't do it any more, Massa."

In other places where there was not immediate and cordial acknowledgment of their freedom, or where there was no confidence existing between the big house of the

whites and the cabin of the blacks, the negroes left the plantation in search of what their new-found freedom had in store for them. It was natural when they were free that they should feel there should be some change in their condition to prove to them that they had received their long-hoped-for, many-times-prayed-for freedom. If the planters acknowledged their freedom and paid wages, the negroes were generally satisfied, but if it was not done, they felt that they must test the question themselves by making some move on their own volition; so they often wandered away from better conditions to poorer ones, but were happy because the change had proved the glorious truth that they were really free. After so trying their fortunes elsewhere, there was a disposition to return to their old homes if conditions there were bearable.

There was one movement of these ex-slaves that almost amounted to a general migration. The negroes who had been sold from the Northeastern slave states into the West and Southwest, wanted to return to the places where they were born, and where their friends and relatives still lived. These filled the roads and crowded the lines of transportation until the government had to extend relief. Mingled with these also were those who had been moved by their masters to escape the Federal armies.

An old negro related to me the circumstance of such attempted removal. His master had resolved to push his slaves from Mississippi into Texas to get away from the Yankees who operated about Vicksburg. Very secretly he brought a company of Confederate cavalry on the plantation after dark, and made arrangements. Ten of

the leading negroes the master thought necessary to chain. If that were done he thought the rest would go without trouble. The plan was to keep everything secret until curfew, then when all were in their cabins and asleep, quietly to call these men one by one to the house and chain them. After that to awake the rest and with the aid of the cavalry get them on a boat in the Mississippi River near-by.

Everything moved as outlined until time to call up the men to be chained. Quietly the overseer went to the cabin of the first man—he was not there; the family of Sambo did not know where he was—"He went to bed at curfew and then got up and went out; they had seen nothing of him since." At the cabins of the other selected men the same scene was repeated; and then in great haste an examination of all the negro quarters was made; not an able-bodied negro was found on the plantation. "Boots and saddles" was instantly blown in the cavalry company, and every road and known path within ten miles of the place was patrolled all night and all next day, but not a negro was found. Thanks to a hint given by a house servant they had all escaped by paths known only to the negroes and had made their way to Port Hudson where they found Federal troops and liberty.

It was but natural that these simple-minded folks should look to the men who freed them for solution of the next step in freedom. So many others followed the example of the negroes from this plantation and crowded about the military stations that it was necessary to make regular details and assignments to care for them. They were set to work on abandoned plantations, hired out for

wages to planters, and put at any work the Government had, connected or not connected with the army.

We, the soldiers in the ranks, retained a great many of them for our private and individual use. The average man hates to cook, and we were no exception to that rule. Our culinary department was not systematised then as fully as it was later in the World War. The company with us, when in the field, was divided for that purpose into self-assorted squads. The members of these either took turns in cooking or "went it alone" as they mutually agreed or disagreed. When such a squad found men anxious to serve them, who wanted no wages, who thought our rations were luxurious, who were willing to wear out our old clothes and be glad of the chance, the temptation was irresistible to install one as cook without demanding any credentials as "chef" from any former employer. The results of such indiscretion were usually satisfactory, but sometimes were astonishing. There was one mutual-admiration squad named "Casey, Curley, Pap and Steers"—why so named, nobody knows. These four, and no more, had formed a closed mess of their own and installed a colored brother by the name of Jack as their chef. Jack had not proved altogether satisfactory. One thing, his coffee failed to reach the proper standard, until one evening it was especially fine. The boys sat around the open-top can that contained it, drinking deeply and extolling its excellences until "Steers," dipping more deeply into the beverage than the others had done, brought up a nondescript article, which had no more than been brought to light when Jack excitedly exclaimed, "Fo de Lord sake, boys, dat da is my sock." The squad,

finally, after mature consideration, concluded not to kill Jack because the sock had perhaps been washed before being hung over the open coffee kettle to dry.

There is one thing I wish I could find words to record; it is a matter difficult to explain and harder yet to understand. This unsolved problem is the position taken on the emancipation question by many of the extreme Southerners of the Judge Taney school of thought. They were honest and sincere in their idea that the negro was hardly human—a sort of half step between animal and man. Upon emancipation, their grievance against the Government, and their serious objection to the proclamation, was the unfairness and (as they thought) cruelty of the act that had deprived the negro of his only natural protector, his former owner, not the fact that the planter had been deprived of his property.

This idea of the doubtful humanity of the negro died hard in the South; it has not expired yet. Within the last decade I have heard Southern men cursing their state officers for the useless expenditure of so much money in "educating baboons," as some still want to consider the negroes. Yet these men were not all of them hard masters or the enemies of the negroes personally, as you might expect them to be; the fact was frequently the reverse with the honest planter. The thought that his slaves were helpless, depending absolutely upon him for everything, aroused his chivalry and frequently made him the kindest of masters and the strongest of protectors for them.

Under this view of the case there could be no caste lost in his associations with them. Any one can fondle

and be as kind to his dog or his horse as he wishes; they were animals, and mixing with them as he may, he lowers not himself; upon some grounds like this he might cherish and be intimate with his slaves, yet not degrade himself. The life-long friendship between master and black man, so often seen in slavery times, was formed on that basis and was so mutually accepted by both.

Senators Vardaman and Tillman, it would seem, were men of this type; they did not believe in the advance of the negro as a race, but their intimate relations with him were kindly and generous. Richard Carrol, who was a negro worker and the founder of an industrial home for negro orphans in South Carolina, told Booker Washington that Senator Tillman had been his constant, personal friend and assistant in all he had attempted to do for the negro race. Even Judge Taney, who on the Supreme Court bench rendered the extreme decision that negroes were only property, gave a lie to his own rulings by liberating his slaves.

The great desire of the freedmen was for land; their idea of heaven upon earth was to possess "forty acres and a mule." I fear it was the greatest mistake of the government that it did not see they achieved it. This desire was taken advantage of by many white rascals and schemers, but principally by their old objects of aversion, the "poor white trash" of the South. Now, this poor white man had a chance to pay off old scores; the negroes were helpless and improvident—he gladly embraced the opportunity. Pretending to sell the freedman land was the principal source of the rascal's revenue. Some of them would sell four painted sticks, assuring the buyer

that they came from Washington and by federal authority would pass title to him for the forty acres they might enclose. The negro would pay his hard-earned dollars for them, and then set one at each of the four corners of the best piece of ground he could find, perhaps in the center of his former master's best field, and go to work upon it as his own private ground. The resulting trouble that this poor darkey got into can be better imagined than described.

Others sold certificates of purchase, telling the buyers they must not say anything about it until time was given the seller to see that proper transfer of the title was made at Washington. When the stipulated time had passed, and the swindlers had cleaned out that community and gone elsewhere, the negroes would produce the deeds to their holdings for perhaps most of the best property of the whites of their county. The wrath of the whites and the despair of the deluded blacks was in such cases beyond telling.

As soldiers under the Stars and Stripes the negroes made an enviable record. Over a hundred and seventy-eight thousand of them were mustered into the United States service, and nearly thirty-eight thousand were reported killed, wounded, or missing. This is a loss of more than twenty-one per cent. As the loss in the whole Northern Army, during the entire period of the War was about twenty per cent; and as the negro troops were only engaged during the smaller part of that time, it follows that the loss of the colored troops, length of service taken into consideration, was more than double that of their white comrades.

They helped storm Fort Hudson; they successfully resisted the attack of a superior force at Milliken's Bend; they assisted in the ferocious assault on Fort Wagner, in which forty per cent of the attacking party was lost and in which Sergeant Carney, though wounded four times, carried the flag of his regiment across an open field swept by a fierce rebel fire and then passed it to his comrades saying, "Dey got me, boys, but de ol flag neber touched de ground." They fought subsequently at Honey Hill, South Carolina; at Olustee, Florida; and it was a negro soldier who, at the end of the war, hauled down the flag that flew over the capital of the Confederacy in Richmond. This honorable service shows these gallant soldiers were men, not property.

CHAPTER XV.

FIVE DECADES OF LIBERTY

When General Sheridan threw his line of blue across the front of the broken and exhausted Confederate army at Appomattox Court House on the ninth day of April, 1865, and compelled Lee to make formal surrender to Grant in McLean's humble cottage, it was then, and not until then, that the Emancipation Proclamation was made effective, and over three million slaves had their freedom made secure. Then they became really free—free as the wild beasts and birds—free as the white man; but unlike these, they had never learned to provide for themselves.

They were without money, without property of any kind—even the clothes on their backs belonged to their masters—without education, without experience, and without any idea whatever of self-protecting care. Worse than all (owing to the example of the masters) they were without the ability to discriminate between liberty and idleness, and had yet to learn the first element of self-success, "If a man would eat he must work." Yet true to his race and his temperament, thinking only of today and never of tomorrow, he was happy as the blithest lark that ever raised his cheery notes from the heights of the morning sky. He had one thing that overbalanced all these handicaps—his freedom.

He also possessed two more resources that he did not at that time value, but which in the end became his salvation: First, centuries of slave life had taught him to work, to work long hours, to work steadily and per-

sistently when conditions had finally convinced him that he *must*. Second, he had acquired the habit of living on one peck of corn and three pounds of pork a week, and could be happy over it. These blind, groping millions of new-made freemen needed a guiding hand. Who would extend it to them? The Emancipation Proclamation had released the Southern planter from any further responsibility in the matter. As one such told me, and he spoke the truth, "When you set the slave free you also set the owner free." Therefore nothing could be expected rightfully from that source, only as the planter could make the negro profitable to himself in the future as he had done in the past.

But help for these helpless people must come from some source. Many of them were sick or decrepit from old age or accident, and unable to work for their living. Who should care for them? The South had been discharged from that responsibility by the act of the North in depriving the masters of the command of their slaves; and even were they disposed to care for them, they were too impoverished to do so. In many cases the masters returned to their homes at the end of the war as poor as their bondsmen and much less able to care for themselves.

The negro himself settled the controversy as to who should care for him, by looking to the power that set him free to tell him how to use his freedom. This solution was as simple as it was just. The sociological and financial burden that was thrown upon the North by emancipation was as great, in many respects, as the one that grew out of secession. The North met that responsibility bravely without flinching; generously, without

stint. For the education, protection, and uplifting of the negro, it poured out its wealth without asking return, and gave up of its best citizens without seeking reward.

But in this great work, say some critics and many partisans, "There were great mistakes made." Certainly. The infallible mortal has never been found; and when fallible men seek to solve such a new, and difficult problem, mistakes are unavoidable. There was misappropriation of funds, of course. Even among the carefully selected, twelve apostles of Christ there was one grafter; and the men who, in the stress of emergency, selected the workers among the freedmen in the South may congratulate themselves that the defalcations of their appointees were proportionately not more than one-tenth as great as this.

There was bickering and conflict of authority, and quarreling among the various commissions, schools, and divisions. This is true, too true. But the person who belongs to a lodge that has no differences of opinion, a church that has no quarrel, or a political party without division, let him cast the first stone. If such home organizations formed among friends, and for the purposes of their own good, cannot always agree, how would it be possible for nation-wide ones composed of men of all creeds, nationalities, and conditions, who sometimes carry conflicting instructions covering perhaps overlapping territory, be expected to get along without misunderstandings?

But back, beyond, moving and overshadowing these comparatively petty pitfalls and stumbling blocks, stood the great mass of the Northern people firmly insisting

that a square deal for the greatest good for the greatest number be given. I am proud to say that what I saw and knew of its work during the war and the record of its doings, read without prejudice or partnership, as I have tried to read it, proved that they accomplished their purpose as thoroughly as the times and circumstances would permit.

Every general in the Union army, first met the question and struggled with it in various ways. Butler at Fortress Monroe and New Orleans; Hunter in Georgia and Florida; Sherman at Port Royal and Sea Island; Grant in the Mississippi valley; Fremont at St. Louis; and indeed, every general of independent or semi-independent command, wherever located, found himself with thousands of negroes on his hands to tax his labors by day and break his sleep by night.

To the aid of these perplexed generals came societies like the Educational Association of Boston, the National Freedman's Relief Association of New York, the Friend's Association of Philadelphia, and kindred organizations from cities of any size all over the North. Many of these various commissions and organizations that often interfered with and overlapped each other, had all their differences adjusted and objects harmonized in March, 1865, by being consolidated into the Freedman's Bureau under supervision and control of the United States War Department.

This Bureau was strongly opposed by planters in the South and by the Democratic Party in general. The former insisted that the Bureau placed an obstacle between the negro and his best friend—the Southern man:

and the latter looked upon it as a great Republican political machine, set up needlessly, extravagantly, and unconstitutionally.

The hostility which these opposers felt toward the Bureau, and the Republican Party which formed and supported it, was transferred to and inflicted upon the generally well-meaning, self-sacrificing, intelligent, and frequently cultured agents and employees of that organization. Teachers, male and female, who with missionary zeal devoted themselves to the education of the negroes, found the doors of Southern society, and even Christian communion effectually closed to them. So strong and far-reaching was the opposition and prejudice that any family, even though it be Southern by nativity and residence, who would open its doors to these "detestable nigger teachers," would be as completely ostracized as the guests these families had entertained.

The officers of the Bureau also had no sinecure of easy indulgence: charges of nonfeasance, misfeasance, and malfeasance were constantly being hurled against them by opposing parties at all times, for all things, and sometimes for nothing at all.

Of these charges some were doubtless true, but many, very many, were as groundless, as foolish, and made with as little investigation as the resolution introduced in Congress by Fernando Wood, in 1870, charging General Howard, among other things, with fraudulently receiving three salaries: one as general, one as Commissioner of the Freedman's Bureau, and one as head of Howard University. The slightest investigation would have shown that the accusations were false, and that, like all

other officers employed by the Bureau, the only pay he received was that to which he was entitled by virtue of his rank in the army. The charges must have been made solely for political effect. Upon an investigation by a committee appointed by Congress the General was not only acquitted but complimented.

General O. O. Howard, who was head of the Freedman's Bureau, had commanded the right wing of Sherman's army from "Atlanta to the sea," and in the grand parade at Washington rode by his side as acknowledged equal. He was not only a skilled and trusted officer, but also a Christian gentleman, and in the whole army no officer's record, word, or reputation stood higher. No person who has studied his history, followed the Flag with him, and entertained him at his own table as I have done, could ever believe he would, for a moment, be knowingly connected with anything savoring of corruption. Errors in such a vast government were certain, mistakes unavoidable, and accidents sure to happen, but fraud, by him, never should be thought of.

He divided the South into eleven districts, and as Assistant Commissioners to conduct their affairs, appointed eleven well known and approved army officers. The Assistant Commissioners again appointed sub-officers, largely from those already holding commissions in the army. These appointments, more than anything else could have done, assured a capable and honest conduct of affairs.

Whatever else can be said of the officers of the army, the rule is that when they have been placed in charge of affairs of this kind (in the Indian Bureau or elsewhere)

their sense of honor has been high, their sympathy with their charges has been acute, their sense of justice equitable, and their temptation to go wrong zero. They had every reason to do their best; their future promotion and standing in the army depended upon their success.

In spite of the fact that the South ostracised the negro teachers sent them by the Bureau and in places burned the churches and schoolhouses built for them, still it expended on education alone, between June 1, 1865, and September, 1871, over five million dollars. At that date it had 4239 schools, 9307 teachers, and 247,333 day and Sunday pupils. Other charitable Northern organizations also spent for the same purpose large amounts of money and with as satisfactory results.

Relief was extended to all who needed it, black or white, Union or Secessionist alike. The Bureau possessed at various times sixty-seven hospitals and asylums, at which were treated 579,296 cases, black and white; and probably over a million cases had outside treatment. Over a million rations were distributed to needy whites and blacks, and nearly eight hundred thousand dollars were expended in returning these persons to their homes from which they had been driven, or sending them where labor could be obtained.

The Bureau also stood as "next friend" to the negro in all business transactions; made his contracts and saw that they were fulfilled; secured him reasonable wages and saw they were paid; appeared for him in court when without such aid he could not have enforced his rights; and at all times tried to perform the object of its mission. This mission, briefly told, was to see that the destitute

of any color were helped, and that the condition of the black man did not become, what it at one time threatened to be, more unendurable under freedom than it had been under slavery.

In reckoning the sources of help for the freedman, the assistance of the kindly and well-disposed among his former masters must not be forgotten. These men were then, and still are, the negroes' best friends. They would have been glad to see the negro collect property and build a home for his family. Some of them were willing the black man should testify in court, and even vote, provided he would cast his ballot as the white man wished.

However, judging by the laws passed by the Southern state governments during the period of the Johnsonian Plan, when they might and did pass such legislation as they saw fit regarding the negro, there were not enough of such liberally disposed men to protect the freedman from a peonage that was worse than the vanished hereditary slavery. For example, take the "Black Code" of Louisiana, as reported by Judge Tourjee, which was enacted after the war to control the freedman. These laws required that all agricultural laborers should be compelled to make contracts for the year within the first twelve days of January; and if they did not do so, they were arrested as vagrants and their labor sold by the sheriff at public auction to the highest bidder. Once the contract was made, or the vagrant bought, he was not allowed to leave the plantation of the buyer or contractor except by permission. If so found away from home by the patrol, he could be arrested and punished as in the days of slavery. The master was permitted to be the only judge in making deductions in the freedman's wages, and

for almost any possible cause. Thus it would seem the freedman would have left, at the end of the year, only so much money as the master in his bounty was willing he should possess.

When one considers that the costs which the so-called freedman had to pay for arrests for vagrancy were from thirty to fifty dollars, and that planters often combined to reduce the sums paid for their labor to as low sometimes as two dollars a month, it does not take long to conclude that, bad as Mexican peonage is, it would be preferable to the condition of the freedman under the Black Laws enacted by some Southern States before reconstruction.

The ideas of the just and generous Southern men found no expression in the Black Codes because they were outnumbered. There were two elements, which, for different reasons, thought Judge Taney correct and that the "negro had no rights that the white man was bound to respect." They were, first, the great planters who had always worked the negro from daylight to dark, and pushed him without mercy to squeeze every dollar possible out of his labor; and second, the "poor white trash" whose jealousy would not permit a "nigger" to possess more property than they held. Their slogan was, "A nigger shall not ride a hoss when a white man has to walk."

This feeling was no local affair; it was general throughout the slave states, and was the natural result of centuries of slavery. So strong was it that whenever a negro by industry and economy had succeeded in reaching that acme of negro ambition, "forty acres of land and a

mule," he would be likely to receive, and in many cases did receive, a notice something like this: "The Regulators has met and decided that no nigger shan't be allowed to own no hoss nor run no crop on his own account here arter. Now we gives you three days to get away, ef your here when that time is over, the buzzards would have a bait that has been right scarce since the war was over."

And the worst of it was, if the negro did not leave the country the threat was likely to be made good—even to the ham-stringing of his horses, the destruction of his property, or the assault, mahem, or murder of himself and family. There is no necessity of quoting any authority to prove this statement; it can be found amply proven in the report of the joint Congressional Committee touching these matters. This report comprises thirteen close-printed, octavo volumes, six thousand pages, all concerning matters of this kind.

This period of jealousy has not died out yet. I witnessed a curious exhibition of it one evening in a club room at Mobile, Alabama, where I had been hospitably received and my sick body made gratefully comfortable. A squad of Southern young men, who had been brought up in idleness and with the antipathy of that section to manual labor, were discussing the negro question and criticising their state officials for expending the state moneys in educating "baboons." Just then an old planter, apparently of the broad-minded, generous type I have tried to describe, came in. This man, after listening awhile to their half-formed opinions and illogical views, finally interrupted by saying:

"Do you want me to tell what is the matter with you fellows?" The young men were surprised, but finally agreed they did want that information.

"Well," continued the old planter, "I go along the street in the city and see a big business block being erected. Who is building it? It's not you fellows, it's the niggers. I see a great bridge being built, who's doing the work? It's not you fellows, it's the niggers. I see in the suburban parts of the city little bungalows being constructed, surrounded by gardens making cozy homes for wives and kids. Whose are they? They don't belong to you fellows, they're owned by the niggers. I tell you right now what's the matter with every one of you: d—n you, you are jealous."

One strictly essential safeguard to freedom which the Southern governments established by Johnson failed to give the colored man, although they had three years in which to do it, was to bestow upon him the right of being able to protect his life, liberty, and property by going into court and testifying in cases of controversy between him and the white man. One of their speakers outlined the almost universal sentiment of the South, at that time, when he said, "What! Allow a nigger to testify? We've been outraged and insulted. Our best men have been put under ban; but we have not got so low as to submit to that, yet. Our rights are too sacred to be put at the mercy of negro perjurors."

It was certainly hard for a white man to be brought into court by a former slave whom he had ever looked upon as being a chattel, little higher than his dog or his

horse. But if that man was now free and permitted to live in the community, it was a right that he certainly must possess.

The most potent and disturbing factor affecting the progress of the freedmen was the Ku Klux Klan. It is contended by the South that this organization, bad as it finally proved to be, was urgently necessary to prevent the entire ruin of the Southern states by negro votes under the Reconstruction Government set up by federal authority in 1868. That the best citizens of the South were convinced of the need of this organization to prevent their being altogether submerged by what they feared would become a negro semi-civilization or savagery is certain. That the Ku Klux Klan was eventually used for this purpose is true, but that it was organized for that purpose is not so clear.

The Reconstruction government was not organized until July, 1868, and before that time the Ku Klux Klan was in full operation all over the South. In the first nine months of that year, 1868, there were eighteen hundred and sixty-two cases of maltreating, wounding, and killing in one state alone. This shows that the Ku Klux Klan was not organized because of what Reconstruction had done, although it may have been established from fear of what they supposed it might do.

It was the legitimate successor of the patrol system of slavery by which bands of young men were detailed nightly to patrol the county and see that negroes kept their place, flogging or otherwise chastising those they found out of bounds as circumstances or sentiment suggested. Then, their vocation was not only legal, but by

slave law required, and they went without disguise. Now their acts were illegal, and they covered themselves and their horses completely with grotesque uniforms and terrified the superstitious darkey population by representing themselves as ghosts from the battle fields of the late war.

To convince the negro of their ghostly nature they resorted to many devices. One was to call for a drink of water, and when cup or gourd was so filled and handed to them they would say, "No, give me the bucket." Then, with aid of a viewless contrivance, they would drink the whole bucketful, and with a sigh of satisfaction exclaim, "That's the first drink I've had since I was killed at Gettysburg." The ghostly visitors then gave the frightened blacks orders as to what they were to do or not to do to avoid being haunted in future in some worse manner.

Even the better class of Southern people thought such "visitations" were justifiable for the purpose of preventing the negro from voting the Republican ticket, and the purpose was accomplished. The white voters regained the control of the state government. Nor was the rejoicing for this accomplishment confined to the Southern states; the North wanted only to see the negro have a chance; it never for a moment wanted to see him in his ignorance rule the Saxon race. To this purpose the better people of the South expected the Ku Klux Klan to confine its operations, but, as is usual when illegal measures are invoked, the unlawful force becomes unmanageable, and may prove a veritable "Frankenstein" to perplex its creator. The doctrine that "the ends justify the means" often brings results that may destroy its sponsors.

Thus the Ku Klux Klan, so far as the better part of the Southerners knew and authorized, was organized simply to frighten and to keep away from the polls enough negroes so that the whites could control their several states. Finding safety in their disguise, entire immunity from punishment for their proceedings, and realizing they could do anything they wished without hazard to themselves, the members of the Klan naturally progressed from ghostly visitations to whipping and maltreatment, from whipping and maltreatment to arson and mahem, and from these to robbery and murder. So atrocious were some of these crimes that Reverdy Johnson, counsel for a Ku Klux man under indictment, horrified by the testimony against his own client, threw up his hands and exclaimed, "It is simply savagery, for which there can be no excuse nor palliation."

The motion picture play, "The Birth of a Nation," which was exhibited in 1917-1918, introduces a view upon which is quoted the statement made by Judge Tourgee to the effect that the casualties during the Ku Klux Klan's domination were greater than those at Gettysburgh. This would indicate over fifty thousand killed, or mutilated.

Whether this estimate is too small or too large, I do not know, but I do know something which the motion picture does not state, namely, that with very few exceptions, these so estimated fifty thousand victims were helpless negroes or Union men. Further, that scarcely one of them had a chance to die or defend himself in fair fight, but was aroused at the midnight hour by overpowering bands of armed men, who, at their pleasure

and without danger to themselves, worked their fiendish desire upon him—a purpose as brutal as that of a Sioux Indian in the heat of retaliatory warfare.

Who committed all these outrages? Was it the chivalry of the South? God forbid! They started the movement for the purpose mentioned, and then "went to sleep at the switch." They realized not what was being done, and when the bottom dropped out of the whole thing they were horrified, and were glad to see the creature they had created brought to the bar of justice, condemned, and destroyed.

Should a Southern man, almost anywhere in the South, be asked the question, "How are you getting along with the negroes in your section?" the reply would very likely be in effect, "We are getting along nicely. We have the niggers down and they are making no trouble." The question of "keeping the negro down" is one having many phases, applications and explanations. He may be kept down politically, he may be kept down socially, he may be kept down educationally, or he may be kept down industrially. Each proposition may be right or wrong according to the interpretation placed upon it.

Take the first statement. If the negro is prevented from exercising the elective franchise by Ku Klux Klan methods, it is not only barbarous but criminal. But if he is prevented from voting as is now done in most of the Southern states, by making the just demand that every elector should be able to read his ballot, and that before he casts it he should have paid his taxes, it is a step toward true democracy and is worthy of emulation. I for one would be glad to see it incorporated into the laws of my own Northern state of Iowa.

The other propositions are equally open to as many definitions and explanations. I care not here to discuss them further than to say, a race can not be "kept down" by any method however gentle, just, or necessary, without to a greater or less degree, placing a handicap upon its upward progress. This fact should be kept in mind as we consider what the negro has accomplished, despite his handicap, since he gained his freedom.

My personal observation also shows that the negro is moving not towards barbarism as has often been said but away from it, and considering his handicap, is making most satisfactory strides in that direction. In Mississippi, in about the blackest parts of the negro South, I asked a doctor of my acquaintance, "How are the negroes getting along here now?"

He replied, "Fine, sir, fine. Why, there is that Sam. I had a sick case in his family and I never expected to get a cent for it, but I met him the other day and I said, 'Sam when are you going to pay me for those visits?' and what does the blamed black rascal do but put his hand in his pocket and take out a check book and give me a check for it." Barbarians do not usually have checking accounts in the bank.

I asked a storekeeper at another place the same question. His answer was, "Splendid, A darkey by the name of Pompey owed me about three thousand dollars for horses, seed and provisions, and he paid me out of this year's crop over two thousand dollars." Barbarians do not usually have a credit of three thousand dollars, and it is more rare still when they earn and pay two thousand dollars as the result of one year's labor.

I found, not only here but everywhere, that the negroes were making every sacrifice to permit their children to attend all school privileges that were offered them. I think they were much more appreciative of such opportunities than the poor whites. I was told of one case where a poor white man moved from the mountains into town and placed his children in the factory to work for wages in place of in the school for education. His wife from the proceeds of the children's labor, having more money than she ever possessed before, played the lady and hired a black woman to do her work. It turned out that the black servant was the owner of the house in which the white lady lived as tenant. The black house owner was still working hard that her children might have an education; the white tenant was depriving hers of their schooling to have a chance to play lady. This yarn may not be true but I have seen some things that looked very much like it.

I noted the little churches scattered around the country and saw the weekly attendance that there assembled with their respectable conveyances, cleanly dressed men, and brilliantly clad women. Barbarians do not spend money freely to maintain any form of Christian worship. Whoever called these people barbarians made a mistake.

When I was in the South during the Civil War there was no negro church organization. The preacher at a negro meeting was almost sure to be slave, and being a slave could neither read nor write. He was usually a man of some psychologic force, enthusiastic, honest, and could lead the singing. With this slight equipment he

was able to carry his less intelligent audience where he would. The gathering (for it lacked the organization that the term congregation would imply) was mostly composed of slaves, present from adjoining plantations by consent of their masters. They were simple, impulsive, and excitable nearly to the point of hysteria.

When the minister came to his sermon little was expected of him—it was thought the Lord would by some miraculous power fill his mouth with words fit for the occasion. The Lord may have performed such miracles at some time or place, but never when I was present. No matter how stumblingly the pastor may have been proceeding he would be encouraged by loud shouts of, "Amen! Bless the Lord! Glory! Hallelujah!" interspersed by inimitable negro songs and the "Patting of Juba." The excitement would rise higher and higher, the people eventually jumping, laughing and crying, until, in the excitement, some fainted, some went into an apparent trance, and the whole scene resembled a savage incantation rather than a Christian service. Such was negro worship during slavery, and such it was during the time near and succeeding the Civil War. As such I have remembered it, as such I think the large part of the Northern people still think of it.

It follows without saying that I was not prepared for the change I found. From the directory of the city of San Antonio, Texas, I chanced to select the Second Baptist Church for investigation. I went to the designated location and stopped—I must have made a mistake—this beautiful, eighty thousand dollar edifice, that would ornament any town or city, North or South, could not be the negro church I was looking for. I returned for

further investigation, and after ascertaining that the fine building I had located was really the negro church, I then looked for the pastor.

I found him in his study, a courteous, colored gentleman, and a college graduate who did not murder the king's English as atrociously as I myself did. I learned that the edifice was nearly paid for, that the church had a congregation of about two thousand regular attendants, and twelve hundred actual church communicants. It had an annual budget for church expenses of four thousand five hundred dollars, besides other special collections for building and missionary funds. Beyond all this, they, as scrupulously as the Jew, took care of their own poor, permitting none either to beg or become dependent upon the city. This is a showing that would do honor to any white congregation.

This is not the only negro church in the city. There are five others of equal standing as to pastor, membership, attendance, wealth, and equipment. Also there are fifteen smaller ones, but among the whole fifteen smaller congregations there is not one pastor who has not had at least a normal school training. The advance here shown, in a religious way, stands as an illustration and symbol of the negro's growth in other directions.

In lower Tennessee, near the Alabama line, I interviewed the white merchant of a small town, the center of a cotton growing district. "Do you supply the negro croppers with what they need to raise their cotton?"

"Yes, certainly, I do or some other man in town does."

"Do you get your pay?"

"Every time."

"Does the cropper have anything left after paying you?"

"Sometimes he does have quite a lot, and sometimes he does not. When he comes out with a surplus he has one grand, glorious time, and when he comes out short he and his family live on the slavery ration of a peck of corn a week and a little bacon, *and are still the happiest people in the world in either condition.*"

"Are any of them getting ahead?"

"Oh yes; there is John, and Henry, and Sam and Bill, who own their own farms, and old man Day, who can draw as large a check and have it honored, and discount at the bank as big a note of his own making as any man in the country."

Continuing the examination, I asked. "Are there any white men growing cotton here?"

"Not to any perceptible degree," he answered.

"What would you do if the negroes should stop raising cotton?"

"If the negroes did not raise cotton, or some other paying crop, we should have to shut up our stores and move out, for there are not enough white men who will work on a farm to keep us in the salt we want on our potatoes."

On the street of a not far-away city, I met a darkey, who with a broad grin, saluted me by saying, "I know what dat ar button means," and he pointed to my Grand Army of the Republic insignia on the lapel of my coat.

"If you know that," I replied, "I guess you are an ex-slave."

"Deed, I is, massa," he answered.

"Well," I continued, "How are you getting along?"

"Fine, massa, fine. I owns a quarter section ob land all paid for, and plenty stock and machinery to work it. Ise all right, sure."

Down in the Yazoo delta, I understand more than half of the negroes own their own farms in sizes ranging from forty to six hundred acres, and that one negro there living is worth seventy-five to eighty thousand dollars with quite a number of others crowding him for a close second.

In Kentucky I talked with an old time ex-planter, and asked him how they were getting along with the negroes?

"All right," said he. "We have got them down and they are making no trouble, though they were a great deal better off in slavery."

"How do you make that out?" I replied.

"Well," he answered, "they are so improvident and reckless. They are receiving good wages and will work a while until they get a bunch of money together and then, like all niggers, they will have a grand time, perhaps buy an auto and joy-ride until the cash has disappeared, then go to work again."

"Like all niggers!" Yes, thought I, the negro is "the happiest man on earth" and is bound to have a good time if possible, even though there may be dark days ahead. Here comes to me a thought. Should we not take a leaf out of their philosophy, we Saxons, who work hard all our lives, never having a grand, good time, just so we may leave money that likely will do our children more

harm than good? In my mind I could not help contrasting the slave as I saw him in 1861-5, working from daylight until dark, living on plantation rations and dressed in plantation clothes, with these joy-riders the planter described. The idea that their former condition was better than the latter is absurd.

They do not all spend thoughtlessly everything they make. A very large part of their number are saving more or less of their income. While pleasure-walking through one Southern city I passed a new, very tasteful, and apparently commodious bungalow. A colored man was putting on some finishing touches around the yard, and I said to him, "That's a cozy looking bungalow. Whose is it?"

He straightened himself up, his face shone with honest pride as he answered, "It is mine, sir, and it is paid for."

I complimented him by saying, "You have done well to save money enough to build such a fine home for yourself and family."

"I hab not done so well as I ort to," he replied. "I might just as well had one or two more like dis if I had only sabed my money and not spent it as fast as I earned it. But I done stopped dat ar foolishness now."

"It is too bad more of your race do not follow your example," I said.

"They are doin' it now," said the negro. "Mong de workin' men dat I know, mos' every one dat is earnin' twelve dollars a week or mo is makin' payment on some lot or buildin' for a home. I ain't de only one here dat

has got his own house. Dat, and dat, all is owned by negroes," and he pointed out nearly one-third of the houses within sight.

But these are all individual and special cases; how about the negro as a whole? There is but one place where authoritative information on that subject can be found, and that is the United States Census Reports. It is unfortunate that 1910 is the latest compilation of facts available, because, from my personal observation there has been no time when the negro has advanced as rapidly as since that year up to the present time, 1919.

Therefore, it should be kept strongly in mind that the progress of the race is very much greater than the figures I am able to produce from the last Census Report. From facts therein stated, I find that in five of the Southern states, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana, the negroes operated from forty to sixty per cent of all the farms in those states, and in the South alone upon the farms owned or rented by negroes, they raised in 1910, as shown in round numbers:

Two hundred and seventy million dollars worth of cotton.

Seventy-seven million dollars worth of corn.

Forty-seven million dollars worth of cotton-seed.

Ten million dollars worth of tobacco.

Seven million dollars worth of sweet potatoes.

Five million dollars worth of hay.

Also oats and other produce, making the amount produced from field crops nearly five hundred million dollars, all this upon farms owned or operated by negroes.

They own in fee simple 221,535 farms, of which 174,853 are fully paid for. They also own 285,055 city and town homes, of which 214,884 are free of incumbrance and fully paid for.

To state the fact in round numbers and a little plainer: the negro, either as owner or renter, operated nearly two million homes, including both city and farm. Of these he owned about five hundred thousand, and of those that he owned, seventy-five per cent were free from incumbrance and fully paid for. The value of the farms belonging to the blacks alone, together with the property thereon, in 1910 was over two billion dollars and I think at the present time it would be nearly double that amount.

This census shows there were of persons not gainfully employed, white male, nineteen and four-tenths per cent; of negro male, twelve and six-tenths per cent; of white female, eighty-two and three-tenths per cent; and negro female, forty-five and two-tenths per cent. The eighty-seven and four-tenths per cent of the negroes who were gainfully employed could be found in every condition, trade, and profession from that of cleaning the pig pen to filling the pulpit or professor's chair.

In regarding illiteracy, the negroes are making rapid progress. As I have said before, they are keen to embrace every opportunity given them for education, I think the various state legislatures of the South have been providing for their needs in that direction as fully as their finances will permit. From an illiteracy of one hundred per cent at emancipation, these people have reduced the rates to fifteen and one-tenth per cent in 1910, and it is doubtless still less at the present time.

This showing of the progress that the freedman has made—religiously, educationally, and materially—is more than could reasonably be expected. The wonder is, not that he has advanced so little, but that considering his handicaps he has progressed so far as he has.

There is only one thing that the Census records show as detrimental to his standing, and that is capable of a partial explanation. This is where his record, *in proportion to numbers,* shows more than twice as many delinquents among the negro as among the white population. But the Census itself cautions against accepting these figures as proofs of actual offenses having been committed, and gives the following reasons why they should not be so accepted:

1. Racial prejudice, which impels prosecution of the negro sooner than the white man. 2. A negro once accused is more likely to be without friends or money to make adequate defense. 3. If fine or imprisonment is the penalty, lack of money may compel the black man to receive the latter in place of the former. In addition to these three causes urged by the Census, I add two more reasons which the negroes state with great probability of truth. 4. If a white man intends committing a crime, he is likely to black his face and pretend to be a negro. 5. Where laws against gambling are enforced it is comparatively easy to catch the negro at his game of craps, while the white man in his club room, playing his game of poker, is rarely arrested.

When these causes are taken into consideration, the delinquencies of the black man are probably not more than his previous history and condition might lead us to

expect, especially when we must consider that a very large proportion of illiterates and many of the delinquents are the degenerate products of slavery time.

Since the world began, no nation has from the depths of abject slavery, in a short half century, made the advance, intellectually and materially, that the negro has. It was slow at first, but is now increasing more rapidly and, properly used—as I believe it will be—this advancement will make of these people such a substantial and essential part of our future nation that we could not well get along without them.

CHAPTER XVI

PROVIDENCE AND IMPROVIDENCE OF THE FREEDMAN

It is the easiest and most usual thing in the world to be mistaken. In common with a very large majority of white people both North and South, I had the idea if there was anything settled regarding the negro, it was that he spent his money lavishly and thoughtlessly; and when helplessness and old age overtook him he settled comfortably into the almshouses of the Saxon for maintenance.

To my surprise I have found that, however foolishly he may spend his money, it is false that he has an abnormal tendency toward the poor house. The census statistics show, out of each hundred thousand persons of each race, there are in the almshouses of the United States, a little over sixty-nine negroes, sixty-seven native whites, and two hundred and forty-nine foreign-born whites. This would make the average of the two classes of whites a little over one hundred and sixty-three, which is more than double the number of so-called improvident and lazy negroes. The reading of this riddle, which I think I found by personal investigation, I am glad to report.

The first explanation I found in the fact that the churches of San Antonio did not permit their members to receive outside help. But the actions of a few congregations did not impress me as of great moment in effecting any total result.

I was still so obsessed with the idea that when I was talking with the principal of one of the colored schools of the city, a white man, who had spent twenty-nine years as teacher among the colored people, I still was bemoaning the idea that the negro spent his money foolishly and let the white man care for him when disaster came. The professor stopped me and said, "Mr. Burnap, you are mistaken; the average negro today is saving his wages more closely and investing them more carefully than the average white man or Mexican, and further, calls for less help than either of the last named." The statement was a shock to all my previous ideas. I did not believe it, and was ungentlemanly enough to tell him so. He replied, "So far as the saving and investing of his money is concerned, that is the result of my observation and difficult of proof or disproof. But so far as charity help is concerned, that is a matter of statistics and you can very easily find out whether I am telling the truth or not by consulting the proper authorities."

As I did want to know the truth I went directly to the office of the United Charities of that city and consulted the workers who were white people. I found the professor was right. The information there given me proved that, according to relative numbers of the different races, the negroes made fewer applications for relief than either the whites or Mexicans; that his fewer applications were for shorter time, demanded less money, and usually had more satisfactory result. It was up to me to eat humble pie. I immediately sought out the professor and thanked him for setting me right in the matter, so far as San Antonio was concerned.

But was the fact general? Was it not a local condition applying to this particular city? I concluded to investigate. I went to Houston, and consulted the superintendent of charity work. She was not prepared to give definite figures; she thought in proportion to population there was not much difference, but what difference existed was in favor of the negroes.

I went to Galveston. The secretary of charity work said, "It is not true that the negroes are beggars; on the contrary they do not ask help when they should, and we many times have to seek out the needy and deserving cases. Up to a year ago there was no record kept of money distributed separately to the black and white people, but the idea was so strong and prevalent and complaints so many that the negroes were receiving an undue and unjust proportion of the funds that this year I have kept the expenditures separate with the following result: Galveston's population is substantially two-thirds white one-third black, consequently the blacks would be entitled to one-third of the charity money. They have drawn only one-fourth, and there are many well-to-do negroes in the city who contribute to the fund, perhaps as much or even more than is drawn by them." That answered the question for Galveston.

I met a charity worker from Oklahoma, who told me that in the town where she worked the pro rata applications for relief from the negroes were proportionally less than they were from the whites.

At Jackson, Mississippi, the Secretary of the Associated Charities said, "We have a few families of colored people whom we care for, but they do not make calls

upon the society nearly so much as white people. Whether it is because they are afraid to, or because the black people take care of their own race, I do not know."

Finally I went to St. Louis. Here, if anywhere, should be a gathering of those who demanded charity aid, because St. Louis is the mecca of every down-and-out negro in the greater part of the South. A darkey who cannot make a living anywhere else goes to St. Louis. If the negroes are not demanding special aid here, I doubt if they are doing it in any part of the United States.

I found that the usual United Charity work is here done by the St. Louis Provident Association. All cases coming to its attention, whether from the white or black, are given equal and personal examinations, and such assistance rendered as seems desirable, without regard to color or race.

In its reports, they have not kept the financial help given the negro separate, but they have so segregated them under the head of "Family Assisted." The year 1916-1917, its workers told me, was a fairly normal year, and during the twelve months from November first to October thirty-first next there were three thousand five hundred and sixty-three families assisted, of which six hundred and nineteen were colored. The proportion of colored population of St. Louis to white is practically ten per cent. Figured upon this basis, this ten per cent of the city's population has received seventeen per cent of the "assistance." But the term "assistance" does not mean financial help; it may, and most frequently does, mean advice, situations found, or differences adjusted. Under the heading of "material assistance" they record

all help consisting of moneys furnished or articles that cost money to procure. Under this head, of three hundred and twenty-two black families "assisted," only forty-one received material help; at the same time of eleven hundred and seventy-eight white families so "assisted," three hundred and seventy-eight had material help, and in each case usually double what a black family would require. Only twelve per cent of the blacks and thirty-two per cent of the whites "assisted" had received material aid. This shows what the negroes wanted largely was advice, and what the whites wanted was cash; and the negro, here as elsewhere, so far as material help was concerned, was the donee of the much smaller proportional amount.

I ascertained during this investigation a fact which I did not before know, and which I think is not generally understood, namely, that the negro, like the Jew, has in a great degree that racial pride which Booker Washington so earnestly tried to cultivate; a pride which impels him to the best of his ability to care for his own race. By the combined efforts of their secret societies, their insurance and burial associations, and their churches, they are coming a close second to the Jewish race in the good work of caring for their own people.

It is a mistake to suppose that the negro in his prosperity does not think of the future; some phases of it he considers more closely than the white man. Very few men or women among the white race have their funerals provided and paid for; there are very few negroes (at least in the cities of the South) who have not so arranged for their final exit from this world. By small weekly or

monthly payments, which perhaps have continued for many years, they have assured themselves of a fitting burial. The inference follows without saying, that a race which will almost uniformly make provision for death would not be entirely neglectful regarding disease and old age; and it is a fact that a very large proportion carry old age and accident insurance.

There is one senseless illusion, more or less current, both North and South. I have found it everywhere, even among the summer-outing lakes of the park region of Minnesota. It was stated to me there by a broad-minded man of education and culture, a minister of the gospel. He believed that the negro was better off as a slave than as a free man. I asked him if he had ever seen the negro in slavery. No, he had not. I asked him if he had visited the South since emancipation. No, nor had he ever been south of Mason and Dixon's line. I asked him upon what grounds he based his opinion and he replied,

"The Southerners say so and they ought to know."

"What part of the Southerners say so?" I enquired.

"Both blacks and whites," he replied, "and that should be positive proof."

He was right when he said both whites and blacks make the statement, but he would also have been equally correct had he said that both blacks and whites made exactly the reverse of it. Some men of both races make it but the white man has doubts of its truth; the black man tells it and doesn't believe a single word of it; and both sides have, for them, sufficient reasons for their statement.

The average ex-planter honestly believes today that slavery is dead; that it was a bad Institution for the nation and for both the blacks and whites. But he likes to think that the negro was better off as a slave, because, if that be true, the crime of his fathers is to a large extent justified. It is not strange that he should feel that way, and when his father's old slaves come to him and tell how much better off they were in slavery he begins to believe it and tells it as a fact to his Northern visitor.

So much for the planter. What of the negro?

He does not believe a single syllable of what he says in that regard, and would fight to his death against any return to slavery. He has not the slightest idea of again exposing his back to the lash or robbing his children of their schools and plunging them back into the ignorance of darkest Africa. He has not the slightest wish to exchange his comfortable wages or his self-tilled and perhaps self-owned acres and personal freedom for a peck of corn and three pounds of pork a week, constant servitude and confinement to plantation bounds; nor has he the faintest desire to have his boys sold to a slave trader for a foreign market, his daughter to the city underworld, or his wife prostituted by some brutal overseer. Not for a second would we have any of these things again occur.

Then why does he say, "I was better off in slavery?" Simply for this reason: centuries of life as a slave, the horrors of the Ku Klux Klan, and fifty years as a freedman have taught him he gets along with the white man much better when he agrees with him. He is keen enough to know there is not the slightest danger of his again being made a slave; he has found out the Southern people

like to hear his song and as they like to hear it and it costs nothing to sing it, it is entirely inside the scope of the negro's philosophy to give it to them, especially when an expected favor or generous tip may be forthcoming at the end of the melody.

I have spent so much time in the South that I am sometimes taken for a Southerner. One day a young colored dandy picked me up on the dock at Mobile and started the music. He had evidently sized me up as a planter from up the river, and calculated to sing a dollar or two out of me. "Fo de lub of ole times, Boss." The fellow was young, better dressed than I, and apparently never had done an honest day's work in his life. I listened until an old negro who had evidently been a slave was passing, when I stopped him, saying, "See here, Uncle, this young chap says you negroes were better off as slaves than now when free. I guess you have been a slave, what do you think about it?" The old man turned in scorn to the young blood, and replied: "Dat blamed fool, coffee-colored nigger don't know wat he talking about. Snake dem fancy clos off him; put him in an ol plantation suit, and git ma ol massa's oberseer arter him and he change his tune *mighty quick sure.*"

The fact is, neither the Northerner nor the Southerner can stand cross-examination upon this subject. Should you commence to ask them what phase of slavery the negro is especially anxious to return to, they immediately hedge by saying, "Oh, we don't mean whipping and keeping them in ignorance and selling them—that was all wrong; we mean their personal, physical condition." In other words, they mean slavery without force, without ignorance, without barter and sale—an absolute impos-

sibility. As well might you expect to have the Christian religion without Christ as slavery without those three elements.

Then again, should the negro voluntarily desire to remain a slave, the absence of any motive to constrain his acts would so ruin his economic value that John Randolph's ultimatum would come true, "If the negro did not run away from his master, the master would have to run away from his slave."

But for argument's sake, we will admit the impossible and try to compare two conditions that are really incomparable. The slaves were practically divided into two classes—house servants and field hands. The house servants were the aristocracy of the race; the brighter, more intelligent, and more reliable. But they had no wages, must be in constant attendance on the master or mistress, and were under constant control. They ate the remains from their owner's table,—which without doubt was plenty—dressed in cast off clothes, often little worn and very fine. As a rule they had no private rooms in the main house or elsewhere, but slept in halls and passages or in outbuildings. They could not leave the house without permission, or be out of town at any time or in town after curfew without a written pass. Compare that condition with the negro aristocracy of today: the educated and successful lawyers, doctors, ministers, teachers, business men, and expert mechanics, with their homes and families around them, all free to go where pleasure might suggest or business dictate. It requires no argument to decide these freemen have infinitely more of personal comfort and intellectual satisfaction in life, to say nothing of liberty and possession of family and property.

Take the field hands as compared with the wage-earners of today. Each week the field hand was given a peck of corn and three pounds of salt pork, which in ordinary times would not cost more than seventy-five cents, and during the year, clothing that would cost not over twelve dollars—statistics quoted elsewhere say eight. This would make his weekly wages less than a dollar *a week,* which agrees with actual experience elsewhere shown. In ordinary times, he now earns as a freedman from one to three dollars *a day,* and in these present war times from two to five dollars *a day.* Again, with the wage worker as with the house servant, there appears a condition that requires no debate to establish his present incalculably superior condition. I never found a black man honestly speaking who did not say it was foolish to consider otherwise.

A successful business man, born a slave in Virginia, sold and sent to Texas, who had worked upon plantations and also had been a house servant, told me "an ordinary wage worker in the city today is ten times better off than a plantation slave of the past"; also "the condition of the higher and more intelligent portion of the negroes now is so far above that of house servants that no comparison could be made."

A retired negro preacher said that he was a slave, full-grown, when emancipation came. He was a house servant for a while, then hired his time of his master and worked for a firm of negro traders who bought slaves in Virginia and sold them in the Southwest. He had seen slavery in all its forms, and he stoutly asserted that house servants were the best used of all slaves, yet a negro in

the lowest industrial position, a daily wage earner, is today ten times better off *in every way* than such house servants though privileged as they were.

Both these men told me that they never heard a negro say when talking frankly among themselves that they were in *any way* better off as slaves.

The principal of the colored high school at San Antonio was surprised when I asked him the question, and refused to believe there were any people who even thought slaves were better off *in any respect than freedmen;* I had to prove by instances and facts of such opinion before I could make him believe I was in earnest. Then he said, very indignantly, "The idea is preposterous and has no foundation whatever in fact."

Another man, principal of a graded school, said, "I have taught and been constantly with negroes twenty-nine years, in country and city, sometimes where the whites persecuted the blacks almost unbearably, but I never heard a negro say he was in any respect better off as a slave."

The last resort of those who believe the slave was better off than the freedman is to admit, as they are compelled to, that the negroes who have won professions, or are teaching, or in paying business, or even wage earners, are better off; but they insist that they are improvident, do not save their money, and when they get old they have no one to care for them now as when in slavery. However little money the freedman may save, he certainly accumulates more than he did in slavery, and I think I have shown that the care and assistance the negro people mutually give each other is more abundant

and far preferable to the doled and uncertain sustenance of their former owners. If I have not made my argument clear allow me to call some expert evidence.

She was hobbling through the street of San Antonio, gray-haired, bent double with age, crippled, but her eye was keen and her mind alert.

"How old are you, Auntie?" I asked.

"Lawsy, child! I'se near a hundred," she replied—a favorite age for an old darkey.

"Where were you born?"

"In ol Kentuck, Massa."

"Then you have been a slave?"

"Yes, Massa, many, many years."

"Were you a field hand or a house servant?"

"I war a field han' until I boke my shoulder, thar, as you see, den I war in de house."

"Now, Auntie, I am one of those 'Yanks' who came down here and helped set you free, and now people up North are telling me that you were better off as slaves. I want to know what you think. Was it a good or a poor job done when you were set free?"

"Law, Massa! It was a mighty good job—a mighty good job; I can't tell how good it was cause *we's free now.*"

"Yes, I understand that, Auntie; nobody can buy and sell you, but we will pass that by; I want to know about your personal comforts. Do you darkies as a whole have more or less to eat than you had as slaves?"

"We gets lots mo' to eat and its better dan de ration of pork and corn we had on de plantation."

"How about clothes; are they better or poorer?"

"Law, Massa, dey ar lots better now dan den."

"Now, Auntie, I don't mind what you darkies tell to the white people, but when darkies talk among themselves, did you ever hear any of them say that they were better off when slaves than when free?"

"Nebber, sir, nebber, and a darky would be a low down, no count, crazy nigger who would say so."

And having so expressed her utmost scorn at the foolish idea, she hobbled away. This was what might be called "expert evidence" on that question; it certainly is not hearsay. She had been helpless and sick both as a slave and a free woman, and was fully qualified to testify.

Here is another person also fully able to qualify as a witness. She was over seventy years old, living in St. Louis. She said: "I was a pretty well-grown girl at emancipation. I was a house servant in Nashville, Tennessee. House servants did not have rooms to themselves, but slept on the floor, in halls, or outside rooms. I am a great deal better off now. Although it is sometimes hard to work to get things to eat and wear, I have more than I would get as a slave, to say nothing of being my own boss and not being in danger of a whipping at the whim of some one else. Anyone who says a negro was better off as a slave is a fool. He better go 'way back and sit down."

I could fill a volume with such interviews were it desirable, but they would all be testimony to the same condition—a needless repetition. The epitome of the

whole may be condensed into this: In all my investigation I have never met a negro who sincerely said or thought he was better off in any respect in slavery than in freedom, and I have never met one who had heard another negro honestly express that idea. The whole proposition is false: the black man is incomparably better off as a freedman. He is not falling into barbarism; he is rising into civilization, very slowly at first, but now with increasing rapidity.

Whether we like it or not, the negro is with us to stay. He is too numerous to send away to any foreign land even if he wanted to go, and he does not wish to leave us, nor—to tell the truth—do we desire to have him; we need his brawn and his strength as much as he our brain and wealth. The South has learned to live with him as a freeman who has rights they are bound to respect. It is now helping him educationally and materially, and they are pulling together so harmoniously and effectively that the North will have to look to its laurels or the South will take industrial supremacy away from it.

Those who have worked the longest with the negro, and have done the most to help him, have the greatest confidence in, and hope for, his ultimate success.

In the greater part of the South he is now given a chance for education, is permitted an equal opportunity to work for a living and to save and expend his earnings as he sees fit. So long as this condition continues—and I believe it will to an increasing degree— I have no fear but that the negro will become an essential part of our nation.

He will not become so by amalgamation or social consolidation—that is desired by neither race—but as a complement of, a factor in, our growing nation that will carry it to its assured future greatness. Such was the hope of the great leader of the black race, Booker T. Washington, and such, I devoutly trust, may be the fruition of his life-long desire.

PART IV

SOME
FINDINGS OF THREE WARS

CHAPTER XVII

THE CIVIL WAR

Section I. Its Opening and Civil Conditions

Like the bursting of a thunder-storm on a level plain, like the whirl of a cyclone on a pleasant day, like the downpour of a cloudburst in a mountain canyon, came the Civil War to the people of the North. I was twenty years old when it happened; I was teaching school and was reasonably well versed in the affairs of my country. But, like my friends and neighbors, I did not expect such a calamity. Of course we knew that the Southern people had objected to the Missouri Compromise, because it prevented them from taking their slaves to the territory north of 36 degrees and 30 minutes. We realized that the Southern states had complained with more or less reason of losing their negroes by their running away to the North, and we had good reason to remember that they had, at one time, violently opposed our protective tariff laws, because they had no factories to be benefited.

But all these wrongs, real or imagined, we supposed had been set right. The tariff had been reduced nearly to a revenue basis, and no opposition had we heard from our Southern brothers on that score for years. The Missouri Compromise had been declared unconstitutional by the "Dred Scott Decision." "Fugitive Slave Laws" had been passed, permitting slave-holders to follow their slaves to any Northern city, hamlet, or farm, and requiring any Northern man, regardless of sympathy, to aid the master and refrain from helping the slaves. What more could be done to satisfy our Southern brothers?

History had told us that the South, through the Democratic party which it controlled, had for years held possession of all the branches of government—legislative, judicial, executive; and for nearly half a century only such men as it endorsed could hold any appointive office, either in the United States or as minister to any foreign court, or consul to any commercial city abroad. All this being true, why should any Southern state want to secede? It was preposterous: we could not believe it.

To make our assurance doubly sure, we remembered that once before, in 1832, South Carolina had tried secession, under the name of nullification, and a president of her own nativity and choice had told her in no uncertain terms, that, "by the Eternal, the Union must and should be maintained." Surely, Andrew Jackson was good authority for any Southern Democrat, and that ought to settle the matter.

But there were three things that the Northern people did not know, or, knowing, did not consider: First, that the Southern people deemed the states supreme, and the general government only an agent therefor. Second, that they had been watching politics more closely than we of the North, and that they foresaw, clearer than we, a time coming when their supposed agent, the United States, would not be as subservient to them as in the past. Third, that their leaders had seen a vision of a great slaveocracy, composed of the slave states of the South, together with Cuba, Nicaragua, and perhaps Mexico, wherein the the slave owner should reign supreme, untroubled by abolition ideas, and unvexed by any negro uplift work.

Already it was a Southern slogan, "Cuba must be annexed," willingly or unwillingly, and Nicaragua had already been invaded by filibusters like "Walker's men," some of whom I knew well. These men, unchallenged by our administration, had at one time gained control of that country, annulled its free constitution, and made it a slave nation. These leaders and dreamers of the South joyfully hailed the separation from the North as the first long step in the direction of their desire.

Meanwhile we of the North, lulled in the arms of ignorance and confidence, slept while the South was appropriating our forts, arsenals, and arms, and was vigorously drilling her men preparatory to active war. It was not until the 12th and 13th of April, 1861, when the rebel batteries at Fort Moultrie, Cummings Point, and Castle Pinckney were pouring their devastating shower of cannon ball, bursting shell, and red-hot shot upon our little band of Union men, at Fort Sumter, who under this fearful storm and amid the flames of their own burning barracks refused to surrender. Not until then, while millions of people in the North stood at the telegraph offices listening to the hourly reports of that tragic event, were we at last convinced that there was war in the land—war with all its terror, all its costs, and all its death toll. Braving the issue, we immediately set about preparing for it.

The indignation over the insult to our flag and the determination to sustain the Union were at the North as general as our previous apathy and doubt had been dilatory and slothful. President Lincoln immediately called for seventy-five thousand men, who were promptly

tendered by the states many times over. But even yet the magnitude of the strife that was before us was not conceived. Our thought was that these seventy-five thousand men—the largest army ever mustered on this continent—would march irresistibly to Richmond and return with everything properly settled within the three months for which they were enlisted. We even called our later-time hero, W. T. Sherman, crazy and he was discredited in the service because he understood conditions at the South and foresaw more correctly the size of the war to come. We still thought that to re-establish the Union was a picnic job, and that no serious fighting would be involved.

But the nation was doomed to a rude awakening. The awakening came on the 21st day of July, 1861, about three o'clock p. m., from the top of Henry House hill. It was the culmination of a battle-field that had been well planned, gallantly conducted, and, up to that time, victoriously fought. Then and there Generals Kerby Smith and J. A. Earle brought their two fresh Confederate brigades upon the flank of our Union boys, who had then been marching and fighting since 2:30 o'clock that morning, and changed the apparent victory of Bull Run into a dire defeat—a defeat that afterwards grew into causeless and shameful panic. It was a panic such as any troops not yet ninety days in service might at any time be subject to, but a panic that did not extend to the units of the regular army and older organizations. It was a disorganization that the victorious enemy was not entirely exempt from, for even General Johnston, their commander says, "Our army was more disorganized by victory than the United States by defeat."

The nation at first stood paralyzed by surprise. But the next day when Congress answered that defeat by authorizing the mobilization of 500,000 men, and Lincoln, in conformity thereto, called out three hundred thousand, it was ready. From all over the North, from Maine to California, from field and workshop, from schoolhouse and office and store, from all trades and all professions came the answer, "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more." During the coming long war, this song rang over the land again and again, until more than three times six hundred thousand men went to the front.

The day after the news of the battle of Bull Run came, I enlisted, like thousands of other young men. The excitement was intense everywhere. Not a city was so large nor a village so small that it did not have the flag flying and the fife and drum calling recruits to the standard. Nothing in the Great War anywhere approached it.

The conditions of organization in the two wars were different, and methods of assembling diverse. In the Civil War the volunteer was the rule, and the drafted man the exception. In the Great War, the drafted man was the rule and the volunteer the exception. In the first war each town or village, without any outside aid, gathered its own men who elected their own officers before starting and became a complete smaller or larger unit before leaving their own home.

In the Great War the recruiting or drafting officer of the general government took the recruits as fast as they volunteered, or were selected, to some general rendez-

vous. There they were placed in units as required and given such officers as the government designated, without regard to the desires of the men or where they came from. Even brothers might be placed in different units.

It can readily be seen that the Civil War method would cause the more enthusiasm, and bring forth the greater show of patriotism. Combine a circus, a general election, and a Fourth of July celebration into one demonstration, and it might somewhere nearly approach the appearance and excitement of an average town where several companies were being recruited at the same time. The flying colors, the martial music, the strenuous recruiting method, and the lavish expenditures of would-be officers, together with the efforts of "their wives, their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts" to induce the boys, first to enlist, and then to join the *right* companies, made a scene never before equaled in the history of this nation, and, owing to our present better methods, never to be seen again.

It was fitting and certain that the departure of such units, enlisted, organized and officered at the home town, would be a formal and ever memorable event. All the town participated, and the boys in such leave-taking were sent away with much feasting, many speeches, loud cheers, and in a blaze of glory that conditions did not permit in our late war.

But the home partings—sons from parents, husbands from wives, brothers from sisters, and nearest one from dearest ones, partings that "took the life from out young hearts"—were as full of sadness and forboding in one war as in the other.

In both wars there were millions of homes in which there were such partings. But this difference obtained: there were, in the North alone, thrice as many homes desolated in the first war as in the last. There were, by government statistics, over three times as many men in the Civil war who did not return as in the Great War; three times as many hearts broken; three times as many vacant chairs; three times as many graves to decorate. But what was the *comparative* cost of the two wars to the home circle! Three times as many men died from less than one-third as great a population—making over nine times as great pro rata loss. Only he who, like myself, has lived through both conflicts can realize the relative magnitude.

How anxious we new recruits were to get to the front! The cars did not run fast enough, the boats that carried us were too slow, the camps of instruction held us too long. We were afraid the war would end before we had a hand in it. We had not the slightest conception of the magnitude of the struggle upon which we were entering; I am certain I had not. When I called my pupils that last morning and told them that school was dismissed for I was going to the war, and then turned my back and fled from the sobbing children, I had not the slightest idea that four and a half years would elapse before I should return, and that upon my discharge would be certified twenty-seven battles and skirmishes in which I had been personally engaged.

What a mob there was of us when we got together in camp! The depth of our ignorance in military matters would be difficult to comprehend by a person of this day. "Coxey's Army" which marched upon Washington in

the last years of the past century, was a disciplined organization alongside of us. Between a colonel and a corporal we hardly knew which one outranked, and the worst of it was we did not especially see the necessity of knowing. This dense ignorance would have been amusing if it had not been tragic.

Think of it! These thousands of young men, the pick of the country, honest, patriotic, with their lives in their hands, and willing to give those lives for their country, went into battle, "the blind leading the blind" into those "Bull Runs" of death and disaster, big and little, that dotted our long battle line during the first year and a half of the Civil War. All because the North was so peacefully inclined that she had ceased preparing for war and had ridiculed our old New England training-days out of existence.

The South, on the other hand, had retained its military traditions and habits, and when the war came it had a much greater nucleus of trained and semi-trained men upon which to build their army than we of the North. This great advantage on the Southern side decided many results, especially in the early part of the conflict,

In talking to me of those days of disunion and secession, a young man not long ago said, "I suppose, Mr. Burnap, every one in the North was loyal at that time." The young man was wrong, but he voiced the idea current among the younger generation today, an idea born and perpetuated in their minds by careless or ignorant writers and teachers upon that subject. Even within the last few days I have encountered this error in two standard works. One, written on the question of secession

from the Southern viewpoint, says, "South Carolina and the South rose as one man." The other, from a Northern outlook, says: "The effect produced by the capture of Fort Sumter was instantaneous and universal." Both writers were wrong, as everyone knows who is old enough to remember those times. Neither the North nor the South was unanimous either for or against the war.

Consider the case of the South. She had two distinct classes of white citizens. First, the large planters and those connected with their interests; these resided largely in the level lands and fertile valleys. Second, the so called "poor white trash," who lived to a great extent in the mountain districts of the Alleghanies in Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia, in the East, and the Ozarks in Missouri and Arkansas in the West.

These mountains extend their rolling hills much farther than any of our atlases begin to show, and the people who inhabit them constituted a very large part of the population of these states, three-fourths, Burgess says —and they had no love for either slavery or slave institutions. These so-called "crackers" were not the worthless, degenerate scum of the earth that they are usually painted. They were mainly a mixture of Scotch-Irish and Huguenot stock, with perhaps a dash of British, Swiss, and Welsh. They had remained poor, ignorant, and uncouth, not from any inherited disability to be otherwise, but because in their isolation and independence they had grown to disdain the things by us called better. Many a "cracker" father, as proud and haughty as the old Earl Douglas in *Marmion,* could say so far as education is concerned:

"Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line;
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop, fret his fill."

These hunters and rifle dead shots of the mountains, like the mail-clad warriors of old, looked upon letters as needless accomplishments, not as things to be desired, but as feminine and priestly attainments to be avoided; for stalwart men had more important work to do.

While the Puritans of New England had been building up New York, Ohio, and the Northern Northwest, these English dissenters, Scotch Covenanters, and Huguenot refugees—certainly the Calvinist Puritans of the South—had sent their children down the western slope of the Alleghany mountains, and populated Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, Missouri, and southern Indiana and Illinois. No better men were ever given a great work, and they became, in the main, uneducated and unpolished, not because they lacked ability, but because they could not see how learning and art would help them fight the Indians, or clear their land, or raise their crops. General O. O. Howard, who commanded the right wing of Sherman's army from "Atlanta to the Sea" became interested in these mountaineers, and after the war closed, engaged in promoting schools for them. He told me that pupils from these institutions would compare favorably with any in the land.

The presidential chair at Washington can also give testimony to this fact; at least three of its occupants have come from these people and their environment. Andrew Jackson was born in a small log cabin in a locality so

little noted it is uncertain on which side of the line between the two Carolinas it stood. His book education "consisted of hardly more than the three R's," "and even in that limited sphere his attainments were not large." Abraham Lincoln, born in a log cabin in the state of Kentucky, was mainly self-educated, his father could neither read nor write except to scrawl his name. Andrew Johnson learned to read and write from his wife after he was married. He was very poor as a boy, and his father was unknown. Whatever else can be said of these men, no one can accuse them of lack of native talent.

These mountain whites would have made themselves far more strongly felt in secession times than they did had it not been their habit to leave politics to the planters, and had not the John Brown raid upon Harper's Ferry led them to fear a negro insurrection in case the North succeeded.

As it was, all things considered, they accomplished wonders. They split Virginia into two parts, and founded the State of West Virginia. Despite the secession executives of Kentucky and Missouri, they kept these states both in the Union; and in Tennessee, the Carolinas, Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi they were a veritable "thorn in the flesh" to the Confederate government. They furnished thousands of individual men and many complete regiments to the Union Army. Surely that is a long way from the statement that "South Carolina and the South rose as one man."

This matter with me is no "hearsay evidence." Probably few men now living can testify to the actual facts in this case with more personal knowledge than I. For

years my regiment served alongside of military units composed of men whose homes were in this part of the South, and it fought and campaigned through the most of the states mentioned. From individual observation and conversation with these people, both then and later, I know for a certainty something of what they did and suffered.

We laud a young man who in the excitement of an enlistment campaign, with every inducement of future emoluments, present renown, and urged by the smiles of his girl friends, volunteers in his country's cause, and it is well we should do so. But what greater praise should that one deserve, who, braving the scorn of the ruling class of his town and section, and sacrificing his hopes for future recognition and advancement therein, shall, at the risk of his life, hiding days and traveling nights, without shelter or food, walk hundreds of miles for the same purpose. Yet that was what thousands of these Southern "crackers" did.

The devices these men found to keep out of the confederate army were many and ingenious. When scouting through their country, as elsewhere in the South, we found no able-bodied men at home; but here, in place of their being in the rebel army, they were "Greenwood Volunteers." They were hid out in the mountains to escape the conscript officers. When the women were told that we might remain in their locality for several days, "grape vine despatches" were sent out and the men appeared for a short visit at their own homes, but the moment we left they again vanished. Here the Confederate conscripting officer's outfit required a pack of

bloodhounds and a strong force of men—the hounds to find the men, and the force to capture them when found. Of what value men so recruited were I have my doubts, but I do know that during the war many such deserted from the Confederates and came to us.

This devotion and sacrifice of the Union men of the South is little understood, and many times is so completely misrepresented, that I cannot refrain from corroborating what I have said by making extracts from the modestly-told story of L. H. Naron, or "Chickasaw" as he was known to our army. Chickasaw was so named for the county of Mississippi from which he came. At one time he was connected with the same cavalry corps headquarters where I served for one year; he as chief of spies and scouts, while I was in charge of the Adjutant General's office and commanded the orderlies.

He was known and absolutely trusted by Generals Sherman, Pope, Rosecrans, Dodge, and others, who commanded in that department at various times. His reports of the positions and activities of the enemy, as ascertained by personal investigation by himself or subordinates, was always believed and acted upon—once only excepted. This exception was when he first came to us from the South and reported to General Sherman at Pittsburg Landing that the rebels were moving upon him in full force. Sherman did not believe him, and the disaster of that first day's battle at that place was the result.

After that, during three years' active and nearly continual service with our army, his report was never doubted. He told his experiences to a comrade of mine,

Sergt. R. W. Surby, of 7th Illinois Cavalry, who published them in 1865, and from that publication I make extracts. Every word between quotation marks is "Chickasaw's," and may be relied upon, for the whole army, time and again, risked death or disaster upon his veracity, and never were deceived. Remember the astonishing fact that in the quotations presented the narrator is talking of Chickasaw County, Mississippi, almost the center of the Confederacy.

"In the spring of 1861 I secretly organized three hundred Union men in Mississippi, with the promise of nine hundred more, making a full regiment. It was my intention, at that time, to place the regiment at the service of Governor Pettis, of Mississippi, for the purpose of enforcing the state of South Carolina to adhere to the Union. Some six weeks afterward an answer was received from Governor Pettis, saying he would accept our services to the gallows." What a surprise this may be to some! A Union regiment raised not far from Central Mississippi and tendered to its government to crush out the rebellion!

"The Governor soon found it necessary to organize a Vigilance Committee for the purpose of subduing the strong Union feeling then rising in that part of the state. The manner in which this committee was formed was as follows: the Governor appoined the probate clerk of each county to act as president of the county committee, which consisted of twelve men; the probate clerks appointed five sub-presidents, to act in their respective districts, and take cognizance of all the acts and words of the people, and report the same to the president—

probate clerk. The first proceeding of this committee was—under pretense that the Confederate government needed all the arms in the country to be placed at the disposal of volunteers in the field—to issue an order for citizens to turn over, at the county seat, all arms in their possession, for which they would receive receipts. The committee then seized upon all the ammunition in the stores throughout the country." Note the successful plan to disarm all Union men and deprive them of ammunition.

"Some two weeks after this, one of my friends had business in town, and upon arriving he learned there was a company formed for the Confederate army. He was so nearly beaten to death by some of said company that he had to be carried home. Shortly after this, the company in town was ordered to leave and rendezvous at West Point. The majority of them concluded it would not be safe to leave behind them myself and friends, all of whom they threatened to hang, calling us d—d abolitionists." This method of converting Union men to secessionists was not special in Chickasaw County or to Mississippi—it was general all over the South.

"I will here mention that at this time no citizen could travel a short distance without a pass from the president of the committee of his district, and no one could travel a long distance without a pass from the probate clerk of the county, with the county seal affixed to it, and no man suspected of Union sentiments could obtain one." The union people now were not only disarmed, but practically confined, and prevented from communication with the North.

"The threats of hanging were now put in force; two of my best friends, more innocent than myself, were hanged, but, thank God, I escaped. This naturally created great excitement, and some of the most resolute Union men expressed their opinion that now was the time—they must fight. We met and counseled together, but our condition was such that it was not deemed advisable to commence fighting. We possessed but few arms and a scant supply of ammunition, with no prospect of obtaining more in the country, and no means of communication by telegraph or railroad with our friends abroad. We considered our case desperate." This was the unfortunate condition of nearly all the mountain districts of the South. Could any position be more helpless?

"People were wild with excitement and loudly proclaimed that every d—d Tory must hang. A number of my nearest friends, who at one time flocked together beneath my banner, afterwards joined the Confederate army, to save themselves (they say) from disgrace or the hemp." Can anyone blame them when you consider that these men, not only had their own lives at stake, but the safety of their wives, their children, and their property?

"I lost all hope of raising a force, or maintaining the Union at home. In the meantime, two companies had been raised for the Confederate cause, and I was offered a commission which would place me in command of either one. I rejected the offer, telling them I would not, for any consideration, aid by any act of mine the bogus Confederacy. Every previous confidence was lost, and every man doubted his neighbor." Chickasaw was a

Mexican War veteran; the Confederates wanted his services and were trying to buy him; his brother was a Confederate and did take command of one of these companies.

"They (the rebels) swore that I could not reside in the country; that I must die." "A few weeks after this, on returning home one evening, about dusk, and while in my stable lot, putting up my horse, I found myself surrounded by a body of armed men, who ordered me to surrender. I recognized among them a few members of the Vigilant Committee. They at once ordered me to accompany them to the town of A——, stating that I should there appear before the Vigilant Committee. I asked permision to go to the house, but, no, I must go with them. After proceeding about a half mile we came to a halt, when one of them remarked that 'here was the place and there was the tree,' and all the committee that was required was here." "A portion of them rushed at me with a rope, shouting, with loud oaths, Let us hang him! Let us hang him! I said, 'Stand back, gentlemen, I want to speak. I have taken an oath to support the Union, this government, which every man has to do that holds either civil or military office, and he who violates it is guilty of perjury. Now, I have said all I want to say. You can hang me or let me go.'

"This speech somewhat cooled their anger, and, with the exception of a few, they desired to let me escape this time, but reminded me I was not safe by any means—that they intended to kill me." This was after he had refused to take command of one of the Confederate companies.

As showing how the Confederates created sentiment by false reports and false statements, note the following. He was at one time asked, "Now, sir; suppose the Northern army should come down here and commence confiscating our negroes and our property, killing our children, and ravishing our wives, would you fight them?'

"I replied, I would, most certainly.

"He continued: 'Then why not fight them now? They have commenced it already, both in Baltimore and St. Louis.'

"I said, 'Gentlemen, I do not believe it—we have no proof of it.' *** Matters went along very quietly with me for a few weeks, when I was cautioned by a few friends to be on my guard—that four of my most bitter enemies were riding about, carrying their guns, watching for an opportunity to shoot me." "Thus matters stood when I concluded to leave home." He did leave home and succeeded in breaking through the Confederate line and reached our army in time to tell General Sherman what the rebels were doing just before the battle of Pittsburgh Landing. After he left his county, his property was taken and destroyed; his home and buildings burned, and his wife and children made destitute and homeless. More fortunate than most such families, however, they reached our lines and were provided for. These excerpts merely hint at a long, dark, bloody tale of devotion and suffering by Union men all over the mountain regions of the South, that never has been, never can be, and perhaps at this late date, never should be, told.

The Civil War, both North and South, was carried through by the enthusiasm, devotion, self sacrifice, and

real or mistaken patriotism of the majorities, rather than by unanimity of action on either side. The North was no more united than the South. Lincoln was elected by little more than one-third of the popular vote of the whole country (37 per cent) and fully half of the people of the North were not even in sympathy with the principles of the President or his party.

Had not Stephen A. Douglas, upon the firing upon Fort Sumter, taken immediate and unqualified stand with Lincoln, and insisted that the Union men should be maintained, it never would have survived. Then the Democratic party was split once more into war, or Douglas Democrats, who loyally supported Lincoln, and Peace Democrats, as they called themselves, or "Copperheads," as we of the war party preferred to call them.

No more patriotic or determined men lived than the War Democrats of the North; without them the Union never could have been maintained. Douglas, by throwing his great influence unreservedly on the side of the Union, amply atoned for any wrongs he may have committed by dallying with the South in hopes of the presidency or presenting and pushing to enactment the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. He, then, a broken hearted man, lay down and died, but his influence remained with us during the whole conflict.

Nor was opposition to the vigorous prosecution of the war confined to those who voted against Lincoln. Many who had been his most ardent supporters, like Horace Greeley, with the tremendous influence of his *New York Tribune,* urged that if any of the Southern states wanted to secede we should "let our erring sisters depart in

peace." These men, however, after hostilities commenced, supported the administration unitedly.

Throughout the conflict for the Union, the West was always its strong supporter, but, knowing the inside facts as I did, I yet shudder to think what might, and but for the War Democrats would have, taken place.

As the southern parts of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, and the whole of Missouri, had been very largely settled by men from the Carolinas, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, it was but natural they should be more or less in sympathy with their native states on all questions of the day. There were many places in all these states that were as disloyal as South Carolina, and where it was as unsafe for one to express Union sentiments as it would have been in that state. I know this personally, for even in loyal Iowa, I, as a veteran United States soldier, wearing my blue uniform, and being on furlough, rode through settelments where I was jeered and insulted, and my life even placed in jeopardy.

In Illinois, in a town near Lincoln's home, sixteen Union soldiers who were home on furloughs were attacked by the Knights of the Golden Circle, in open day and in a crowded court yard, and all but five killed.

In Indiana, these Southern sympathizers so controlled the legislators that they refused to vote the military supplies the Governor requested, and even in Ohio, after Valandingham had been convicted of treason and sent out of the Union lines, disloyalty was so open and outspoken that, though the traitor was in an alien country and could not set his foot on his native land, they dared to run

him for governor of the state. To the undying credit of Ohio, he was beaten at the polls by a hundred thousand majority.

These opposers of the war were confined to no one status in life, to no trade, no profession, no social standard. Even after the seceded states had withdrawn their representatives, the legislative halls at Washington still contained men who did their utmost to discredit and oppose the administration. "Fool jester," "Bloody tyrant," "Gorilla in the White house," "Imbecile," "Despot," were a few of the epithets hurled at President Lincoln both in and out of the halls of Congress.

As an almost universal rule, the sympathizers with the South were Democrats, mistaken men who would listen to no person outside of their own party. Therefore, such men as Blair of Missouri, Logan and McClernard of Illinois, Morton of Indiana, and thousands of Democrats like them, men who, disregarding future civil promotion, and many times, social standing, threw party and politics to the wind and ranged themselves under a Republican president to help preserve the Union. To these the country owes a debt of gratitude it can never pay; I, as one, if deemed worthy, wish to lay my humble tribute at their feet.

John A. Logan, called "Black Jack" by his people, who adored him, was an example of the men I mean. He was from the southern part of Illinois, in the country we then called Egypt, owing to its backward development. His district and the surrounding country seemed certain to side with the seceding states. But "Black Jack" feared neither man nor devil, and breaking allegiance to his

party, threw himself so unreservedly into the contest that he turned the tide, and no state has a better war record than Illinois.

I never met Logan during the service, and saw him only once. This was upon an occasion which I shall never forget. It was at the Republican Convention in Chicago, where Grant was first nominated for president. Grant's nomination was a foregone conclusion, and the convention was merely expected to put the stamp of regularity on the almost-universal demand of the Republican party. Such being the case, ambitious delegates from all over the nation had been jumping to their feet at all kinds of out-of-order times, and calling, "Mr. Chairman, I nominate U. S. Grant for president," only to be laughed down by the convention.

At last, the Committee on Credentials having reported, and the time for nomination having actually arrived, men sprang to their feet from all over the hall, demanding recognition. Then John A. Logan, sitting at the head of the Illinois delegation, arose and throwing back his long, black hair, in the same ringing voice that rallied the retiring right wing of our army at Atlanta, where McPherson was killed, said, "Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order." This being a privileged question he was given the floor. Then in a manner that only Black Jack could command, he placed Grant in nomination for president.

The scene that followed is the one that remains with me. This climax had been expected and provided for; pandemonium broke loose; in parquet, balcony, and galleries, handkerchiefs, hats, flags and banners were waved, while delegates, visitors and reporters shouted them-

selves hoarse. The curtain at the back of the stage was raised and there was displayed a cartoon by Nast that filled the whole space; while red, white, and blue doves were liberated, to fly around the auditorium as emblems of the nominee's never-dying words, "Let us have Peace."

Section II.—The Campaign of 1861

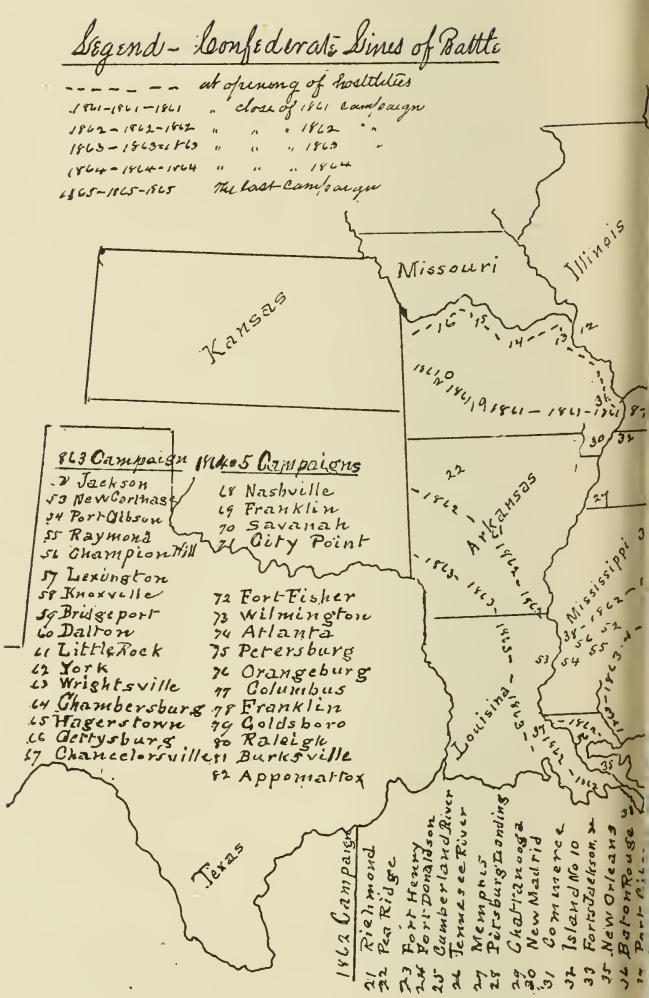
I have not time, space, ability nor desire to write a history of the Civil War, its battles, its generals, or its events. Such a work would require the labor of a life-time and the ability of a superman. The chronological list of battles as compiled by the government contains the names of over twenty-two hundred engagements; and the Pension Bureau, demanding closer and more particular information and noting smaller affairs, is said to have an alphabetical list of battles, minor conflicts, and skirmishes deemed worthy of note, reaching the incredible number of over six thousand eight hundred separate events. What an immense library these completed stories would make!

What I shall try to do will be to present an epitome of the strategy of the war as I understand it, and endeavor to illustrate it by an outline map. This appeal to the eye will note the deciding battles of each season's campaign, and also thereon will be marked the Confederate defensive lines of battle at the commencement of the war, July, 1861, and the close of each year's campaign. My text I have tried to make brief but sufficiently explicit so that any one may understand what the objectives of each year's campaign were, and decide how much or how little of each yearly purpose was accomplished.

This method has triple advantage: First, it will present the history of that war to the eye more than to the ear. Second, I hope in this way to give a more satisfactory and comprehensive view of the great events there shown. Third, it will allow me to tell more easily the personal story of my regiment, and where and how it tried to do its little part in the war for the Union. Mine was a cavalry regiment. Should I linger in relating its history it will be because this part of the army has now been superseded by the aeroplane and motor, and I wish here to record some memories of the organization, life, and exploits of this gallant and dashing by-gone service.

To facilitate the text and the map in their joint explanation of the various movements, I have placed numbers in each that refer the one to the other. It is impossible to draw these strategic lines to any scale or with any certainty, because they were constantly wavering during each season and there would have been differences of opinion between the contestants as to exactly where these lines lay at any one time, but I am certain they are sufficiently near their proper places to convey to the reader the correct information regarding the yearly objectives won or lost.

The Confederate battle line as first formed early in 1861 commenced in the East, near Washington, at Manassas or Bull Run (2) where General Beauregard commanded, and reached west into the Shenandoah Valley to Winchester (3), where General Johnston's force was stationed. It then crossed the mountains into West Virginia at Philippi (4), where Colonel Porterfield with Virginia Volunteers was located, then by the way of Rich


Legend - Confederate Lines of Battle
- - - - - - at opening of hostilities
1861-1861-1861 " close of 1861 campaign
1862-1862-1862 " " " 1862 "
1863-1863-1863 " " " 1863 "
1864-1864-1864 " " " 1864 "
1865-1865-1865 The last campaign
Missouri
Illinois
Kansas
Arkansas
Mississippi
Louisiana
Texas
1861-1861-1861
1862-1862-1862
1863-1863-1863
1864-1864-1864
1865-1865-1865
1863 Campaign
1 Jackson
3 New Carthage
4 Port Gibson
5 Raymond
6 Champion Hill
7 Lexington
8 Knoxville
9 Bridgeport
10 Dalton
11 Little Rock
12 York
13 Wrightsville
14 Chambersburg
15 Hagerstown
16 Gettysburg
17 Chancelorsville
1864-5 Campaigns
18 Nashville
19 Franklin
20 Savanah
21 City Point
72 Fort Fisher
73 Wilmington
74 Atlanta
75 Petersburg
76 Orangeburg
77 Columbus
78 Franklin
79 Goldsboro
80 Raleigh
81 Burksville
82 Appomattox
1862 Campaign
21 Richmond
22 Pea Ridge
23 Fort Henry
24 Fort Donalson
25 Cumberland River
26 Tennessee River
27 Memphis
28 Petersburg Landing
29 Chattanooga
30 New Madrid
31 Commerce
32 Island No 10
33 Fort Jackson
34 New Orleans
35 Baton Rouge

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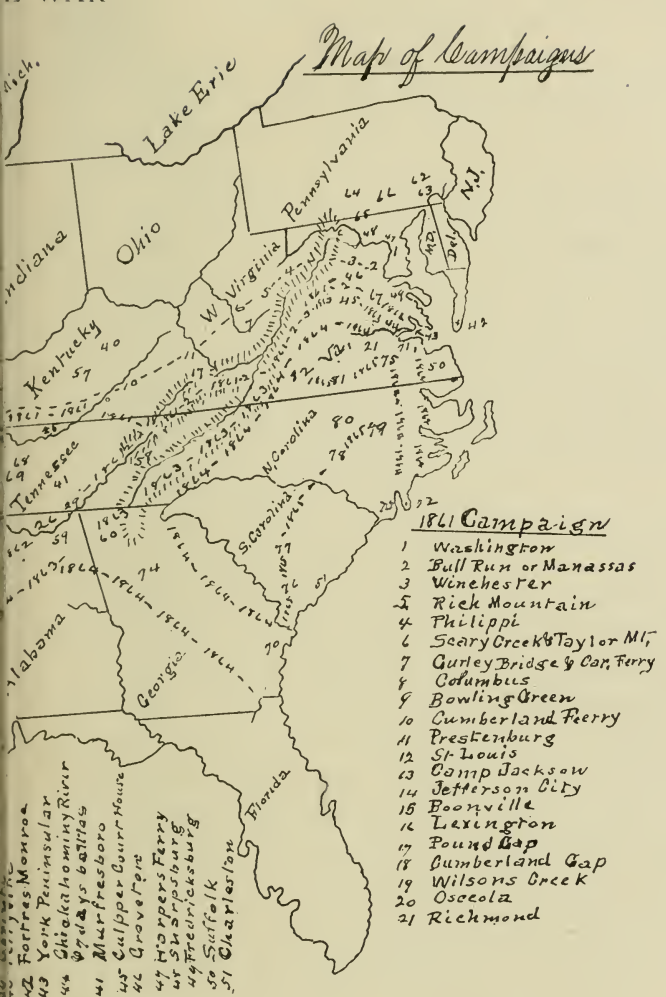

Map of Campaigns
Lake Erie
Pennsylvania
N.J.
Ohio
Virginia
W. Virginia
Kentucky
Tennessee
N. Carolina
S. Carolina
Georgia
Alabama
Florida
1861 Campaign
1 Washington
2 Bull Run or Manassas
3 Winchester
4 Rich Mountain
4 Philippi
6 Scary Creek & Taylor Mt.
7 Gurley Bridge & Car. Ferry
8 Columbus
9 Bowling Green
10 Cumberland Ferry
11 Prestenburg
12 St. Louis
13 Camp Jackson
14 Jefferson City
15 Boonville
16 Lexington
17 Pound Gap
18 Cumberland Gap
19 Wilsons Creek
20 Osceola
21 Richmond
42 Fortress Monroe
43 York Peninsular
44 Chickahominy River
45 7 days battles
46 Murfresboro
48 Culpper Court House
48 Groveton
47 Harpers Ferry
48 Shrapsburg
49 Fredricksburg
50 Suffolk
51 Charleston

Mountain (5), and Scary Creek (6), in the Kanawha Valley, it was thrown toward the Kentucky line in the direction of Prestonburg (11).

Kentucky tried to remain neutral, and forbade both Northern and Southern armies to invade her soil. This prohibition was maintained until September when Confederate General Polk advanced a force and took possession of Columbus, Kentucky (8). A few days later, General Zollicoffer advanced from Columbus Gap to Cumberland Ford (10), General Buckner on the 15th occupied Bowling Green (9), and in the same month Colonel Williams threw a Confederate force into east Kentucky near Prestonburg (11).

Thus was the neutrality of Kentucky broken by the Confederates. The different movements made so nearly at the same time and their several objectives forming so complete a line, demonstrated that the orders to invade the state had originated at one and a supreme source. That source could have been only Richmond.

In Missouri Governor Jackson, an ardent secessionist, at first pretty well controlled things through the state militia on the west side of the Missouri River. His principal hostile movement was to gather his forces at Camp Jackson (13), near St. Louis (12), with the view of taking possession for the Confederate States of the arms, ammunition, and supplies of the United States in the arsenal of that city.

Thus was the Confederate line drawn and the problem for the North to solve was, "Shall our erring sisters be allowed to depart in peace, or shall that line be broken?" The answer was, "Break the line!"

This was first done at Philippi (4), on the 6th day of May, by Colonels Kelly and Morris with some West Virginia and Ohio troops. The Confederates retreated so promptly and so hastily, and the Union troops chased them so closely and rapidly that the engagement became locally known as the "Philippi Races."

About a week later came the Confederate defeat at Rich Mountain (5), and in July General Cox met a force under General Wise, ex-governor of Virginia, at Scary Creek and Tyler Mountains in the Kanawha Valley (6), and drove them into the southeastern part of the state.

The Confederate government was anxious to save West Virginia to itself, and felt the importance so greatly it sent its best general, Lee, into the Kanawha Valley in October to endeavor to reconquer it; but he, with his subordinates, Generals Wise and Floyd, were so badly defeated at Gurley Bridge and Carnafex Ferry (7) by the Union forces under General Rosecrans that they were driven through the Alleghanies, which mountains from this time on, remained the frontier of the Confederacy in Virginia.

This West Virginia campaign, even though the engagements and the numbers of men employed were comparatively small, was important: First, because it separated that state from Virginia and saved it for the Union. Second, because General McClellan had commanded the early part of it, and had made it so prominent by Napoleonic dispatches to the government and the people, that it was probably the deciding factor in making him subsequently the commander of all the Union forces.

East of the mountains, the North met a severe reverse, General McDowell attempted to make another break in the Confederate line at Bull Run (2), on the 21st day of July, 1861, and failed, as I have heretofore told.

Then General George B. McClellan, with the prestige of his West Virginia campaign, was brought from that state and given command. Even though he organized a magnificent army, fully equipped and amply provided, for some unaccountable reason, he did nothing with it to retrieve the disaster of Bull Run, but permitted it to remain idle the whole year. Thus, the battle line east of the mountains remained practically the same at the close of the year as when it was first established.

In Kentucky, General Nelson with Ohio and Kentucky troops broke the Confederate line at Prestonburg (11) and drove Colonel Williams into Virginia through Pound Gap of the Cumberland Mountains (17); and, as part of the 1861 campaign, a few days after the first of January, 1862, General Thomas engaged Generals Zollicoffer and Crittenden at Mill Springs near Cumberland Ford (10), killed Zollicoffer and drove Crittenden and his men through Cumberland Gap (18) and out of the state. Eastern Kentucky was thus cleared of Confederate forces, but in the west they still retained the line from Bowling Green (9) to Columbus (8).

In Missouri, General Lyon broke up Camp Jackson (13) on the 10th of May, followed the retreating Governor Jackson and state troops to Jefferson City (14) on the 14th, and to Boonville (15) on the 17th, where he dispersed the Missouri State Militia there gathered and drove Governor Jackson, General Price, and their sup-

porters to the southwestern part of the state. There the Confederates were reinforced and the desperate battle of Wilson's Creek near Springfield (19), was fought August 10th. Here although, according to Confederate admission, the Union troops were outnumbered two to one, and although General Lyon was killed, the battle was practically a drawn one, and the Confederates did not care to follow our withdrawal.

If the map be now examined, the findings of the 1861 campaign will be shown as follows: East of the mountains the Confederate line was unbroken and remained as first formed. West of the mountains, in West Virginia and in eastern Kentucky, the line was broken and the Confederates were driven across the Alleghanies and out of those states; in western Kentucky, from Bowling Green (9) to Columbus (8) the line remained as formed; in Missouri it was forced back from the Missouri River into the southern and southwestern part of that state.

Meanwhile, the navy, with the assistance of the army, retained, or achieved by force, valuable lodgement at Fortress Monroe, Cape Hatteras, Palmico and Nassau Sounds, and Port Royal.

During this entire year the Second Iowa Cavalry, my regiment, had been learning to kill live rebels by flourishing wood sabres. We had worked hard introducing wild, unbroken horses that never had felt saddle or bridle, to raw men who hardly knew upon which part of their mounts these articles belonged. We had worked diligently trying to distinguish instantly which was our right and which our left flank, and earnestly endeavoring to make

our left foot reach the ground in somewhere near the proper cadence and correct position. When, at last in the late fall, the boys learned to form a fairly decent line on foot, and could move it carefully without its formation becoming too winding or ragged, and when they had also succeeded in being able to ride their horses faster than a walk without too many falling off, we were given navy revolvers and sabres.

Then we thought we were fierce warriors ready for the field and to be feared in fight. We did not realize in our innocence that a steady regiment of infantry could completely annihilate us if we were so incautious as to get within range of their guns. Later in the war when we had received our carbines and learned to listen for, and promptly obey, the order, "Dismount to fight," we became an important element in the Union army and an organization for the "Johnnies" to consider seriously.

We were in Camp Joe Holt in Davenport, Iowa, until December 7th, 1861, when we sailed down the Mississippi to Benton Barracks in St. Louis. Here we met the greatest, most unconquered enemy of the Civil War veteran—death by disease, an enemy that during that conflict claimed and took nearly twice as many men as all other causes combined. We were in these ill-constructed barracks but sixty days when we had lost by death over five per cent of our men, and the others were so weakened that some of the strongest companies sometimes appeared on dress parade with only ten of their hundred men in line. Fortunately, we escaped from that camp on the 17th of February. Again we embarked on steamers and landed at Bird's Point, opposite Cairo, Illinois, ready to take part in the campaign of 1862.

RECAPITULATION OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1861

(See map, pages 332-333)

Objectives

(Seemed never to have been fully formulated, but were left to the development of circumstances.)

East of the mountains:

The popular cry was, "On to Richmond!"

West of the mountains:

The Donnybrook Fair strategy seemed to obtain: When a head was shown, "Hit it."

Decisive Battles

East of the mountains:

Bull Run, or Manassas.

West of the mountains:

Philippi, Rich Mountain, Curley Bridge and Carnafax Ferry, Mill Springs, Booneville, Springfield.

Findings

East of the mountains:

"On to Richmond" failed and the Confederate battle line remained unchanged.

West of the mountains:

In West Virginia and southeastern Kentucky the battle line was driven out of these states and across the mountains.

In Missouri it was pushed from the Missouri River into the southern part of the state.

Section III. The Campaign of 1862

The desired objectives of the Federal Generals for the campaign of 1862 were as follows:

First, in the East, Richmond, the capitol of the Confederacy, was to be captured.

Second, in the West, the Confederates were to be driven out of Missouri and as much farther south as possible.

Third, our forces were to be pushed into east Tennessee in order to relieve and liberate the many Union sympathizers living there. This was President Lincoln's pet movement, and he and McClellan insisted upon it above all others.

Fourth, the people urged that the Mississippi River be opened for commerce.

The first movement in 1862 was in the extreme west. The Federal General S. R. Curtis, advanced to attack General Price and the Confederate force, which had wintered in and near Springfield (19), Missouri. Curtis drove Price's command from his camp and out of the state into Arkansas, where he was joined by Generals McCulloch, McIntosh, and Pike. On March 3rd, General Earl Van Dorn took command of the combined Confederate force and prepared to give battle to the Federals who had followed Price into Arkansas.

General Curtis, the Union commander, was outnumbered—16,000 to 11,000—and so he retired to Pea Ridge (22), an out-thrown spur of the Ozark Mountains, and there awaited Van Dorn's attack. The conflict came on

March 3rd, and in a two day's fierce battle the Confederates were so thoroughly defeated that objective No. 2 was decisively gained.

Regarding the third objective: look at the map, note the two rivers that flow into the Ohio at the south end of Illinois; the northern (25) is the Cumberland, and the southern (26) the Tennessee. These rivers are navigable a long distance up, and command and use of them were of great importance to either Federals or Confederates. Until now the latter had controlled them completely, and to prevent the Union from acquiring their use they built, during the winter of 1861-1862, Fort Henry (23) on the Tennessee, and Fort Donelson (24) on the Cumberland.

The Confederate defense still remained upon the Columbus-Bowling Green line (8-9). Even a non- military man could see that a Union force could not carry out President Lincoln's pet scheme and push troops down into east Tennessee until this line (8-9) was broken. The Federal generals concluded that the best way to break that line would be to send our newly built iron-clad fleet with an ample land force up the Tennessee River and capture the two forts there built.

On the 5th of February the fleet under Commodore Foote and a land force under General Grant, arrived at Fort Henry (23), with the intention of capturing it. This object they achieved. On the 6th, the garrison retreated to Fort Donelson (24). General Grant followed the Confederates to the latter fort, which he pressed so energetically and successfully that on the 16th, General Buckner, the Confederate general there commanding,

hung out flags of truce and asked terms of surrender. This brought from Grant a reply the effective part of which was, "No terms but an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works." The surrender was "immediately" made, together with about fifteen thousand prisoners and their entire equipment.

This severe blow to the Confederates broke their line so effectively they evacuated Columbus (8), Bowling Green (9), and middle Tennessee, and formed a new line of defense from Memphis (27) to Chattanooga (29) along the Memphis and Charleston line of railroad that ran near the south line of Tennessee and connected the two cities. Thus the retirement of the Confederate line made objective number three possible of accomplishment.

After the capture of Donelson, and Grant's famous dispatch, the significance of the initials of his name, U. S. was popularly changed from Ulysses Simpson to "Unconditional Surrender," and thereafter he was affectionately known in the North as Unconditional Surrender Grant.

The fourth objective of the campaign, the opening of the Mississippi, was intrusted to Major General John Pope, who on the 21st of February assembled his troops and gunboats at Commerce (31), for an expedition by land and river to New Madrid (30), which would place him below the forts and obstructions which the Confederates had built in the Mississippi River at Island No. 10 (32). To this expedition my regiment was attached.

General Pope with his forces reached New Madrid March 13th, drove the enemy out and captured the fort

with twenty heavy guns, thousands of small arms, large stores of ammunition and supplies, and, above all, secured a strong position south of, and down the river from, the enemy's forts and forces at Island No. 10 (32).

By April 4th gunboats had run the batteries at Island No. 10, and transports had been floated through a channel cut across a bend in the river. Then General Pope, having consolidated his forces on Point Pleasant below New Madrid, and his gunboats having silenced the Confederate batteries on the opposite shore, crossed the river and captured the Island, together with seven thousand prisoners, one hundred and fifty-eight cannon, seven thousand stands of small arms, and an immense amount of stores of all kinds. After this victory Pope proceeded down the Mississippi River to Fort Pillow, just above Memphis (27), and commenced to bombard it; but before he had time to complete its reduction he was ordered to bring his army to Pittsburg Landing (28), on the Tennessee River.

Meanwhile an equally successful movement toward attaining objective No. 4, was in progress from the mouth of the Mississippi. Commodore Farragut entered the river accompanied by General Butler's land forces, April 18th; he bombarded Forts St. Philip and Jackson (33). On the 24th, the navy ran past them and destroyed the Confederate fleet. The next day it reached New Orleans (35), and took possession thereof. Then the fleet moved up the river, occupied Baton Rouge (36) on the 9th of May, Natchez on the 12th, and was not stopped till Vicksburg was reached on the 18th (38).

At that time the up-river and the ocean fleets might have met and shaken hands but for the Confederate batteries at Vicksburg. For a while these fleets commanded the whole river except in front of the batteries of that city and nearly secured objective No. 4. Later, to prevent the entire separation between the sections of the South situated on the two sides of the river, the Confederates constructed a strong fort at Port Hudson (37), 135 miles above New Orleans, and thereby regained control of the river between the fort so located and Vicksburg.

At the very time when Pope was making his successful capture of Island No. 10, General Grant at Pittsburg Landing (28), about twenty miles above Corinth, Mississippi (39), was there fighting for the salvation of his army. He had gone from Fort Henry up the Tennessee River to the landing mentioned, for the purpose of breaking the Confederates' second line of defense on the Memphis and Charleston railroad at Corinth (39), where the Southern army had gathered to meet him.

At daybreak on the morning of April 6th, General Albert Sidney Johnston, commanding the Confederate troops from Corinth (39), assaulted General Grant's lines with the intention of surprising him and capturing his army before his reinforcements under General Buell could reach him. Perhaps no battle of the war has been so discussed, so falsified, and so eulogized as this, but two controlling facts now seem certain. Johnston did succeed in surprising Grant and driving his troops back to the support of the gunboats on the Tennessee, but although he lost his life, he did not capture the Federal forces or even break their lines.

What would have happened the next day had Buell and his forces not arrived during the night is open to conjecture. General Grant said that with his own forces, which now were all on the ground, he could have taken the offensive the next morning and driven the enemy from the field. The Confederates said, that had Buell not arrived they could and would have destroyed Grant's army.

What might have been is uncertain, but Buell did come, did cross the river during the night, and the next day, April 7th, General Grant did drive the Confederates, now under Beauregard, from the field and back toward Corinth. There they reorganized, reinforced their army, fortified the town, and prepared to hold it to the last.

The situation was now so critical that General Halleck came and personally took command of all the troops. This left General Grant to the uncertain and unsatisfactory position of second in command. He found the situation so annoying that he would have resigned his commission and left the army had not General Sherman induced him to reconsider his determination.

General Halleck now marched by cautious steps toward Corinth, intrenching his army as it slowly advanced. He recalled General Pope from Fort Pillow, and utilized his army as the left wing of his grand command; he constituted Buell as his right wing, and made Grant's old army the center, with General Thomas in command.

He did not commence his march until May 1st, and it was the 30th before he reached Corinth (39), about twenty miles away, and found it evacuated. The Confederates had left and their second line for 1862 was

broken, and the evacuation of Fort Pillow followed on June 4th. This permitted the gunboats under Commodore Foote to reach Memphis (27) six days later, to wipe out the Confederates' fleet and take possession of that city, thereby smashing the Confederates' second line a second time.

The enemy fell back once more to a third, uncertain and disputable, line from Vicksburg (38), on the Mississippi river, to Chattanooga (29), in the mountains of Tennessee.

After the Confederates' successes east of the mountains they tried to force this line back again to the north. General Price at Iuka, twenty-five miles east of Corinth (39), General Van Dorn at Corinth, General Bragg at Plymouth, Kentucky (57), and Murfreesboro, Tennessee (41), all ultimately failed; and the Vicksburg (38), Chattanooga (29), line still remained as the Confederate defense at the end of the campaign of 1862.

Had the success that met our arms in the West been duplicated in the East—as it seems it might have been after the battles of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, when Confederate General Johnston was wounded and his disorganized army driven into Richmond—the war would have ended in the campaign of 1862. But

"There's a destiny that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them as we will,"

and it is almost certain that it is fortunate for the country that peace was not made at that time. Then, neither North nor South was ready for emancipation. The only issue that had then been joined was Union or Disunion, consequently that was the only one which

would have been settled. If Lincoln was right when he said, "This nation cannot exist half slave and half free," the question of slavery would have been left to be fought out at some later time.

The campaign in the East was not so successful as in the West. In May, General McClellan with his army was moved via Fortress Monroe (42), and proceeded up the York River Peninsula (43), and along the bank of the Chickahominy River (44) to attempt the capture of Richmond (21).

Of the heroic devotion and brave fighting there shown by the Union Army, many writers have told. Of the many bloody battles there fought between May 31, and July 1—Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, Mechanicsville, Gains' Mills, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, Glendale, Frazer's Farm, and Malvern Hill—history rightfully relates.

General Pope's disastrous defeat at Cedar Mountain (45), Groveton (46), and Manassas (2), are, to our shame, all on record. General Lee's attempt to invade the North and his defeat at Sharpsburg or Antietam (48), historians without number have told, and the country still mourns for its sons lost in the last movement of the 1862 campaign in the East—Fredricksburg (49).

It is not my purpose to repeat this much told history more than to show the final outcome. The only conclusion and finding of all this conflict was that the battle line east of the mountains had been driven a little nearer Richmond; on the sea-coast of Virginia and North Carolina and about Pamlico Sound the Federals had established greater control.

West of the mountains the Confederate's line of defense had been twice broken and driven from the Columbus-Bowling Green-Prestonburg line (8-9-10-11), to a dubious one reaching from Vicksburg, Mississippi, to Chattanooga, Tennessee, and west of the Mississippi as far down as Little Rock, Arkansas (61).

The work of my regiment, whether or not it was heroic and decisive of results, was most certainly active. It chased Jeff Thompson's Cavalry in southeastern Missouri until it was disbanded. It waded through the Missouri swamps in Pope's Island No. 10 campaign where the water for miles reached the sides of the horses, and at the capture of that place it was first in possession of the forts on the island, and was so awarded the honor by proper authority. At one time while chasing Jeff Thompson's cavalry, the printers of my company took charge of the deserted office of the *Charleston Courier,* a rabid rebel paper, and issued at least one number of that publication that was soundly patriotic.

With General Pope's army we reached Pittsburg Landing after the great battle, and advanced with Halleck's command to the siege and capture of Corinth (39). While not one man in ten of the infantry of the command heard a bullet whistle or had a chance to fire a shot at the enemy in that movement, my regiment had no less than five distinct encounters with them. In one of these conflicts, according to official report, we charged, as a forlorn hope, a battery of twenty-four guns which was supported by fifteen thousand infantry, and by this seemingly futile charge saved General Paine's division from capture.

Long after the war I was detailed to write a description of this charge for one of my regimental reunions. As it was well received at that time and at other gatherings of veterans, and because, so far as I can learn, it is the only description of a cavalry charge written by one who personally participated, I dare insert it here. Our success was not because we killed so many of the enemy, for their loss was few; but because the dash was so bold they thought it was the signal for a general advance of a large force, and while they stopped to place themselves on the defensive, General Paine and his men escaped.

For verification of my story see Byer's History of Iowa in war time, page 576; also Government official reports on the war, Series I, Vol X, Part 1, pages 729 and 736.

THE CHARGE AT FARMINGTON

The Army

'Midst opening groves of greenest hue,
On rolling landscape fair to view,
Where white-walled tents in long lines stand,
And batteries planted on each hand,
And neighing horse at picket rope,
And stacks of arms on every slope,
And banners flying in the air,
And lines of guards drawn everywhere,
And bands at play, and bugle bray,
Halleck at siege of Corinth lay.

The Regiment

The day was fair; the southland breeze
Was whispering softly through the trees.
Our regiment, as soldiers will,
Was killing time with dext'rous skill;
Some read the news; some letters write;
Some tell the tale of recent fight;
Some in seclusion of their tent
Strive to repair some garment rent,
And as their only suit they mend
The sight would fright their dearest friend;
Some Juba pat; and some sans care
Are blanket-tossed into the air;
Some sing the lay of "John Brown's" day;
While some at cards stake their last pay.

The Alarm

But hark! With sudden crash and roar,
Headquarters' guns the signals pour,
That General Paine, who last night lay
Detached, exposed, is brought to bay
And must have help at any cost,
Or all his men and guns are lost.
All things are dashed from hasty hands,
And every man expectant stands,
Till "drum beat" pours its stern alarms
And bugles blow the call, "To arms!"
Now all is hurry, rush, and din.
First sergeants shout, "Fall in! Fall in!"
While soldiers rushing to and fro
For pistol, sword, and carbine go,
And *then* "Assembly!" fills the air,
And ranks are formed in hurry there,
While sergeants dress our lines and call
The roll of names, now dear to all,
For many answering "Here!" that time
Are sleeping now in southern clime.
And then we wait and wait, and wait,
For what may be our coming fate.

The Advance

See! dashing couriers orders bring,
And "Boots and Saddles!" bugles ring.
The boys break ranks and bridles grasp,
And blankets fold and saddles clasp,
And all are with the utmost speed
Swift-buckled on each snorting steed.
Then loud, "To Horse!" the bugles flout,
And sergeants call, "Lead out! Lead out!"
Then horse and man with bit in hand
Close side by side in long line stand.
"Prepare to mount!" the order fleets,
Then, "Mount!" The troopers take their seats
With knees clasped close, and bridle-hand
The charger ready to command,
And steady seat and flashing eye,
All ready now to do or die.
"Fours, Right!" and "Head of Column, Right!"
And we are speeding toward the fight.

Going into Battle

What thoughts and fears unbidden come
Of death, defeat, or distant home,
As soldiers view the sickening sight
That fills the rear of every fight!
For here spent balls go whistling by,
While bursting shells shriek through the sky,
And cowards slink, and loose steeds fly,
While wounded men for water cry;
And caissons rushing to the rear
To be refilled from wagons near
Make seeming sure defeat appear.
Here brave men feel they need their zeal
And here the coward turns the heel.
But when the soldier takes the front
And mixes in the battle's brunt,
And sees long lines unbroken stand,
And columns moving at command,

And rushes met and charges given
O'er ground by shot and shrapnel riven,
And *feels* our flag in battle fly,
And hears brave men exultant die,
The sight shown them by fighting men
Might bring the dead to life again.

The Battle-Field

We reach the front and there we spy
A scene 'tw're worth a life to buy.
Six thousand men with General Paine
Are fighting an escape to gain
From twenty thousand of the foe
That like a serpent sure and slow
Are coiling round the near-doomed men
For slaugther or for prison pen.
One single bridge Paine's men must pass,
But rebel guns sweep it, alas!
No help seems near in their distress,
To ease the awful battle press
Of rebels near, in flank and rear,
Or let one ray of hope appear.

The Forlorn Hope

One desperate chance is still at hand:
Our regiment unbroken stand.
If we are given to slaughter dire
To charge the foe and draw their fire,
We may perhaps check that advance
And give Paine's men some little chance.
Such hope forlorn escape to gain,
Up to our front dashed General Paine:
Like crash of drums the order comes:
"Charge those batteries! Take the guns!"

The Charge

Now springs our blood with quickest leaps,
For battle conflict nigh;
We settle firmly in our seats
And draw our curb-lines high.
On yonder hill are twenty guns
That death and slaughter deal;
Behind them fifteen thousand men,
With burnished rows of steel;
And we five hundred men alone
Must charge that grand array,
And save our men, as best we can,
Or die with them today.
"Attention!" loud the order rings
Throughout the smoke-dimmed air;
We calm our steeds as best we may
And dress our lines with care.
"Draw, Sabre!" and like lightning flash
Our swords gleam bright and high.
Then, "Forward, March!" adown the ranks
Resounds the bugle's cry.
With stirrup click and scabbard clang
And hoof-beat steady fall,
We forward march in battle line
And list the bugle's call.
"Trot, March!" it sounds. Our line like wave
On storm-swept ocean runs.
The foe cease firing on Paine's men
And turn on us their guns.
Then, "Gallop, March!" and on we dash
Through smoke and cannon's roar,
While shot and shell, a battle-hell,
Into our ranks they pour.
"Charge!" rings the order out;
"Charge!" all the bugles flout;
"Charge!" hear the answering shout;
And our steeds with flying leap

O'er the ground a cyclone sweep.
O'er a ditch and plowed field, then
Over line of our own men.
On, on the colors fly;
"On!' e'en the wounded cry;
"On!" shout the boys reply.
Now, the guns are near at hand;
Smoke-grimed gunners round them stand.
Now the sabre shows its powers;
Now the smoking guns are ours.
"Halt!" Bugles sound "Recall!"
Halt! many comrades fall.
Halt! or we perish all.
General Paine is safe once more;
O'er the bridge his troops now pour.
Needless now our longer stay;
Now retire while yet we may.
Rescuing our wounded men,
Past the ditch and field again,
Scattered wide as best betide
Our broken force, we quickly ride.

Query

Was it a victory or defeat?
We'll let the nation say.
We saved Paine's men from prison pen,
Or utter rout that day.

In another movement my regiment with the Second Michigan Cavalry made what the War Department reports call, "the first cavalry raid of the war." We passed around the Confederates' right flank and broke the communication below Corinth in their rear, captured two thousand prisoners, destroyed much property, and compelled the evacuation of Corinth. (See Volume 1, Page 144, Sheridan's Memoirs.)

But for this expedition, General Phil Sheridan might never have been known to the country except as an efficient quartermaster. General Elliott, one time the colonel of my regiment, at a reunion of that organization held long after the war, related to a squad of us these facts: When the raid was ordered General Elliott, then Colonel Elliott, was commanding a brigade composed of my regiment, the Second Iowa Cavalry, and the Second Michigan Cavalry, which last had no efficient commander. Colonel Elliott went to General Halleck and said, "Do you consider the raid you have ordered me to make to be important?"

General Halleck replied, "It is of the utmost importance that you make it a success."

"It is impossible to succeed in the movement with the present commander of the Second Michigan Cavalry," replied the Colonel, "but if you will give me the man I want to command this regiment I will promise you it shall be everything you want."

"Who is the man you want?"

"Capt. Phil. Sheridan," said Elliott.

"Impossible," replied General Halleck, "We cannot spare him from the quartermaster department where he has brought order from confusion."

In vain Colonel Elliott pleaded, saying, "Captain Sheridan is doing duty any good wagon master could perform and we need him in the line of battle."

But General Halleck was obdurate, and to close the discussion said, "You have no political pull in Michigan and could not get him commissioned if I should let you have him, and that is the end of the matter."

But it was not the end of the matter. Governor Blair was visiting the wounded Michigan men on the field, and Colonel Elliott went immediately to him and stated the case. The result was, the Governor took a used official envelope from his pocket, tore it apart and upon the unused side wrote an informal commision saying, "When I get back to Michigan I will send a formal commission of this date." This commission, coupled with the necessity of a successful raid and the pleadings of Colonel Elliott, compelled General Halleck to yield, and that night Colonel Sheridan with a borrowed pair of Eagles on his captain's uniform led his regiment upon this first raid of the war.

In closing his statement General Elliott said, "General Sheridan in his memoirs says, in effect, that he does not know who recommended him for the position. The truth is so many had claimed the honor he dared not make a host of enemies out of warm friends by stating the facts, but he knows them and I know them and that is enough for us."

It was also enough for us, his hearers, and should be enough for the country. We knew nothing could compel General Elliott to misrepresent a word, and here there was not the slightest inducement for a false statement. The successful result of the raid made Colonel Elliott General Elliott. He was taken away from us and given a division of infantry, and Colonel Sheridan succeeded to the command of the brigade.

After Corinth was evacuated we were almost constantly in the field, frequently skirmishing with the enemy. On July 1st, with our chum regiment, the Second

Michigan Cavalry, we met the Confederate General Chalmers at Booneville, who outnumbered us over five to one—eight hundred to four thousand—and whipped him so thoroughly that it stripped the newly found eagle from the shoulder of the commander of our brigade, Phil Sheridan, and gave him the first star of his final cluster. For particulars of that brilliant fight, see Sheridan's Memoirs, Volume I, Page 156. This gave our two regiments the unusual record of making two brigadier generals, Elliott and Sheridan, within sixty days.

We participated in the Battles of Iuka and Corinth in September and October, and when General Grant made the only campaign in which he failed, his fruitless and little mentioned campaign toward Vicksburg in November and December. Either alone or in conjunction with other cavalry units we formed, as was our duty, the front of the advance, the rear of the retirement; and, as circumstances happened to require it, did most of the fighting developed in that movement.

Let a few facts show the strenuous character of this first and little noticed Vicksburg campaign. From November 2nd until December 25th we, the cavalry, were away from our camp and garrison equipment, slept on the ground with only our blankets and ponchoes for covering, and lived largely on what the country afforded —sometimes abundant, sometimes scarce, sometimes entirely wanting. In the last thirty days of the campaign we averaged 41½ miles a day, crossing bridgeless streams, climbing through mountain trails, and skirmishing with the "Johnnies."

RECAPITULATION OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1862

(See map, pages 332-333)

Objectives

East of the mountains:

1. The Confederate Capitol, Richmond.

West of the mountains:

2. To drive the Confederates out of Missouri.

3. To reach and relieve the Union men in East Tennessee.

4. To open the Mississippi River.

Decisive Battles

East of the mountains:

General McClellan's many bloody encounters on the Chickahominy River.

General Pope's engagements in his disastrous movement in Virginia; Antietam, Fredericksburg.

West of the mountains:

Pea Ridge, Forts Henry and Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Corinth.

Island No. 10, Memphis, Forts Jackson and St. Philips, New Orleans.

Perryville, Murfreesboro.

Findings

East of the mountains:

Objective No. 1 failed. The Confederate battle line remained practically unchanged.

West of the mountains:

Objective No. 2 fully attianed.

Objective No. 3 made possible for next year.

Objective No. 4 attained except the space between Port Hudson and Vicksburg.

The battle line was pushed across nearly two states, and as far south as a line running from Little Rock, Arkansas, via Vicksburg and Chattanooga to the mountains.

Section IV. The Campaign of 1863

In this year the Union armies had five objectives. East of the mountains there was still the one of the year before: Richmond. West of the mountains there remained two of the year before, the relief of East Tennessee and the opening of the Mississippi; and then two more in connection with these: to push the Confederate line west of the river as far south as possible, and to capture Chattanooga. These four objectives in the West might be summed up in one: to break the enemy's third line of defense, from Little Rock, through Vicksburg and Chattanooga to the Alleghany mountains.

General Grant had collected his army on the river bank opposite Vicksburg (38) early in the year and had kept it busy digging a canal across a bend of the Mississippi, exploring the Yazoo, and other movements from which he did not expect greater results than that of keeping the army awake and fit for his coming campaign.

His plan conceived for the capture of the city was a daring one and none of his officers approved it. It involved a violation of many rules of military procedure, even General Sherman, his loyal supporter at all times, wrote him protesting against it, saying in effect he was

placing his army voluntarily where the enemy would be willing to expend many men and much money to have it. This plan was to march his army down the west bank of the river until he found an available crossing, then to have the gunboats and some of the transports run the batteries of Vicksburg and proceed down the river until they reached him. With their help, he would then cross to the east side of the stream with his whole army. Having thus found footing on the Vicksburg side of the river south of that city, his intention was to cut all his communications, march boldly into the country, throw his army between those of Johnston at Jackson (52) and Pemberton at Vicksburg (38) and prevent their meeting. This being accomplished, he proposed to whip Johnston first, then turn upon Pemberton, defeat him, and drive his forces back into Vicksburg. Should all this succeed, he would follow Pemberton to Vicksburg and would be in a position to lay siege to the city.

The plan worked so perfectly that its general outline as made before the expedition, filled in with particulars of dates and locations of engagements, would have made a perfect report after the movement was completed.

By the 17th of April the Federal forces had marched twenty miles below Vicksburg to near New Carthage (53) on the west bank of the river. There they met the gunboats that had run the batteries. On the 22nd five transports reached them by the same thrillingly hazardous route, and the troops were ferried across the river. May 1st Grant took Fort Gibson (54) on the east side of the river, cut his communications, and started for the interior of Mississippi.

General Grant had not informed Washington officials of his intended plan, he dared not do it. Had he done so it would have been overruled. Only after he had cut his communications did Washington headquarters realize what he was doing. When it was there understood, consternation reigned. Dispatch after dispatch was sent to recall him and save his army, as they thought, from sure destruction. Grant had anticipated just this when he cut off his communications, and he took great care that no orders from his superiors should reach him until he had either succeeded or failed.

But Grant did not fail. On the 12th of May he fought the battle of Raymond (55), and placed his army between Johnston and Pemberton as he had planned. On the 14th he defeated Johnston at the city of Jackson (52), then turned upon Pemberton and met him at Champion Hill (56) on the 16th, and drove him, both here and at the crossing of Black River, with great loss and thorough disorganization, into Vicksburg (38). By the 19th, the city was fully invested and the first assault made. On the 22nd a better organized and more costly assault was delivered, but as both failed the Federal army settled down to a close and determined siege. The siege terminated on the 4th day of July at which time Pemberton surrendered the city with 32,000 men, 72 cannon, and huge stores of small arms and war materials.

While Grant had been besieging Vicksburg, General Banks and Admiral Porter were endeavoring to capture Port Hudson (37), and had made several unsuccessful assaults thereon. As soon as it was proved to the Confederate commander of Port Hudson that Vicksburg had

fallen, he immediately capitulated with all his men and supplies. The Mississippi was now open from its source to the sea, never again to be closed, and the greatest objective in the West was finally obtained. The opening of the river cost the Confederates in their defeat sixty to seventy thousand men, a number over four times what the victory cost the Federals. It was a blow the South never recovered from.

But Vicksburg and Port Hudson were not the only victories in the West. General Rosecrans, who since his victory at Murfreesboro (41), had been there recruiting and reorganizing his army, advanced in the latter part of June upon the Confederate forces under General Bragg and by the 6th of July compelled him to retire to Chattanooga (29) with a loss of two thousand men, against five hundred lost by the Federals.

In the early days of September Burnside and Rosecrans made a simultaneous movement. Burnside started from Lexington, Kentucky (57), through the gaps of the Cumberland Mountains (18), drove General Buckner and his Confederate forces away from Knoxville (58), captured that city, and accomplished President Lincoln's long desired objective—the relief of the Union men of east Tennessee.

Meanwhile Rosecrans, above Chattanooga, had deceived the Confederates into thinking he intended to go into eastern Tennessee and join Burnside. But instead of so doing he crossed the Tennesse River at Bridgeport (59) without opposition, gained the mountain passes southwest of Chattanooga, and directed his march toward the railroad at Dalton (60), the base of supplies of

Bragg's army. This compelled the Confederate general to evacuate Chattanooga and that valuable military center became ours on the 9th of September.

This war-center was far too valuable to lose without further effort. General Bragg was reinforced by General Longstreet from Richmond, and on the 19th and 20th of September one of the most hotly contested battles of the war was fought on the banks of the Chickamauga, a stream about ten miles south of the captured city.

This battle has usually been considered a Confederate victory, but I cannot so view it. The whole campaign and the battle itself were conducted for the possession of Chattanooga. We retained that place then and ever since. The victory, certainly in the campaign if not in the battle, was ours. That gallant Confederate general, D. H. Hill, who participated in the fight, seems to agree with me when he writes, "And Chattanooga, the objective point of the campaign, was held. That barren victory sealed the fate of the southern Confederacy."

As soon as Bragg discovered that Rosecrans intended to hold Chattanooga, he posted his forces along Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain overlooking the city from the south, and commenced a close siege. His battery upon Lookout Mountain commanded the Tennessee River and the Memphis and Charleston railroad, and prevented any ammunition, rations, or materials reaching the Federals from that direction. The only method of obtaining such necessary supplies was to haul them by wagon over almost impassable roads from Jasper, twenty-five miles away as the crow flies, but the distance was made nearly sixty by the windings and elevations of

the Walden Mountains through which the road ran. Worse yet, General Wheeler with his cavalry succeeded in reaching the road and in destroying our wagon trains. Forage became so scarce for the animals of the Federals that they starved by thousands, until none were left to move artillery, wagons, or even ambulances. The men were given shorter and shorter rations until a half pound of pork and four crackers and a little beef "dried on the hoof" were an allowance for three days.

It was now the middle of October. Rosecrans had decided to retreat, but to prevent that disaster he was relieved from duty on the 17th of that month. General Thomas was put in his place, and General Grant was assigned to the command of the whole Military Division of the Mississippi. General Grant immediately telegraphed Thomas that he must "hold Chattanooga at all hazards and he would come to him without delay." The prompt reply came, "We will hold the town until we starve." The army in Chattanooga did not starve; it held the town, and in the latter part of the month the "Cracker Line" was opened and the famishing men and few remaining animals received full rations once more.

Less than a month from the time of this relief, the Army of the Cumberland, which had been driven back from Chickamauga, held, according to Confederate reports, "prisoners in Chattanooga and compelled to board itself," and which had submitted during all this time to many insults and jeers from the enemy overlooking it, had at last ample chance for revenge, and gallantly it embraced the opportunity. With Hooker on its right, who came to it from the east, and Sherman on its left, who had reinforced it from the west, on the 23rd, 24th,

and 25th of November it charged the enemy under General Bragg on Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and Tunnel Hill, broke his front, captured his artillery, drove him, defeated and disorganized, toward his base of supplies at Dalton (60), Georgia. This defeat of Bragg drove Longstreet, Buckner, and all other Confederate forces out of east Tennessee, and the Alleghany Mountains from this time on became the limit of the Confederate permanent occupation as far south as Chattanooga.

The same month General Schofield cleaned Kansas and north Arkansas of Confederate forces and took possession of Little Rock (61) and the north bank of the Arkansas River.

Thus the campaign of 1863 west of the mountains closed, as in 1862, triumphantly for the Federal arms, all of the desired objectives west of the mountains having been completely won.

East of the mountains, the objective was still Richmond, and the story was somewhat different. General Hooker commanding the Federal forces, crossed the Rappahannock River on the 28th of April. He met the enemy at Chancellorsville (67), on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of May, and was so badly defeated that Lee felt safe to again invade the North.

On the third day of June he started with his army from Culpepper Court House (45) and crossed the Potomac near Sharpsburg (48) and Hagerstown (65). By the 28th his forces had penetrated Pennsylvania as far as York (62) and Wrightsville (63) toward the east and Chambersburg (64) toward the west.

On the 30th the two armies met on the Chambersburg road just east of Gettysburg (66) and prepared for the greatest conflict of the war, the renowned "Battle of Gettysburg," fought on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd days of July. In the battle fifty thousand men were killed or wounded, the Confederate army was defeated, and the Southern cause received its death blow.

For some reason Lee was permitted to withdraw his defeated forces across the Potomac River and the campaign of 1863 practically closed with that engagement.

We find by consulting the map that, as the result of the campaign of 1863 east of the mountains, the Confederate battle line practically remained unchanged, but west of the mountains it had been pushed from Vicksburg to the Gulf of Mexico, out of east Tennessee and central Arkansas, and again broken at Chattanooga.

Working in connection with General Grant's second movement toward Vicksburg, my regiment in this campaign started from La Grange, Tennessee, the morning of March 10th. We were sent to destroy a railroad bridge across the Tallahatchie River near Waterford, Mississippi. Thirty-six hours, almost continuously in the saddle, saw the work accomplished, the bridge burned, and men and horses exhausted.

Our orders having been obeyed and our objective won, we expected to take a little rest, but such blessing was not ours to enjoy. Our supper was not over before news came that a rebel force four times our number was between us and our camp at La Grange waiting to intercept us in the morning. In our worn-out condition we should not fight such odds if possible to avoid it. There-

fore, "Boots and Saddles" was blown, and—thanks to the guidance of a Union citizen who knew all the paths of the country—with almost unprecedented hard riding for men and horses, we slipped around the waiting enemy, and made our camp in safety.

When we reached this safe haven many of the boys had to be lifted from the saddles upon the backs of their nearly dying horses. They had been in those saddles almost continuously three days and two nights. Not a man was lost; but as horses gave out they had, as usual, been exchanged for any riding beast opportunity offered or a trooper's fancy might choose.

It is strange how much sleep troopers in these circumstances may catch. I have been along the line of our company in the night, when the column was traveling at the regular rate and found hardly a man awake. They slept as long as the column moved as usual, but awoke if it accelerated its pace or stopped. There was no danger in riders falling off, and little danger of the horses leaving the ranks and taking the men they knew not where. Ninety-nine horses in a hundred would stick to their company and to their places in the company as long as life was in them, the one hundredth, had to be watched for. In the rear of each all-night ride, was kept a rear guard of the least fatigued men to watch for straying horses carrying off sleeping soldiers.

On the 17th of April our regiment, the Second Iowa Cavalry, in company with the Sixth and Seventh Illinois Cavalry, all under command of Colonel B. H. Grierson

of the 6th Illinois, started out on the celebrated Grierson raid ordered by General Grant to divert attention from his movements south and in the rear of Vicksburg.

Colonel Grierson was ordered to leave the Memphis and Charleston road at La Grange near Memphis, break through the enemy's lines and raid from north to south through central Mississippi. We were directed to tear up railroads as we could, destroy all military stores and supplies as we might, fight the enemy as we dared, and if possible join our own forces stationed at Baton Rouge in Louisiana.

Courage, caution, and good luck combining, we were enabled to comply with our orders most satisfactorily. Sixteen days from the time the brigade started upon its raid the men of the Sixth and Seventh Illinois Cavalry, having ridden nearly eight hundred miles, dusty, dirty, half-dead from long hours in saddle and from want of sleep, but proud as peacocks, with their long line of prisoners and record of work well done, rode into Baton Rouge and modestly acknowledged the cheers of every citizen and soldier who could possibly go there to greet them.

But where was the Second Iowa Cavalry? That is another story. Our raid, in strategy, resembled that of the three darkies after chickens. The only obstacle to success was a big savage bull dog. When they reached the coop they agreed that Sambo should catch the dog and hold him while Pomp and Caesar chased out the chickens and got the glory. How Sambo was to get away from the dog was left for him to accomplish as best he could. Such was the strategy in this raid. We

broke through the Confederate lines and marched slowly and prominently southward. Our forces were counted to a man by the enemy, and our weapons to a gun. The idea was to induce the Confederates to collect all their forces between us and our base of supplies at La Grange to capture us. We succeeded admirably in the first part of that project. By the time we had gone as far south as West Point, the enemy had collected plenty of men, as they thought, to capture the whole expedition.

Now was the time to act. My regiment was detailed to catch and "hold the dog." In other words we were to stop and fight the whole of the following forces and, if possible, make the enemy believe we were the entire expedition, and draw them off after us toward Columbus, while Grierson with the other two regiments were to put spurs to their horses and burn the ground to get beyond following distance while we were attending to the dog. With mutual God-speeds and well-wishes, the boys parted, doubting much if they would ever meet again unless it be in some rebel prison.

The stratagem succeeded perfectly. We had not the slightest trouble in getting the "Johnnies" to fight us, and we were so successful in covering the course of our comrades that the enemy hung on to us for thirty-six hours, thinking they were engaging the whole expedition. That length of time placed Grierson and his men beyond their pursuit; so it was time then for us to "let go of the dog" and get away, if we could.

It was a stiff problem to "let go." We were on the south side of the Tippah River, whose every known ford where we could cross was guarded. Cross we must in

order to reach our own lines, for there were enough Confederates around us on the south side of the river to "eat us up" if they could only get a square chance at us. Many a commander has surrendered under a less gloomy outlook than this, but Hatch was no such leader. He found a negro who guided us through a swamp, miles away from any guarded ford. There we found lodged flood-wood that would permit the men to cross on foot with saddles, arms, and ammunition. As the night was densely dark, large fires were built on each side of the stream to light the men across the flood-wood. Then the troopers pushed horses one at a time, off the steep bank on the south side of the river and coaxed and drove them until they swam across to the north bank where bugles blew stable-call and men waited to help them up the precipitous north shore.

Thus, by daylight we were across the river, again in our saddles, with our lines in front and the enemy in the rear. We felt ourselves now fully competent to show the "Johnnies" a clean set of heels, and we proceeded to do so; but not so recklessly as to forget to take with us to camp six hundred fresh horses and two hundred able-bodied darkies who "adhered" to us, and quite a number of prisoners.

But this was not all of our services in 1863. We went, with other regiments, toward Senatoba in May, and at Wall Hill so shamefully used Confederate General Chalmers and his forces that the ladies of the first-mentioned place presented the gallant General with a hoop skirt and a corncob pipe.

In June we were on the Mississippi River hunting trouble, and again after General Chalmers. In July we fought General Forrest near Jackson, Tennessee. In August, under command of our own Colonel D. E. Coon, we made a raid to Granada, Mississippi, and captured the place together with sixty locomotives, five hundred cars of all kinds, and materials too numerous and extensive to mention, all of which were completely destroyed.

From the 27th of August until the first of November our government, to our disgust, gave us a chance to rest from our raiding by cooping us up in the city of Memphis with little duty to perform. Gladly we escaped from this idle camp on the time stated, and for the last sixty days of the year we were more or less constantly employed through northern Mississippi and southern Tennessee, scouting and fighting with varying success Confederate Generals George, Forrest, and S. D. Lee.

RECAPITULATION OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1863

(See map, pages 332-333)

Objectives

East of the Alleghany Mountains:

1. The capitol of the Confederacy, Richmond.

West of the Alleghanies:

2. To complete the opening of the Mississippi River.

3. To push the Confederate line west of that river as far south as possible.

4. To finish the expedition for the relief of Union men in east Tennessee.

5. To break the enemy's line at Chattanooga.

Decisive Battles

East of the Alleghanies:

Chancellorsville, Gettysburg.

West of the Alleghanies:

Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge.

Findings

East of the Alleghanies:

Objective failed, but the battle line was forced part way toward Richmond.

West of the Alleghanies:

Objective No. 2 attained.

Objective No. 3 attained and the battle line driven south to the Arkansas River.

Objective No. 4 attained by the occupation of Knoxville by General Burnside.

Objective No. 5 attained.

Section V. The Campaign of 1864

In the west, after the indecisive and more or less disappointing movements by Banks in Louisiana and Sherman and Sooy Smith in Mississippi, the grand campaign for the year was commenced.

General Grant had been placed in command of all the armies of the United States on the second day of March, and soon issued orders that placed the whole Federal forces, east and west, in motion at the same time, under one plan, one control, and for one united purpose with

two objectives: first, the destruction of Lee's army and its base of supplies at Richmond; second, Johnston's army and its base of supplies at Atlanta.

In the west, Sherman, who had succeeded Grant in command of all forces between the mountains and the Mississippi River, was to use the three armies—of Cumberland under Thomas, Tennessee under McPherson, and Ohio under Schofield—attack, and, if possible, destroy General Joseph E. Johnston who had collected all the Confederate forces of any size or importance west of the mountains at Dalton (60), Georgia.

In the east, Generals Gilmore and Butler were to combine their forces and take possession of City Point (71), on the James River about twenty miles southeast of Richmond. Burnside and Meade were to unite their armies and march on Richmond from the north.

All armies commenced their movements in unison on the first days of May; Grant making his headquarters with the army of the Potomac commanded by General Meade.

The operations in the west will be first considered. Sherman put his troops in motion from Chattanooga toward Dalton on the 6th of May. General Johnston, commanding the Confederate forces, was one of the most skillful generals that the enemy possessed. His army was not as large as the Federal, but he was fighting at home; he had no long line of railroad to guard and repair; he was not compelled to supply his troops from a far distant base; and more than all, the country back from Dalton (60), to Atlanta (74), was mountainous with many passes that made defense easy, and offense difficult.

General Johnston adopted the Fabian policy of avoiding a conflict where possible, but covering continually all approaches to his base, Atlanta. Sherman also avoided front attacks and vigorous assaults whenever he could, and flanked his enemy out of position whenever and wherever circumstances permitted.

It is about one hundred and twenty miles from Chattanooga (29) to Atlanta (74), the vicinity of which latter place Sherman reached July 18th. Notwithstanding both commanders had been averse to unnecessary conflict between their forces, there had been at least seventeen different sharp battles in which very considerable parts of their armies had been engaged, and skirmishing and picket clashes had been almost continuous.

General Sherman says, "When the Federals reached Atlanta, at a most opportune time for them the Confederate government rendered us a most valuable service. It relieved General Johnston and placed General Hood in command of its army." Hood was a fighter. President Davis gave him command for that very reason. He instructed him to come out of Atlanta, defeat the Federals, and then march north and retake Nashville (68). He did his best to obey orders. He came out of the entrenchments of Atlanta, and fought Sherman in the open, but was defeated in every engagement until by September 2nd Sherman was occupying Atlanta and the Confederates were driven out of the entrenchments of that city.

Hood found that he could not defeat Sherman in open fight, and now, having lost his defensive position in Atlanta, he was driven to the second clause of President Davis' instructions—to invade the North and capture

Nashville. This was just what Sherman hoped Hood would try to do, and he is reported to have said, "I will build Hood a silver bridge if he will cross the Tennessee upon it." The silver bridge did not have to be built for Hood, he crossed the Tennessee on his own volition and in the last days of October started for Nashville.

Sherman, thereupon, placed Thomas in charge of the defense of that city and gave him what troops seemed necessary for the purpose. Hood reached Franklin, Tennessee (69), on the 30th of November, where attempting to capture Schofield with his small force and large supply train, he was defeated with great loss in both officers and men. The depressing effect of so many successive defeats upon Hood's troops is shown by this story. A citizen asked one of Hood's men who had survived the battle at Franklin, and was marching toward Nashville, "How many men have you in your army?"

"About enough for two more killings," came the reply.

Results developed that the soldier, discouraged as he seemed to be, was still too optimistic. One killing was proved sufficient to destroy Hood's whole force as an army and send its disorganized remnants flying through untold hardships back across the Tennessee River. This last "killing" was inflicted on the 15th and 16th of December by Gen. Thomas before Nashville, to which city Hood had laid siege. It was a reverse so severe that the army was ruined, and Hood retired in disgrace from its command.

As soon as Hood was across the Tennessee on his way to Nashville, Sherman was ready for his march from

"Atlanta to the Sea." He commenced the march on the 16th of November, and entered Savannah (70) three hundred miles away, on the 20th of December, having practically severed the Confederacy again, taken and destroyed a hundred million dollar's worth of stores and supplies, brought in thousands of negroes, and nearly destroyed a large extent of country as a source of supplies to the enemy's army. Here ended the campaign of 1864 in the western army.

In the east as heretofore stated, Generals Meade and Butler moved on the offensive at the same time that Sherman advanced from Chattanooga. Butler sailed up the James River and occupied City Point (71) as ordered, but failed of any further effective work.

General Meade, accompanied by General Grant, crossed the Rapidan River, May 4th, and entered the so-called "Wilderness." This was an undefined stretch of rough, hilly country, lying west of Fredericksburg and near Chancellorsville (49, 67), a land covered by woods, groves, and ravines. Its tangled thickets of pine, scrub oak, and cedar were so dense as to prevent easy passage and to obstruct both near and distant vision.

On June 15th, Grant's army, fighting continually and moving by its left flank, reached the James River and prepared to cross. Since entering the "Wilderness" May 4th, it had fought six bloody battles, four in the "Wilderness," one at North Anna, and a most costly one at Cold Harbor, near the Chickahominy (44), the scene of McClellan's "Seven Days Battle" in 1862.

After the Cold Harbor engagement Grant came to the same conclusion that McClellan had arrived at in 1862

when he retired to Malvern Hill: that the proper approach for a siege of Richmond was from the south. Therefore he crossed the river, attempted the capture of Petersburg (75) but failed. He then laid siege to that city and spent the rest of the season attempting to push the left of his army across the railroad communications south of Richmond.

The campaign of 1864 produced great victories for the Union cause, and ended with the Confederacy cut into three parts as shown by the map. Nearly all the effective forces of the South were in the northeast section under Lee at Richmond and Johnston with a new army in North Carolina.

Sherman with his army was in the south of this section and Grant in the north, and it seemed certain that when these two forces should march to meet in the following spring the end must come.

At this time it was my misfortune to be compelled to leave my company and my place in the battle line. The cause of this change illustrates one of the differences of organizing and conducting the Civil War and the Great War, and is one of the many reasons why the former, though a greater war, so far as we were concerned, yet cost in dollars and cents only about one-sixth as much as the latter. General Sherman once said, "If a man should be needed for any particular work, no matter how technical, he could always be found in the ranks of the army." This was as true in the Great War as in the Civil War, but the difference was in the way such men were handled when found. The Civil War man was detailed from his company for the work, and no matter how important it

was he would receive only the pay his rank in the line entitled him. At one time I displaced a civilian who was receiving six times my pay.

In the Great War such soldier was commissioned and placed on staff duty. Many civilians were also commissioned on this staff for various duties not connected with the line of battle, and the Pullman cars throughout the country and the office desks at Washington are scratched with the spurs of "cavalry officers" of our late war who dare not for their lives mount a fractious horse and who could not possibly form a troop of cavalry upon any line unless it be at a pie-counter or along a refreshment bar.

When I joined my company I was without acquaintance and had no pull of any kind; I expected no office, and got none. Our officers elected by the company were all professional men, probably good ones, but their knowledge was worthless in the army. When our company drew their horses, these men who had spent their lives at their office desks were lost, but I came into my kingdom.

Anyone who has read my "Passing of the Indian" must realize that I was almost half-brother to a horse, was an out-door man and a fairly good rider. The army tactics, a sealed book to many, were open to me. With all these advantages, it did not take long to demonstrate that I could do more with the raw men and the unbroken horses than the commissioned officers. I succeeded so well that a company in the 4th Iowa Cavalry, seeing my work, offered me a commission with them. The boys of my company and the officers of both company and regiment did not want me to leave, and so in loyalty I re-

mained with them. They did the best they could for me: they made me a first sergeant of Company I, 2nd Iowa Cavalry.

A company was then allowed three commissioned officers, a captain and two lieutenants. In our company one of these officers was habitually "disabled from duty," but notwithstanding a court martial he still had enough force, personally and politically, to hold his commission whether he did his duty or not. Another officer was on "detached service" and never, except for a few days, was with the company during the war. The methods of the Great War would have made short work of that tangle. The court-martialled officer would have been dismissed; the one on detached service would have been transferred to "staff duty," and that would have made two vacancies for commissions in my company, of which I should without doubt have received one.

It takes little mathematics to figure out the fact that one lieutenant and I were left to perform all the duties of four men—three commissioned officers and the first sergeant. This condition was a money-saver for Uncle Sam, but I did not then, nor do I yet, fully appreciate its justice. Of this four-fold job, despite the willingness of the lieutenant, I necessarily had to perform much the larger half; it would not have been proper for him to attend to my first sergeant's duties, and when it came to the officers' duties he never drilled the company during the period of my service with it. This being the case, it does not take a prophet to know who was compelled to handle it in the field and in the fight. The only order I ever heard the captain of my company give

while under fire from the enemy was, "Dismount and obey your First Sergeant." This condition lasted two and a half years through camp, and march, and raid, and in twenty-seven battles and skirmishes that are certified to on my discharge. I could stand the physical and mental strain no longer; both body and mind were giving way and I resigned.

Both men and officers refused to accept my resignation. But a few days later, when the boys had rolled me up in a blanket and carried me to the hospital, and the doctor had reported upon my condition, they were satisfied I had done the proper thing and permitted me to fight for my life. I never did recover from the effects of that service, but I regained my health sufficiently to accept a staff detail to the head-quarters of the Cavalry Corps of which General B. H. Grierson, of Grierson raid fame, was commander.

My duties then were essential and exacting, both in the field and in the office, and under World War conditions I should have been commissioned. But I performed them willingly and gladly on the pay of my rank, and what I say for myself I can speak for the many other men I knew who were thus "detached."

Proof that my work in the regiment was appreciated came when there was finally a vacancy in the commissioned officers of my company. The officers of the regiment heartily endorsed me for promotion as captain. Doubtless I should have received such commission had I not, on account of health and other reasons, stopped the proceeding myself. I wrote Governor Kirkwood declining the position, and suggesting that the Lieutenant with

whom I had worked so long be commissioned. My letter solved a long uncertainty, the lieutenant received the commission, and we had a banquet at his expense and in my honor.

With the cavalry corps staff I participated in the Sturgis Raid, that tragic campaign—for its size the most lamentable movement of the Civil War. It started from Memphis June first for the express purpose of whipping General Forrest who was stationed near Guntown, Miss. Three brigades of infantry—two white and one colored—and two brigades of cavalry were the forces employed—about seventy-five hundred men. General W. C. McMillan commanded the infantry; General B. H. Grierson, the cavalry; and General Sturgis, the army.

I dislike to recall the horrors of that campaign. But it is little understood, has never been correctly told to the people, and some writers have unfairly laid the blame of it upon General Grierson. Justice, therefore, as well as regard for the truth, compel me to tell what I know of the affair. Circumstances were such that few men saw more of the whole conflict than I.

On the 8th Sturgis passed Ripley, about eighty miles southeast of Memphis, and camped at Stubbs' farm fourteen miles beyond. About ten o'clock on the morning of the 9th the cavalry, having marched about eleven miles from camp, crossed a small stream and came to Brice's cross-roads where we struck the enemy who were awaiting us there in force. General Grierson immediately went to the cross-roads and took command at the front. He at once reported the condition to General Sturgis, and expressed his doubts of the desirability of fighting in

such an unfavorable position, with little space to move troops and a muddy stream directly in the rear.

Sturgis, in place of coming to the front and viewing the ground, or sending a staff officer to do it for him, disregarded Grierson's better judgment and gave the order, "Hold the cross-roads at all hazards." Grierson did not, as has been charged, urge Sturgis to advance to this point—he did the very reverse. But when he was ordered to hold the cross-roads he did write that he could not hold them long against Forrest's combined forces of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, and if they must be held the infantry should be brought up soon. These facts I am certain of because it was my duty to know and record all such correspondence.

It was ten o'clock when the cavalry went into line of battle and Grierson reported to Sturgis. It was a hot day. The sun beat down with almost tropic fierceness on the soft, sandy road between the tall pine trees. Over this road and under these conditions Sturgis pushed his men to the last point of endurance. I sat on my horse at the forks of the road and saw them go into the fight panting from the heat and fatigue, much better subjects for hospital treatment than for fighting a battle.

In this condition these men went into the fight regiment by regiment, and regiment by regiment they were defeated until about sundown, when the whole battle line gave way and demoralization of the infantry was complete. The result was no reflection on the bravery of the men who were thus pushed into the fight; they were so handled that they never had a chance to win; defeat was a foregone conclusion.

The cavalry had been withdrawn from the front and mounted when the infantry arrived, and were still in fighting condition. But one brigade was soon lost from service where needed, and that by Sturgis's command. I know this because I heard him give the order. The division and brigade commanders had gathered near and behind the stream I spoke of, the defeated army was crowding past, no longer an army but a formless mob. An infantry colonel rode in haste to General Sturgis and anxiously pleaded, "General, we are holding the 'Johnnies' on the creek. Give us ammunition and we will whip them yet."

Sturgis replied, "I don't know anything about the ammunition." Then turning to Colonel Warring, commander of the First Brigade of cavalry, the only organization that had not been more or less broken, he said, "Colonel Warring, take your brigade and make a hole to Memphis." With this brigade General Sturgis retired from the field, and General Grierson took command. This left only one brigade of cavalry to protect from the enemy what was left of five thousand infantry. We were enough to whip any and all cavalry that the Confederates then had, but when their infantry or artillery came up in force we had to retire. Conditions resolved themselves into this proposition: as long as our troops kept moving at a marching gait they could be protected, but any who stopped or who gave out from wounds or fatigue were left to the mercy of an enraged enemy.

Pause here a moment and try to realize what the men of that army endured—I mean the infantry. We of the cavalry had no jolly picnic, but it is the foot soldiers to

whom I refer. At ten o'clock in the morning, carrying their full marching load, they were ordered to "Double quick, March!" in deep sand, under a blazing sun and through a breathless canyon edged by tall pines. This killing pace, as often as possible, was kept up until two o'clock in the afternoon when, in an almost fainting condition, those who had not already fallen from exhaustion, were pushed into a fierce engagement. They fought from that time until sunset a *losing battle.*

A losing battle! How many know or can realize what that means? Even a victorious fight demands all of life's energies. The excitement, the risk of life and limb, the thirst-provoking and stifling gunpowder fumes, the depending uncertainties, all make drafts upon the soldier that even the enthusiasm and joy of victory cannot replace. But when to that is added the depression of defeat, it would seem impossible that those soldiers at night could even move themselves for any purpose.

Had it not been a case of life or death these men would not have moved, but most wonderful is the reserve force nature has given us which can be called upon in necessity. These men made drafts upon that force and traveled all that night—twenty-five miles to Ripley; they marched, or walked, or crawled all the next day and all the next night. In some way they kept moving; with insufficient food, with water at uncertain and too infrequent intervals, with supposed certain death behind and promised life in front, many of them kept going, *somehow, nearly one hundred miles,* before reaching rest, rations, and safety.

Over the scenes of that hundred miles of horrors I draw a veil, except as to one particular which must be

answered, both for the Fort Pillow event and the Sturgis disgrace. Were our soldiers, white and black, needlessly killed?

After a lapse of over half a century, "With charity for all and with malice toward none," I am compelled to admit what the Confederates themselves who knew did not deny: they were so killed. Even General R. E. Lee does not deny it regarding Fort Pillow, and says, "I assert that our officers endeavored to prevent the effusion of blood, and as evidence of this I refer you to the fact that both white and colored prisoners were taken and are now in our hands." This last statement is true, but look at the figures. As nearly as the facts can be ascertained, there were at Fort Pillow five hundred soldiers and refugees killed or driven into the river and drowned, and only about two hundred, *including the wounded,* taken prisoners. Those simple figures prove conclusively needless slaughter. In justice to the Confederates we must consider that we had just armed a servile race, and they thought these black soldiers would, in revenge for centuries of slavery, murder and violate their people without mercy—a fear that proved absolutely groundless. They were brought up as feudists to believe that it was right to kill enemy or friend on sufficient provocation. They considered our act as sufficient provocation. We were notified, *unofficially,* that no negro soldiers or white men in company with negro soldiers would be taken prisoners. I dare not ask myself what I would have done, with their education and their supposed cause for revenge; an honest reply might lead to an unpleasant conclusion. Let Him who alone "doeth all things well" the verdict find.

For the cavalry I wish to tell of the thrilling campaign of Nashville, because its bare narrative so forcibly defines the duties and work of the cavalry arm of service before and during the Civil War—duties now lost to them forever.

When Hood crossed the Tennessee River on his march to Nashville, my regiment with others formed the 5th Division Cavalry Corps M. D. M., under command of my old Colonel Edward Hatch. This division met Hood at that river and fought his advance mile by mile for over a hundred miles until he laid siege to the city.

The cavalry was then "the eye of the army" and its duty was, at all times to know just where the enemy's army was and, so far as possible, its strength, component parts, and numbers. This could be done only by fighting it hard enough to compel a display of forces. It was our daily work to fight and fall back, fight and fall back, until such time as General Thomas, our commander, was ready to try final conclusions in one great battle. Some of these conflicts were small, but some, like the engagement of Franklin, were severe; and it was not an unusual thing for regiments to lose more men in the little fights than in a big battle.

Our division met Hood's army on the 6th day of November and fought it daily until the 2nd day of December, when it arrived in the vicinity of Nashville and settled down to a siege of that city. There our men were given ten days of rest to prepare for the battle at that place. Let a few facts give some idea of the isolation of this division and of the suffering of its men and horses. When it reached Columbus it received its first mail for

sixty-five days. An inspection of horses showed that in the Second Iowa Cavalry, out of four hundred examined, only sixty-five were fit for service, all the rest, from excessive service, lack of feed, and wading through Tennessee mud, were worthless for present needs. The men were little better. They did not see their tents or knapsacks between the months of September and December; their beds had been the mud and snow of the Tennessee hills, their blankets and the sky their only covering of nights; while hard riding and uncertain rations, with plenty of fighting, had been their fare all these days.

When the Battle of Nashville took place on the 15th of December, the Fifth Division—rested, mounted, and re-clothed—was ready to make a new record for the cavalry service. It was stationed on the right of the Federal line. It was dismounted, and the horses had been sent to the rear. The men were lying on the ground, and a fort of the enemy upon a hill in front was shelling them. To lie still and receive the enemy's fire with no chance to reply will test the nerve of any soldier. Consequently when General Hatch rode along the line and said, "Boys, let's go up and take that fort," there was a cheer of approval, and they rushed and captured it. Not only did they capture this fort but when, after entering they found that it was enfiladed by a second one, and that they must either surrender the one they had captured or go on and take the second, they delayed not a moment in their choice, but went on and took the second fort likewise.

So unprecedented was this success of ours that when the capture of the first fort was reported to General Thomas he replied, "Tut, tut, impossible, impossible, sir! Such a thing as cavalrymen carrying forts by assault has

never been heard of." Seeing is believing, and the General rode to the right of his line in time to witness with his own eyes our capture of the second fortification.

Just before the charge upon the second fort was made, an incident occurred that demonstrates the Civil War soldier's determination to perform his assigned duty despite interference from any source. The capture of the first fort, and the pursuit and gathering in of the prisoners, had scattered the men of the regiment badly. As it was necessary to gather them, Colonel Horton, to attract their attention, took the flag from the color bearer, Sergeant John F. Hartman, and rode among them calling, "Fall in, boys, fall in!"

Hartman stood for a moment dazed, then risking court-martial and disgrace, he seized the Colonel's horse by the bits and demanded, "Colonel Horton, that flag is mine until I disgrace it. Give it back to me. I'll carry it as far as you dare to."

The Colonel was a gentleman, he saw his mistake, and handed the flag back saying, "I know you will, Sergeant, and a great deal farther." Hartman carried his flag into the second fort, planted it there with his dying hand and, when found, still held it with his last death grip.

That day the boys of our division seemed to acquire the habit of capturing cannon, for during the battle of Nashville and the long pursuit of Hoods' broken army afterward the Confederates never discharged a piece of artillery at them that our boys did not raise a shout, make a charge, and capture it.

It was during this pursuit that two men of my company, Ben Hammet and Horace Bennet, were captured by

the Confederates and were promptly started on the way to a rebel prison. These boys knew something about the bed and board the South was furnishing guests of their variety, and concluded they would not be prisoners but would either escape or die in the attempt. The Confederates had so many captives they could not well find buildings to put them in at night, and so were compelled to let them lie upon the ground in the open fields. The captured men were required to lie as closely together as possible, and guards, who walked their beats all night long, were placed around them.

The train of captives and guards proceeded toward the south until it came to a part of the country through which our regiment had scouted and fought and which Hammet and Bennett both knew. They here decided that now or never was the time to make their dash for liberty or death. That night they laid their blankets down as close to the guard line as possible, wrapped themselves up, and pretended deep sleep.

About midnight, when everything had quieted down, they waited until the guard of their part of the line approached their location and then, as he was passing, they sprang to their feet, threw their arms around him, gun and all, and despite the shouts, commands, and rifle shots of the other guards, who dared not leave their beats or, on account of their kidnapped comrade, dared not shoot to kill, they carried him out of sight and range of camp and there left him—in what condition "deponent saith not." By hiding days and traveling nights, guided and provisioned by the negroes, they reached the Tennessee River, hailed a boat, and finally returned safely to the company.

RECAPITULATION OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1864

(See map, pages 332-333)

Objectives

East of the Alleghany Mountains:

Lee's army and the Confederate capitol, its base of supplies, Richmond, Virginia.

West of the Alleghanies:

Johnston's army and its base of supplies at Atlanta, Georgia.

The execution of the campaign for the first was placed in the hands of General Meade under personal direction of General Grant.

That of the last to General Sherman under more general direction from the same source.

For the first time, all the armies moved at one time, under one direction (Grant's), for one general purpose.

Decisive Battles

East of the Alleghanies:

Grant's series of battles in the Wilderness, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Petersburg.

West of Alleghanies:

Sherman's series of battles from Dalton to Atlanta, Savannah; Nashville.

Findings

East of the Alleghanies:

The capture of the base of supplies, Richmond, not attained, but General Lee was so closely besieged there that he could not detach troops against Sherman.

West of the Alleghanies:

Objective attained.

Johnston's base of supplies, Atlanta, captured, his army under General Hood destroyed, and the Confederacy east of the Mississippi River practically cut into two sections by the march from "Atlanta to the Sea."

Section VI. The Campaign of 1865 and Closing Events

The contemplated movements for this year were but continuations of the plan made in the spring of 1864, namely: that General Sherman should destroy Johnston's army at Dalton, Georgia; that General Meade, under General Grant's supervision, should destroy General Lee's army at Richmond, Virginia; and that the one who first succeeded in attaining his objective should march to the assistance of the other.

General Sherman was first to perform his task. The army of General Johnston, eventually under General Hood, had been completely destroyed, and in conformity to the preconceived and agreed plan, General Sherman had already marched three hundred miles "from Atlanta to the sea," and now the finishing strokes of the war came.

In the latter part of January, Sherman left Savannah upon what proved to be the last long offensive march of the war. He crossed the Salkehatichie River in face of the enemy on the 3rd of February, struck and defeated the Confederates at Orangeburg (76), captured Columbia (77) on the 17th, marched across the state line of North Carolina on March 8th, left Fayetteville (78) for Goldsboro on the 15th, foiled Johnston's attempt to destroy his army in detail at Bentonville on the 21st, and reached

Goldsboro (79) on the 23rd. He then formed a junction with Schofield and Terry, who, by his orders, had marched up from Wilmington (73).

Sherman's army, now all united, had two direct lines of railroad to the ocean, and was ready to communicate and co-operate with Grant at Petersburg (75). Therefore Sherman on the 27th went to Grant's headquarters at City Point (71) to consult personally with him regarding the final movements to destroy the Confederate armies.

At this time General Sherman said: "But one move was left to Lee on the chess board of war: make a junction with Johnston in North Carolina, fall upon and destroy me, if possible—a fate I did not apprehend; then turn on Grant, sure to be in close pursuit, and defeat him." This move, from subsequent events seemed to have been Lee's intention. He communicated it to President Davis, who had agreed that such movement should be made as soon as the ground settled and troops could possibly be moved in the spring.

But General Grant did not wait until troops could be reasonably marched. He started Meade's army moving by its left flank on the 29th day of March when the roads were impassable to any troops but those that were in the lightest marching order and of the most determined disposition.

Notwithstanding the adverse opinions of subordinates, he marched his men through mud and rain at a time of which General Horace Porter said: "The Country was densely wooded and the ground swampy. By evening of the 30th whole fields had become beds of quicksand

in which horses sank to their bellies, wagons threatening to disappear altogether, and it seemed as if the bottom had fallen out of the roads. The roads had become sheets of water and it looked as if the saving of the army would require the services, not of a Grant, but of a Noah. Soldiers would call out to officers as they rode along, "I say! when are the gunboats coming up?"

Under these unfavorable conditions General Sheridan with the cavalry and one corps of infantry, moved southwest to Dinwiddie Court House on the 31st, there threatening the Richmond and Danville railroad, the Confederates' principal source of supplies. General Lee immediately detached a large part of his army to drive Sheridan and his forces away. This brought on the fierce battle of Five Forks on the 1st and 2nd days of April. Sheridan was not driven away, but Lee's men were so badly defeated he was forced to conclude that the Confederates could no longer hold Richmond and Petersburg. On the morning of the 2nd, therefore, he notified President Davis, who immediately left the church services, where the message found him, and commenced preparing for precipitate flight.

Now began a race between General Lee's and General Grant's armies to determine which could first reach Burkeville (81), the junction of the Danville and Southside railroads, the key to direct communication between General Lee's army in Virginia and General Johnston's army in North Carolina. The indefatigable Sheridan with his Union forces was first there, and the battle of Sailor's Creek on April 6th, in which General Ewell and his whole corps was captured, demonstrated our ability to retain the key.

This success of the Union army compelled Lee to change the direction of his retreat toward his secondary base of supplies, Lynchburg, and the race continued along the Southside Railroad toward that objective.

Here again Sheridan was the winner. He first reached Appomattox Station (82), captured the supplies Lee had ordered there to feed his now famishing men, then formed a line of cavalry and infantry across Lee's line of retreat, so strong that the Confederate forces made no serious attempt to break it when they reached it on the morning of April 9th, 1865.

Then the end came. In McLean's cottage at Appomattox Court House, Lee surrendered. There and then his officers and men were paroled on liberal terms that allowed all to return to their homes "not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observed their paroles and the laws in force where they resided."

Johnston's army on the 26th surrendered to Sherman at Raleigh, North Carolina, on the same terms. Other commanders in various parts of the now re-established Union also followed the example of their illustrious leaders as rapidly as the news reached them and

THE WAR WAS OVER.

The wave of rejoicing that swept the North at this culmination is impossible to describe. Those who participated in the celebration of the Armistice at the close of the Great War can imagine something of what it might have been were this last demonstration multiplied by the ratio of the importance of the two events. The Civil War lasted twice as long as the Great War. Relatively, to the country engaged in it, the cost, in endeavor, in heart

distress, in destruction of property, and in loss of life was nine times as great in the former as in the latter, and the resulting greater benefits of the struggle to our nation's present standing and future progress were beyond comparison. Figure these facts out and then imagine, if you can, the outburst of enthusiasm that swept the North like a cyclone when the telegraph wires clicked out, "Lee has surrendered."

After the surrender of Appomattox my regiment was stationed at Selma, Alabama, performing patrol and reconstruction work until the following September. Here we met the Confederate boys who, worn-out, tired, and dejected, were coming to a none too cordial welcome at their homes. The people of that part of the South had suffered comparatively little from the war. They had been told continuously that their troops were victorious over the North. They thought the surrender was uncalled-for, that their soldiers should have fought longer, and they treated them as slackers. Later they knew better and appreciated the services of their men at their true worth; but there, just after the surrender, I believe that we, the "Yanks," were the best friends the returning Confederate soldiers in that city had. We knew and appreciated so well what they had done that we nearly impoverished ourselves helping them on their way home.

Almost a generation after the war closed a letter came from Mobile, Alabama, to the secretary of our regimental organization. The writer was an ex-confederate soldier who wanted to send the best carriage that he had in his shop to that member of the Second Iowa Cavalry

who furnished him a horse and saddle at Selma, Alabama, and helped him on his way home when he had become completely exhausted.

This circumstance was not exceptional, it was general, almost universal. The friendship which grew up between the "Yanks" and "Johnnies" who fought each other during our Civil War was a most strange thing, and the more frequent and closely contested their conflicts had been, if square and honest, the warmer and closer that friendship was.

No better example of this exists than that of my regiment, and the Second Missouri Confederate Cavalry. They were as well armed and disciplined as we, and no matter how much odds in numbers or position we were willing to assume with the other Confederate Cavalry regiments, when we met that one body of men we could not afford to give one single advantage in either numbers or conditions. When we met, which was quite often, chance or the "God of Battle" had to decide the issue of the clash. The result was mutual respect and warm friendship. If we made one of them prisoner, the best that we had in camp was not too good for him; and if they caught one of us, we received the same treatment from them. Today I would travel farther to meet a Second Missouri man than for any other person in the world outside my own family or regiment.

This friendship between the old soldiers of the North and the South did more to bridge the chasm that separated the two sections than any other influence then or now extant. Civilians upon both sides could not see us veterans fraternizing so fully as we always did, without modi-

fying the prejudices and resentments that a life-time of misinformation and misunderstanding may have fixed upon them.

Some time after the war when I told the boys of my Grand Army Post that I was going south they said, "You will have to take the Grand Army button off your coat when you get there."

"No, I will not," I replied. "For two reasons I decline to do it. First, I will not take it off for any person or circumstance whatever, and second, I think I know those "Johnnies" well enough to understand they will think better of me if I wear it than if I should take it off and put it in my coat pocket." I soon happened to be in Mobile, Alabama, when the Confederate camps of the state had their reunion there. I thought it would be a good chance to try the effect of my G. A. R. button.

I went to their place of meeting. An old gentleman met me with extended hand, saying, "Are you an old soldier?" I answered, "Yes, I served over four years, but in the Northern army. I am a 'Yank'."

"We are just as glad to see you," he replied. "Everything we have is yours." I went to their place of meeting. A musket-armed sentinel met me with "Arms apart," and challenged, "Are you a delegate?"

"No, I am not," I said, "I am an old Yankee soldier."

"Pass in," he answered.

I seated myself in the first row of the dress circle, but soon found I was surounded by delegates, so reaching for my hat I said to those around me, "I guess I will move back. I am not a delegate. I am not even a Confederate. I am a Yankee soldier."

Immediately several hands hit my back in friendly salutation and unanimous orders given to me. "Sit down, we have got you prisoner now if we never had you before." Needless to say I stayed where I was, and was never better used in my life.

I wish I commanded words fit to portray a scene of comradeship that I saw in Mobile on one of the Confederate Decoration Days. After decorating the graves of the Confederate dead the whole long column of Confederate veterans, state militia, school cadets, and citizens marched to our National Cemetery; there they halted, saluted, and a speaker of them, and for them, presented to its superintendent a beautiful floral emblem, symbolically to decorate the graves of the Northern soldiers there buried. It was a sympathetic act gallantly performed, and one that I believe never did occur and never could occur in any land save ours. I was then standing by the superintendent and noticed the captain of the Mobile Confederate Camp motion to his adjutant; soon two grey uniformed ex-"Johnnies" stepped out of their ranks and captured me, a willing prisoner to assist them in completing the duties of the day.

There are no men in the world more loyal to the "Stars and Stripes" than those who fought hardest to separate themselves from it. I have talked with hundreds of old Confederates in every state of the Union and managed to work into our conversation this question or its equal: "Now, 'Johnny,' you have had about a half century to test the question, and what do you really think? Would it have been as well if you had succeeded, or is it better as it is now?" Think what it must mean to that man if he

answers in the way I would have him. It means that Jefferson Davis, and Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, and many other men whom he adores as we do Abraham Lincoln, were wrong; it means that all his comrades who were killed, died in vain; and it means that his own service and suffering and trials went for nothing. Yet, in spite of all this, I have not had a single one who refused to answer, and every one cordially said, "It is better as it now is." Truly, there is no North, no South, no East, nor no West. We are one people in everything except sectional politics, and may God hasten the day when that division, like others that have vanished, shall be, like them, known no more.

RECAPITULATION OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1865

(See map, pages 332-333)

Objective

East of the Alleghany Mountains:

At the commencement of the 1864 campaign it was understood between Generals Sherman and Grant that the one who first attained his 1864 objective should march to the other's assistance.

Pursuant to this plan, after Sherman had captured Atlanta and dispersed Johnston's army, he had marched his forces into the East, and both Grant's and Sherman's *Sole Objective* for 1865 was the destruction of the Confederate armies and capture of Richmond.

West of the Alleghanies:

Nothing of importance.

Decisive Engagements and Events

East of the Alleghanies:

Fort Fisher, Sherman's march from Savannah to Goldsboro; Petersburg.

The series of battles caused by Grant's army moving by its left flank and cutting off communication with Johnston's army.

Capture of Lee's army at Appomattox.

Findings

Both East and West:

The surrender of the Confederate forces wherever they were found.

Peace for the whole country.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

Section I. Its Commencement and Causes

During the last decade of the last century our next-door neighbor and closest commercial friend, Cuba, was engaged in a deadly, almost despairingly desperate, revolt against the demoralizing and impoverishing tyranny of Spain.

Few persons outside of Cuba realize the courage and valor the people of that island exhibited, the sufferings they endured, or the horrors they survived. During the Santiago campaign circumstances were such that the Cuban forces did no fighting in the trenches, and were of little assistance elsewhere except as scouts; many formed the hasty conclusion that their revolution was one of fuss, feathers, and furor, and were led to belittle their fighting qualities and minimize their patriotism.

To correct that impression, allow me to present a few facts. I will count as nothing the great cruelty, destruction of property and irregular war methods permitted by Spain during the "Ten Years War" which closed in President Grant's time; I will take no account of the failure of that country to carry out her definite promises of reform, solemnly made to end that conflict; and I will base my demonstration upon findings during the last revolt of that island that began in February, 1895, and ended when Santiago fell, July 17, 1898.

General Funston, who served in the ranks of the Cuban army from private to lieutenant colonel, had great admiration for their fighting qualities. Even though they

may not excel in fine tactics, precise evolutions, and powerful mass formation, yet as loose fighters and rapid scouters, they proved themselves brave and efficient.

I understand that the war records of this last revolution have been carefully compiled and are now on file in Havana. These records show during the three years of the war 53,744 men served in their army a longer or shorter time. Of this number 5,180 were battle losses—killed or died of wounds—and 3,437 died of disease. These are not estimates, they are records showing the company and regiment of each deceased soldier, the engagement where he was killed, and the date of his death. These figures prove a battle loss of over ninety-five men to the thousand enrolled, while the disease loss was only about two-thirds of that number.

No better, braver men ever faced each other than the two armies who fought during the three years of our own Civil War and yet our battle loss was only fifty-five men to the thousand, while our disease loss was three times that number.

No one ever doubted the bravery of our boys who fought the Mexican War, yet their battle loss was only sixteen to the thousand, while their disease loss was over sixty-two. The most surprising comparison of all, perhaps, is that the Cuban army of little more than 53,000 men, during its last revolt, lost in three years more men killed and died of wounds than the United States suffered from its hundreds of thousands of enrolled men who served in the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Spanish and Philippine Wars combined.

A careful consideration of these statistics, especially when comparison of relative battle losses and death losses is made, reaches the unavoidable conclusion that the Cuban fought bravely and well.

The suffering the Cuban and his family endured and the horrors they survived, never can be, never will be, and perhaps never should be told. A plain mathematical statement is sufficient to prove the unspeakable distress of it all.

On February 10th, 1896, General Weyler took command of the island as governor and captain-general, and issued his concentration orders. This policy grew out of the fact that so long as the wives and children of the insurgent soldiers were left upon their little farms to raise crops for food and forage, it would be impossible to conquer the men—the Ten Years War had established this fully. Weyler therefore concluded that the only way to put down the revolt would be to require that all farmers and families "concentrate," leave their farms, let them lie idle, and live in towns occupied by Spanish soldiers. Failure to do this proved the delinquent to be a rebel and he was treated accordingly.

The Consul General of the United States, Fitshugh Lee, officially reports in December 1897, that the effect of this policy was to take four hundred thousand inhabitants, independent small farmers and families, who were taking care of themselves, and place them in camps where they must be fed and clothed by others. This crime was all the darker because they were not cared for and fed, and by far the greater number of these persons were women and children.

What the results of such forced concentration would be could easily be imagined, but no effort in that direction is necessary because the same authority states to our government, that in the province of Havana alone, out of a hundred and one thousand concentrados, fifty-two thousand had died. Here one may give his imagination full flight and its loftiest soaring cannot visualize the disease, distress, and despair actually present.

The United States was neither a willing nor an unsympathetic witness of all this devastation. During the "Ten Years War" her patience had been exhausted, and General Grant during his presidency would have intervened had not Spain definitely pledged reforms.

Now that Spain's misgovernment had begun anew, the people of our country could have patience no longer. In September 1897, through our minister to Spain, General Woodford, President McKinley sent a note to the Spanish government stating the position of the United States and demanding an adjustment of Cuban affairs. The minister also had authority to state, "The president instructs me to say that we do not want Cuba. He also instructs me to say with equal clearness, that we do wish immediate peace in Cuba."

This demand had its effect. Weyler was recalled by Spain, the concentration orders were modified, and on the 17th of October General Blanco was appointed under liberal instructions and a pledge by the new ministry to grant autonomy to Cuba.

But this reform came too late—the country was ruined. Senator Proctor, who visited the island said, "Outside of Havana, all is changed. It is not peace, it is

not war. It is desolation, distress, misery and starvation." Neither the Spanish citizens of Cuba, nor the Cubans, now wanted autonomy. The Spanish objected because it would put the island under Cuban rule, and the Cubans had experienced all of Spain's sovereignty they desired to tolerate.

Whether this new government would have succeeded or not, no person knows, because on the 15th day of February, 1898, before it had endured long enough to test its acceptability, the tragedy of the sinking of the *Maine* occurred in Havana's harbor and the people of the United States went wild with excitement and demanded immediate and effective intervention.

The idea that a battleship of our navy, making a friendly visit, anchored where designated by Spanish officials, should be destroyed, blown up by a torpedo, and two hundred and fifty-two of our sailors killed by Spain, could not for one moment be tolerated without war. Yielding to the influence of calmer parties, the country breathlessly awaited the report of experts sent to Havana to ascertain the cause of the ship's loss. There was no doubt that an explosion had occurred in the *Maine's* magazine, and this question was submitted to the commission: Was this explosion the cause of the destruction of the vessel or was it only secondary, and a result of some greater explosion outside the ship? After long and careful examination by these expert deep-sea divers and others, this commission reported their findings to be, that the battleship had been sunk by an explosion from the *outside* so severe that its bottom had been raised thirty-four feet from its true level.

Who fired the torpedo is not known to this day, but no evidence could convince the American people that any one except Spain was the guilty party. The time for debate was past, the time for action had come, and without regard to party affiliations, social distinction, or place of birth, the country demanded that Spain, which had exploited and victimized Cuba for these hundreds of years, should get out of the island at once and forever. War was declared April 21, 1898; both houses concurred by resolutions without regard to party.

President Roosevelt once stated, "That the most striking thing about the war with Spain was the preparedness of the navy and the unpreparedness of the army." Whether or not this statement was absolutely true as to the navy, it most certainly was correct as to the army. On the 9th day of March, foreseeing the conflict, Congress had voted $50,000,000 as a fund to be used for the *defence* of the United States, and President McKinley as custodian of that fund had strictly confined its use to *defensive expenditures.* Therefore, when war was declared no preparation of any kind had been made for offensive movements.

President McKinley made his first call for 125,000 volunteer troops on the 23rd of April, and on the 25th of May his second of 75,000, making 200,000 volunteers called into the field. The grand total of the army for this war, including regulars and all levies, was approximately 275,000 men.

There was no necessity for a draft to raise these men. The veterans of the Civil War, who wore the blue, and those who wore the grey, together with their sons, con-

tested each other for the right and honor of defending the old flag. The question that most seriously troubled the administration at Washington was not how many men should be required from each state, but how many men each state should be permitted to furnish.

As far as possible to acclimate these new troops to conditions in Cuba, they were mobilized in four camps all in the South: one at Chickamauga, under General J. R. Brooke; one at New Orleans, under General W. R. Shafter; one at Mobile under General J. J. Coppinger; and the fourth at Tampa under General J. F. Wade; and this mobilization in camp was all the war service that many Spanish War veterans ever saw. This counts not against their patriotism; they did their share and were ready; some men sick in hospitals and unfit for any service, when it was rumored their regiments were to be sent out, left their wards without permission and reported for duty in their companies.

For moving these troops the government contract with the railroads was, "that day coaches should be used; one seat should be allowed to each man and his equipage and, when the run was over twenty-four hours, sleeping cars should be provided; one section to each three men." When the veterans of the Civil War, both North and South, remembered how they were piled upon open flat cars, or crowded into box cars—"side door Pullmans," the boys called them—or assigned to "palace cars" that hogs and cattle usually occupied, and thought it was all right so we only "got there" on time, they could not help smiling quietly when they heard some sleeping car soldier complain of the hardships he endured traveling.

Section II. Movements and Attained Results

The general plan for the war, contemplated by the commanding officers of the army and navy, were: First, to require Admiral Dewey to attend to the far eastern fleet of the Spanish navy, under Admiral Montojo, and see that it neither sailed across the Pacific Ocean and attacked our western coast nor went through the Suez canal to vex our eastern cities. Second, to invade Cuba at or near the city of Havana. Third, to care for Cervera's Spanish Fleet in the West. Fourth, to capture Puerto Rico by the way of the city of San Juan.

Circumstances changed all this. Dewey's unexpected destruction of the Spanish fleet made a land expedition to the Philippine Islands necessary to secure and complete his victory. Cuba was finally invaded, not at Havana but at Santiago, and Puerto Rico not at San Juan, but at Ponce.

President McKinley had most properly decided that a part of the $50,000,000 voted in March for *defense* should be applied to the navy. Therefore, the opening of the war found Admiral Dewey and his fleet at Hong Kong, China, fully coaled, stripped for action, and painted grey for a fight.

The very day Spain declared war, April 24th, Dewey was notified, and ordered to proceed against the Spanish fleet. The next day he left Hong Kong looking for trouble with Admiral Montojo and his command—he found them in Manila Bay.

Notwithstanding the supposed danger, Admiral Dewey, about midnight of April 30th, led his fleet past, and directly in range of the batteries of Caballo. The

Spanish garrison seemingly never woke up until the fleet was fully abreast of their guns and then succeeded in firing only a few harmless shots at the vessels which had already passed. If any torpedoes had been planted, the enemy were too surprised to fire them.

Admiral Dewey's fighting fleet consisted of six vessels, not one of them iron-clad, but only partly protected ships. He at once prepared to engage the Spanish fleet and fortifications near Manila. Admiral Montojo had drawn up his nine ships in line of battle where they were supported by five strong shore batteries, two at Cavite arsenal and three at Manila, and all behind a line of mines.

Stripped for action and ready for fight, Admiral Dewey's fleet sailed across Manila Bay in single file, the *Olympia,* Dewey's flagship, leading. Then followed in order, at proper distances, the *Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrol, Concord,* and *Boston.*

About daylight they reached Cavite and Montojo's fleet, and when within 5600 yards Dewey quietly said to the captain of the *Olympia,* "You can fire when you are ready, Gridley." The battle was on—nine ships and five batteries in home surroundings, and many of the men in the sight of wives and children, against six ships from the antipodes.

Our vessels passed Cavite and Montojo's fleet sailing in an oval back and forth discharging one broadside of their ships on one tack and the other broadside on their return. All the time the shore batteries and the Spanish fleet replied vigorously but for some cause very non-effectively.

Three times our ships circled thus before the enemy, and the result of the fight sounds like an "Arabian Night's Tale"—on the American side victory, and only seven men slightly wounded, not a ship injured; on the Spanish side, defeat, and three hundred and eighty-one men killed and wounded, the entire fleet burned, sunk or destroyed, and three shore batteries silenced.

The cause of this great difference of result is hard to comprehend. Many people dismiss discussion of the matter by saying that Montojo's fleet was obsolete and that he had no effective ships or armament. I so thought until I found that at least three of his ships, the *Isla De Luson,* the *Isla de Cuba,* and the *Don Juan de Austria,* were constructed and launched about the time three of Dewey's were commissioned, that a fourth, the *Rieni Christina,* was a steel vessel, of which class Dewey had none; further, that on the Spanish fleet and in the silenced batteries were thirty-six modern guns of approximately five and six inch caliber that should have pierced our wooden ships through and through, and that they had within two as many rapid fire guns as we used.

These facts considered, one is compelled to seek some other reason. Those who have been placed in a position to best know locate the cause in these sources: first, neglected equipment; second, faulty ammunition; third, the reported custom of Spain to supply its men with intoxicating drink prior to engagements; and last, but not least, to the men behind the guns.

The best guns and the most forceful ammunition is of no effect unless markmanship is good. The Spaniards, in their fleet and batteries, had more guns and a great many more men than the Americans, and during the heat of

the conflict must have fired more rounds of ammunition than Dewey's men, but with far different results. Our ships were uninjured; the Spanish fleet was destroyed.

Admiral Dewey's victory over the fleet and the shore batteries placed Manila Bay and the City of Manila under his control. The latter he could take by bombardment at any time, but not having troops to garrison it he refrained from such destruction and referred the matter to his government for instruction and action.

A land force under General Wesley Merritt was organized, equipped and sent to Manila with the least possible delay. But the first detachment did not reach there until June 30th and the city and its garrison were not captured until August 14th, at which time the Philippine Islands were forever released from Spain's tyranny.

Thus the first objective of the war was more than fully obtained.

The second, the invasion of Cuba, was hastened by the movement of the second Spanish fleet under the command of Admiral Cervera. He left Cape De Verde Islands April 29th. What his destination was no person this side of the Atlantic knew. The government thought it must be the West Indies Islands, but each city along the Atlantic coast imagined that its port would be the point of attack, and in the wildest panic called upon the government for protection. May 12th the fleet was reported off Martinique; on the 19th it entered Santiago Bay; on the 23rd Commodore Schley was ordered to blockade it there; on the 28th the blockade was effectively established, and the cities of the Atlantic coast were relieved from the dread of bombardment.

This movement of Cervera's fleet compelled the United States to change the objective point of the invasion of Cuba from Havana to Santiago, and General Shafter with his command of about 17,000 men was ordered to that place.

He left the United States June 7th, was recalled and delayed one week by a "phantom Spanish fleet scare," but finally made a surf landing at Daiquiri, Cuba, near Santiago, June 21st, without serious loss or delay, and immediately commenced his advance upon that city.

During this advance occurred the most serious fighting of the land forces. The first engagement was at Las Guasimas, June 24th. Here the Spanish made the surprising report of the battle: "We defeated the enemy, but he kept on fighting, and we had to retire." Upon July 1st, came the fight at El Caney, and later, the same day, the battle at San Juan Hill, both brilliant victories for the American army which resulted in the practical investment of the city.

On July 3rd General Shafter demanded the surrender of Santiago. General Toral, commanding the Spanish forces, refused compliance but said that he would submit General Shafter's terms to higher authority for orders. This was done, and after many consultations and much correspondence, the city was surrendered on the 17th of July, with twenty-four thousand prisoners, all their arms, materials and over a million rations. Thus was the second objective obtained.

The campaign that had produced this result had been short as to time and economical as to losses. Only twenty-

three days had elapsed, and our killed and wounded had been only 1,688—243 of former, and 1,445 of the latter.

No wonder General Toral wanted authority to surrender 24,000 men, one-half of whom were fully intrenched, all well-protected from the torrential rains and fully rationed, to an enemy of only three-fourths of his number, in open trenches subject to deluging storms, and nearly prostrate from the effects of malarial and yellow fevers. Had he not done so he might have faced a court martial in Spain. The Spanish report of the Las Guasimas fight, "We defeated the enemy but he kept on fighting and we had to retire," must have affected his nerve and shaken his courage.

On the 3rd day of July, the day General Shafter demanded the surrender of Santiago, the Spanish officials, foreseeing the fall of the city, were forced to a decision as to the fate of Cervera's fleet still lying in its harbor. Should it be surrendered or destroyed, or should it dare a fight with the American navy outside? Cervera refused to take the responsibility of the last alternative without orders. Captain General Blanco decided the question by directing that the fleet should be neither surrendered nor destroyed without a fight.

Obeying these orders, at 9:45 that Sunday morning Cevera sailed out of the harbor with his six fighting ships. He passed the uselessly wrecked *Merrimac,* and entered the open ocean to meet such fate as was before him. It was a fierce, quick, running fight that he found. By 1:15 P. M. it was all over, and the *Colon,* his last remaining ship, went on shore and surrendered seventy-five miles

west of Santiago. The others were all wrecks strewn along the beach at various points within twenty miles of the harbor from which they came.

It was a naval battle second only to Dewey's victory in Manila Bay. Of the six American ships that took part in this engagement not one was injured, and of their crews only one man was killed and one injured; while of the Spanish ships every one was destroyed and about six hundred of their crews were killed or wounded. Where in the annals of naval warfare can two such brilliant victories be found?

In this glorious and most successful manner the second and third objectives were reached.

The fourth objective was the invasion of Puerto Rico.

General Miles took personal command of this expedition. In place of proceeding against San Juan on the north side of the island as contemplated, he landed near Ponce on the south side and to the great delight of its citizens occupied it on the 28th day of July. Two expeditions were then organized to drive the Spanish out of the island: one under Generals Nelson and Brooke, whose objective was San Juan via Aibonito, that would sweep the eastern portion of the island; and the other under Generals Henry and Schwan, to clear the west, with Arecibo as its final objective. These expeditions, both well-planned, had been successfully inaugurated, and would without doubt have been victoriously terminated had they not been stopped by the close of the war.

This Spanish-American war has been much belittled and subjected to harsh, even brutal, criticism by citizens and volunteer soldiers. It seems to me that, although

comparatively small and unexpectedly brief, it is one of which the nation should be proud. War was declared April 21, 1898, and peace was concluded August 13th of the same year—only three months and twenty-two days. It found our navy in a reasonable condition of preparation, but, save a squad of 26,000 regular troops, we had no army, no serviceable arms, equipment, ammunition, clothing or provisions for one; yet in the time mentioned 263,000 men had been mobilized, armed, equipped, clothed, rationed, and sent upon three separate victorious expeditions that had acquired the objectives for which they had been sent, and had materially assisted the navy in wiping the Spanish fleet from off the ocean. That is a record which every American should appreciate.

But there were complaints—loud complaints—especially from the soldiers of the Santiago campaign. These came from the new volunteers; from the regular troops, there were none. It was unavoidable that there should be complaints from the new volunteers. One who has served among them as long as I, knows what kind of a man a fresh volunteer may be. He is brave, patriotic, and will stand any privation and even die for his country, but he reserves fully the citizens' right to kick when anything does not go to suit him, especially when it interferes with his regular three meals a day; and he wants his people at home to know what great sacrifices he is undergoing for his country. The curious thing is that the fewer comforts he has at home, the louder he will cry when deprived of them in the army.

A friend of mine came to me in tears to relate the privation which her son was enduring in this army. When

I investigated the real facts of the boy's complaint I found his grievance was that his brutal officers would not let him set up in his tent a modern bedstead with spring mattress. When I had explained a little of army life to this mother, she went away comforted. This stage of the war volunteer's experience does not last long, especially if he is given really serious fighting to do; he soon takes his hardships without whimpering or makes a joke of them, as our Civil War boys did at Gravelly Springs when they were living on mouldy corn in the ear.

Now Shafter's men had been only a few weeks away from home. They were having pretty hard times, and they wanted the people at home to know all about their trials. There were eighty-six correspondents of newspapers, over five to each regiment, more than one for each batallion, to help him tell about them. These correspondents had to earn their money and furnish copy for their papers, and to many a reporter a "good story" must be told, its truth or falsity being a matter of secondary consideration. It came about, therefore, that along with the mass of true and proper news sent by these men from the front there were many items which falsified facts, slandered officials, discredited the soldiers, magnified a sufficiently bad condition, and caused many needless, sleepless nights and weeping eyes to thousands of loving ones at home.

That war was a good fight well won, but as an American citizen I am more proud of what we did for Cuba after her independence than of our aid in gaining it.

When we took control of their affairs there was no government, except locally in the cities and towns. We

established a democratic sovereignty that has remained until now and may long continue to last. We found her cities plague-smitten with yellow fever and other tropic diseases; we installed modern sanitary measures that cleaned them up, and the yellow fever, for the first time since its introduction into Cuba, was swept out of its perennial stronghold, Havana. We re-organized their schools, built public works, and established hospitals, we paid for it all out of the revenues of the island; and left a surplus of $1,792,109.52 in the treasury when we surrendered our trust—an unprecedented condition for a Cubian government. We found them a starving, poverty-stricken, disorganized aggregation of humanity; we left them a prosperous, growing, happy people. These are a few of the blessings which the Spanish-American War brought to the Cuban Republic, and I for one am proud of our part in it.

RECAPITULATION OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

April 21—August 13, 1898

General Objective

The Freeing of Cuba from Spain.

Campaign Objectives

1. Admiral Montojo's Spanish fleet in the Pacific.
2. The invasion of Cuba by way of Havana.
3. Admiral Cervera's Spanish fleet in the Atlantic.
4. The invasion of Porto Rico by way of San Juan.

Decisive Engagements

1. Battle with Admiral Montojo's fleet in Manila Bay.
2. Siege and battles near Santiago, Cuba.
3. Fight with Admiral Cervera's fleet near Santiago.
4. Siege and battle at City of Manila, Luzon.

Findings

General Objective

Fully attained, Cuba delivered from the sovereignty of Spain and made a republic.

Campaign Objectives

1 Admiral Montojo's fleet completely destroyed.

2. Cuba invaded, not at Havana but at Santiago, and that city captured.

3. Cervera's fleet entirely disposed of.

4. Porto Rico invaded and captured, not by way of San Juan, but at Ponce.

CHAPTER XIX

THE WORLD WAR

Section I. Our Work in America

Never, so long as nations shall live and history endure, will the fatal act committed at forty minutes past ten the morning of June 27, 1914, on the street of Serajevo, Bosnia, by an eighteen-year old school boy, be forgotten.

Whether Gavrilo Prinzep, the boy who fired the shots that then killed Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir presumptive of the Austro-Hungarian throne, was a brutal murderer, a crazy fanatic, or a self-sacrificing patriot endeavoring to right the wrongs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, makes no difference to the catastrophe that followed. Whether the Archduke, who lost his life was a wise and just ruler or a bigoted tyrant, matters not in the world war of nations that followed. But the simple act counted for much: it furnished the excuse for a conflict long-desired and long-sought for by Hohenzollern war lords.

The flash of Prinzep's' pistol was not the cause of the war that ensued; it simply furnished the spark that set into a furious flame an accumulation of combustible conditions that European nations had for many decades been assembling. Unrighted wrongs, unrealized ambitions, disappointed hopes, commercial rivalry, racial prejudices, competition in military and naval armaments carried to the extreme of endurance, the servitude of Bosnia and Herzegovina on the Adriatic and of Alsace and Lorraine on the banks of the Rhine, all stimulated by the vaulting egotism and ambition of Prussian junkers and war lords, constituted a condition that was bound to bring war; when, mattered but little; how, mattered not at all.

The resulting crash threatened to destroy Europe and involved the whole world. Asia, Africa, both Americas and the isles of the seas were all more or less silent or active participants in the conflict that ensued. Germany declared war in July, 1914, and before the year expired nine nations were actively in conflict with the Teutonic powers or their ally Turkey; before the close of 1915, two more followed; by the end of 1916 three more lined up on the battle front; during 1917, eight others joined and still more came, until, when the end arrived, November 11, 1918, twenty-four sovereign states, large and small, had rallied for the right upon the battle field against Germany and her allies, while six others had severed relations with her.

This was the greatest war of all times, ancient or modern. The fabled hordes of Xerxes and Alexander the Great were far surpassed and outnumbered by the corps, divisions, and regiments that here fought. Statistics show that 59,414,700 men were by the eleven leading nations—seven of Allies and four of the Teutonic powers—placed in battle line; that these nations suffered 30,293,501 casualties from all causes, and that 7,450,200 of these men were killed or died from wounds. National debts of only five nations were increased from twenty-two and one-half billions of dollars in 1914 when the war began, to the inconceivable amount of one hundred and thirty-five billions at its close.

Large and fertile portions of seven nations were battle scarred or battle ruined, and it is estimated that six thousand ships were sunk or destroyed, and that from one hundred and fifty to two hundred billions was

the direct money cost to the nations involved. Such are a few of the bare facts of the gigantic struggle that a boy's pistol flashed upon humanity. Truly it was a "shot that echoed around the world."

It is not my purpose to follow even briefly the record of that great war, but simply in an epitomized form to note something of the part taken in it by the United States.

When the war commenced the position which our country officially assumed was one of strict neutrality. Such was the attitude of our government, but such could not be the feeling of a great majority of our people. Gathered here in our midst were citizens from every land that was engaged in the fighting abroad, and, although they might, and largely did, honestly render to this, the country of their adoption, their first and highest allegiance, their sympathy and love to a greater or less degree reverted to their old homes and relatives.

Thus, when children of different warring nations were thrown together in the public meeting, on the railroad train, at the hotel table, and even in the family circle, clashes of opinion and arguments, hot and high, were bound to come. So great was the danger in our midst that President Wilson issued this appeal asking our people to guard against this danger: "I venture, therefore, my fellow countrymen, to speak a solemn word of warning to you against that deepest, most subtle, most essential breach of neutrality which may spring out of partisanship, out of passionately taking sides."

It follows, without saying, that as soon as hostilities commenced upon the other side, there was a loud call

upon us for war munitions, to which our manufacturing plants responded quickly, abundantly, and so profitably that they were enabled to raise the wages of laboring men and women to unheard of heights.

Owing to the command of the ocean by Allied navies, these materials of war could go only to the Allies, and none to the Teutonic powers. No matter how loyal a German citizen might be to the United States, if he was a man of strong sympathies and abiding affections, it was hard for him to see shiploads of ammunition by the score sent across the water to kill his old friends and neighbors, and not one to help them. It made him doubt the real neutrality of America. It was no answer to him when we said, "We will sell our goods to Germany just as quickly and as cheaply as to England, but if Germany cannot come and get these supplies as readily as England, it is a fact we may deplore but cannot remedy."

Now that the struggle is all past, and we can think calmly of the conditions, I believe the wonder is, not that some of our German citizens were restive or dazed by the fearful condition, but that so generally they gave the land of their adoption their loyalty and support.

For two years and eight months, the United States with great difficulty preserved her neutrality. The new weapon of naval warfare—the submarine—was the principal cause of breaking her peaceful relations with the Teutonic powers. The submarine being an entirely new branch of war service, the rules and regulations under which it might conduct its operations had not been developed by long experience and compromise, but were made by each belligerent in its own interests.

Germany and the world at large soon clashed in regard to the correct method of submarine warfare. The world, outside of Germany and her allies, while disagreeing largely as to conditions under which ships might properly be torpedoed, were a unit upon the question of non-combatants, especially women and children who were upon the vessels so destroyed. The world said that no submarine had the right to sink any vessel, other than a warship or transport, without giving its crew and passengers every opportunity to escape. But Germany and her allies refused to be bound by any such rule, and not only made no allowance for the safety of the lives of those who were unfortunate enough to be on board the craft they destroyed, but time after time were, accused of firing upon the luckless men, women and children who were trying to escape on the small boats of their sinking ships.

Protest after protest President Wilson made against such destruction of our boats and killing of our citizens; and as often as such protest was made, the government at Berlin promised investigation and cessation of the outrage—promises so seldom and slightly fulfilled as nearly to demonstrate non-intention of performance on the part of the giver. This submarine slaughter continued with increasing recklessness and brutality until January 31, 1917, when the German government, disregarding all pledges formerly made, announced that "regardless of consequences, on February 1, it would commence a general, unrestricted, and energized campaign of submarine warfare against all ships of hostile nations."

This order was also to apply to all neutral nations unless they should mark their ships in a special manner, confine their course to a narrow lane, limit their vessels in number, and make their schedules of sailing at certain hours of particular days of each week.

The answer of the United States to that preposterous proposition that so limited our commerce was war, and on the 6th of April, 1917, Congress, agreeing with the President, so made declaration.

That the United States would have escaped war with Germany had there been no submarine question, is doubtful. There is no question that many Germans—the Kaiser being one—looked to our wealth to indemnify them for the enormous expenses of the war and to whom the Cologne *Volkszeitung* gave voice when it said that Germany was "entitled to a thumping war indemnity from America, since other states which had sacrificed immense sums would be unable to pay it, therefore America, which had earned thousands and millions through munitions and supplies, will have to unbutton its pockets." But it is useless to consider "what might have been." A state of war was declared, and immediately the country stripped itself for the conflict.

The sad experience in army unpreparedness the United States underwent during the Spanish-American War had taught us a lesson; therefore the opening of the World War found our arsenals and supply depots ready with artillery, rifles, and clothing to place in the field *the largest army military men had decreed the United States would ever require*—500,000 men. But 500,000 men were a mere bagatelle to the number unex-

pectedly called for. Four million, eight hundred thousand soldiers and sailors were summoned and placed in the ranks of the army and navy. The difference between the supposed greatest needs of the country and the number actually required was 4,300,000; and for this enormous force everything required by an army or a soldier must be procured. It was a Herculean task, but in its results well-fulfilled. When the nation called for men, 24,234,021 appeared at the appointed places and registered themselves.

This mighty force of four million eight hundred thousand required five men out of each one hundred citizens. Sixty per cent were raised by selective draft and forty per cent enlisted as volunteers. They were commanded by two hundred thousand officers secured as follows: three per cent from the regular army; six per cent from the national guard; eight per cent by promotion from the ranks; thirteen per cent from civil life; twenty-one per cent were medical officers; and forty-eight per cent came from officers' training camps. These last forty-eight per cent were men of education who had volunteered for training and had passed the required drill and examinations in officers' schools.

Officers and men were then placed in sixteen large canvas camps in the South and sixteen cantonments or barracks in the North, and given intensive and special drill for their overseas work. It was the intention of the government to give, six months training in this country and two months in France, and the men who were in the service long enough did receive it.

The tactics and organization of the new army were greatly changed from those used in the Civil War. The

tactics were simplified and every extra motion cut in order to speed up movements in the field under rapid fire guns. The new organization bothered us old soldiers greatly until we had a chance to study it out. Of old, one hundred men made a company, ten companies a regiment, three regiments a brigade, three brigades a division, and three divisions an army corps. Now, under the new organization, two hundred and fifty men make a company, four companies a battalion, three battalions a regiment, and about nine regiments of all arms a division, twenty-eight thousand men—twice the size of a German or French division and nearly three times the size of our old ones.

The economy in officers of high rank in this new organization is apparent, and I suppose our scarcity of such men compelled such consolidation. Under the old organization, it would require twenty-seven colonels, nine brigadier generals, and four major generals to command substantially the same number of men that eight colonels, one brigadier general, and one major general do under this new formation.

A division is now the lowest complete military unit; it contains every sub-unit required in modern warfare, namely:

Four Regiments of Infantry,

One Brigade (3 regiments) Artillery,

One Regiment Engineers,

One Trench Mortar Battery,

One Signal Battalion,

Tanks, Wagon Train, Headquarter Staff,

Military Police, Medical and other Units.

Six such divisions make a corps, and three to five corps an army.

Before the war closed fifty-three such divisions had been organized, composed of troops and numbered as follows:

20 Divisions of Regulars, Nos. 1 to 20,

16 Divisions of National Guards, Nos. 26 to 42,

17 Divisions of National Army Guards, Nos. 76 to 93.

Forty-two of these divisions crossed the sea. These, with various unattached units, made about two million men who did duty there. The remaining 2,000,000 never left this country nor saw active duty of any kind. This was no fault of the enlisted men; as a rule they were anxious to be sent across the ocean.

Of the forty-two divisions that reached France, twenty-nine went to the battle front and participated in combat service for longer or shorter periods, the 1st division the longest, six and one-half months, the 41st the shortest, only a few days.

Illustrative of the fighting spirit of the A. E. F. men who crossed the sea, is the fact that all wished to see service in the trenches. So disappointed were those whose divisions were placed on S. O. S. (Service of supply) duty that many ran the risk of court martial punishment and disgrace by being A. W. O. L. (absent without leave) and going into the active sectors and participating in the actual fighting there.

This became so great a disorganizing disturbance that General Pershing was compelled to regulate it by is-

suing an order that "trained men, as a special reward for good service behind the lines, might have a chance to go to the front and take part in the fighting."

The First division, composed of regular soldiers and commanded by General Pershing, was the first to cross the ocean. They were received in France with enthusiasm by waiting crowds of French people. This division crossed in June, 1917, went into line in October, and into active sector, April 25, 1918.

This entry dates the commencement of the two hundred days during which the United States took continuous part in the combat service which ended November 11th when the Armistice was signed. These two hundred days will always be known in history as the period of the great world conflict in which Germany gathered its utmost resources to crush the Allies before we could organize our armies and cross the ocean to help. It was a battle that drove the Allies back thirty-five miles, and as we anxiously stood around the bulletin boards and noted the constant and seemingly irresistible advance of the German forces it appeared to us that they were sure to succeed. The Allies' only hope now was America, and they called loudly to us for assistance.

Our reply was, "Send us ships and we will fill them with men." Great Britain complied, and immediately occurred the greatest transportation of troops the world ever knew. As many as 306,000 troops were carried across the ocean in one month. June, 1918, found the tables turned; the German drive stopped, and the Allies mustered the greater number of troops. What would have happened had the United States not entered the

war at this time, no one can tell, but that her entry into it was the turning point in the great conflict is undisputed and indisputable.

This result was attained in the United States only by the combined effort and heroic work of the patriotic people at home. A few of the things they finally accomplished were: A million dollars an hour was spent for over two years—two million a day the first three months, twenty-two millions a day the next year and forty-four millions a day the final ten months closing April, 1919, making a total sum of twenty-two billion dollars. In addition to this, ten billion dollars was loaned to the Allies.

There was delivered to the army between April 6, 1917, and May 31, 1918, 13 months, clothing as follows:

Wool socks, 131,800,000 pair.
Under shirts, 85,000,000.
Under drawers, 83,600,000.
Shoes, 30,700,000 pair.
Flannel shirts, 26,500,000.
Blankets, 21,700,000.
Wool coats, 13,900,000.
Overcoats, 8,300,000.

There had been expended in constructing buildings for factories, warehouses, and cantonments for soldiers enough money to build two Panama canals. Our engineers had built in France a thousand miles of standard gauge railroad and five hundred and thirty-eight miles of narrow gauge track; the signal corps had strung a thousand miles of wire, and forty thousand motor trucks were there helping the war along.

Greatest work of all, we had selected and called into the army and navy four million eight hundred thousand men with two hundred thousand officers; we had drilled, uniformed, armed, organized into divisions, provisioned and transported across the Atlantic ocean over two million of these men and had the remainder preparing to go when needed.

The veterans of the Civil War had grave fears of what would happen when these new troops of ours who, officers and men alike, had never been in battle, came to meet the disciplined veteran army of Germany. We remembered with well-enforced apprehension the panic of our new Federal troops at Bull Run, the huddled mass of uninjured and fear-struck men on the banks of the Tennessee River in rear of Grant's struggling troops at Pittsburg Landing, and the many times we had seen new regiments recoil and break when some unexpected event or superior force was encountered at the front. We fully remembered what new troops had done in the past, and we were anxious to know what these new troops going to France might do when they got there.

It was not that new troops lacked bravery, because the battle-stricken men of Bull Run and Pittsburg Landing proved they did not by afterwards becoming the best of soldiers. As a usual thing the reverse was true; the new men were daring to recklessness, and many times they rushed into places where old veterans dare not follow. This was plainly shown when our boys relieved the French at Chateau Thierry. The foreign troops advised our marines who were taking their places "not to go up a certain hill because many nests of German machine guns were located there."

Our men replied, "If that's the case, that's where we are going; we came three thousand miles to find those very things." And they went.

There was nothing strange in that action. It is characteristic of new troops to dash into dangerous places, The strange and unusual thing was they *stayed*. They let nothing rush them, nothing confuse them, nothing strike them with battle panic. They gave a victorious answer to the doubt we had, and we became inordinately proud of them.

What was true of our men here at Chateau Thierry was true throughout the war. They fought with the dash and abandon of new men and—almost miraculous to tell —the steadiness of veterans; no better troops fought on either front than they.

Two effective causes had produced this most desirable result: First, the intensive drill the men had received, coupled with a 3000 mile journey, had prepared their minds for serious and dangerous work. Second, the judicious mixing of our new troops with the veterans who had been long fighting there. It was proven during our Civil War, that if an old regiment that had lost as high as fifty per cent, or even more of its numbers, was filled up with new, even untrained men, nothing of its efficiency was lost—it was equal to a full regiment of veterans.

What was true of individual soldiers was true of military units. Our men at first were placed in battle line with perhaps a veteran French regiment on its right flank and an old British regiment upon its left; and so

long as the veteran regiments held their ground the new regiment would stand—unless it was all yellow, and we did not send any yellow regiments across the sea.

Section II. What our Boys Did "Over There"

The line of battle extending through Belgium and France, from the North Sea on the west to Switzerland on the east, was somewhere from three to four hundred miles long as it lengthened by salient angles driven by the Teutonic powers into the territory of the Allies, or shortened, as these drives were forced back and the salients smoothed out.

Of this long battle line the Americans were assigned to the right wing, next to Switzerland, and took charge of ten kilometers in January, 1918; twenty-six in February; twenty-eight, in March; fifty, in May; fifty-eight, in June; one hundred, in July; 125, in August; 157, in September; and 162 kilometers in October.

When the Armistice came in November the United States was holding of the battle front 22%
The British 19%
The French and Belgians 59%

100

Thus, at the close of the war, the United States held a longer battle front than the British and this had been true since August of that year.

By March 18, 1918, the Germans, having concluded peace with Russia, had brought all their troops from that front to the Hindenburg line. Germany there concentrated all her forces to break the Allies' front, cap-

ture Paris, and make a peace with France and Great Britain before the Americans came in any great numbers.

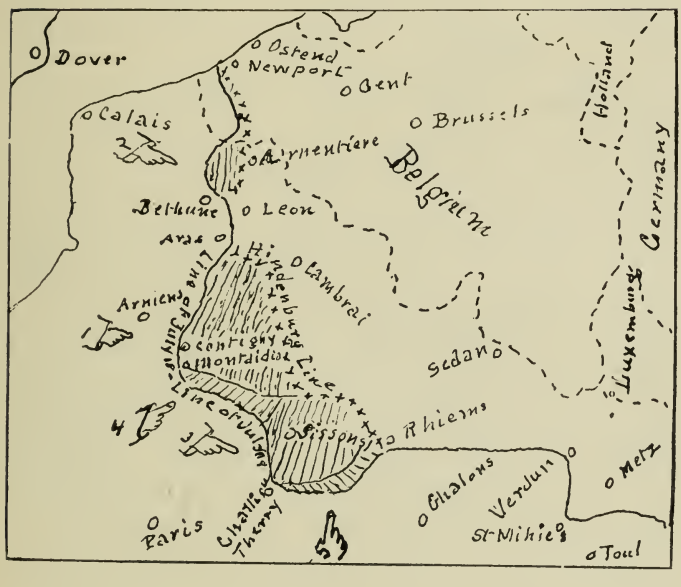
Now commenced the two hundred days' battle in which our American troops participated. During all this time there was fighting somewhere along that line; and in a certain sense the two hundred days of conflict was one battle. But military authorities have during this time recognized tactically and strategetically thirteen contests having definite local objectives and more or less separate movements. Eleven of these were on the Franco-Belgian front, where our troops principally fought. Five of these offensives were German wherein the Germans made the attack and the Allies were on the defensive. In six of them the Allies made the attack, and the Germans the defense.

It will be my effort herein to epitomize only the main achievements of the Americans in these engagements, as the facts came to us by telegraphic news, verified stories and official reports. These so-called major movements have been given different names by various authors who have written concerning them. I have followed the nomenclature used by the chief of the statistical branch of the general staff in his report to Secretary of War Baker, because I think it the most lucid and understandable, and also as one that in no way disagrees with General Pershing's report to the same authority.

First, in order of telling as it was in time of event, came the movement of the Somme (1), March 21 to April 6, so-called because it was fought largely along the valley of that stream, and its objective seemed to be the city of Amiens on that river.

GERMAN OFFENSIVES 1918

1. Somme, March 21 to April 6.
2. Lys, April 9 to May 27.
3. Aisne, May 27 to June 1.
4. Noyon-Montdidier, June 9 to 15.
5. Champaigne-Marne, July 15 to 18.

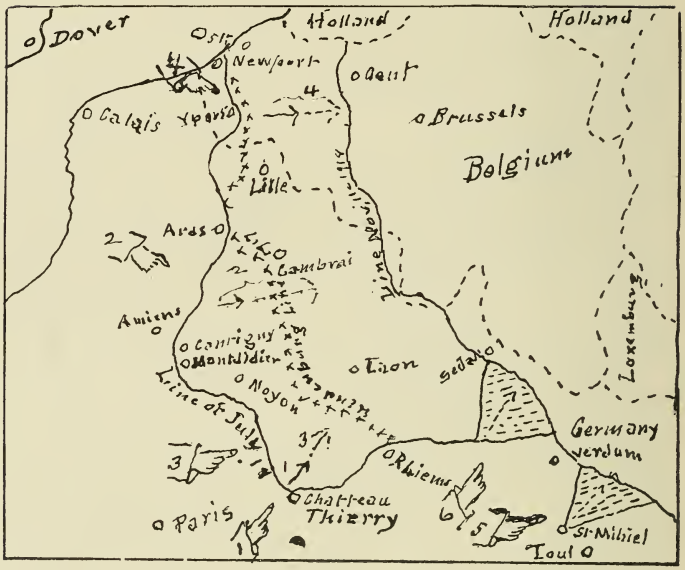


AMERICAN UNITS DEFENDING IN ABOVE

1.	Medical, Engineers, Air.....	2,200
2.	Medical, Air	500
3.	Division 2 part of 3 and 28	27,500
4.	Division 1	27,000
5.	Divisions 3, 42, part of 28.....	85,000

ALLIED OFFENSIVES 1918

1. Aisne-Marne, July 18 to August 6.
2. Somme, August 8 to November 11.
3. Oise-Aisne, August 18, to November 11.
5. St. Mihiel, September 12 to September 16.
6. Meuse-Argonne, September 20 to November 11.



A. E. F. DIVISIONS AND MEN ENGAGED IN ABOVE

1. Divisions 1, 2, 3, 4, 26, 38, 32 270,000
2. Divisions 29, 30, part of 33..... 54,000
3. Divisions 28, 32, 77..... 85,000
4. Divisions 27, 30, 37, 98..... 108,000
5. Divisions 3, 33, 35, 78, 91, 80, 24, 1, 2, 4, 5, 28, 42, 82, 89, 90..... 550,000
6. Divisions 35, 37, 42, 77, 78, 79, 80, 82, 89, 90, 91, 92. 6 Div. in Reserve.....1,260.000

Nos. 5 and 6 were American Offensives.

The attack fell on the ever memorable 21st of March, 1918. The Germans had been two months preparing for it. They had invited the correspondents of all leading German papers, as to a review, to witness their triumphant march. They crossed the Hindenburg line on a fifty mile front with some eighty divisions of fighting men, and attacked the unprepared Allies with overpowering force.

I use the term unprepared only in a limited sense. The Allies had been expecting the drive and had done all they could to receive it. But Germany had moved her divisions by foot to this front, marching only in the night and hiding in the woods from the air scouts by day, so that the French and English had been unable to decide where the blow would fall.

The inevitable result followed: the Allies were driven back, sometimes hastily, sometimes slowly. Often, where defensive grounds were found, they contested every inch and made the enemy pay dearly for the ground he gained; they never suffered a battle panic, they never permitted their line to long be broken and never lost heart.

At this desperate stage General Foch was made Commander-in-Chief of all the Allied forces, and General Pershing placed all the American forces at his disposal at whatever point he might use them. This action thrilled both France and America. As Rochambeau had placed himself under the command of Washington in our Revolution, so now Pershing placed himself under Foch; and thus upon the debt that the United States owed France the first payment was made.

Only about twenty-two hundred Americans were engaged in this battle of the Somme, and these were largely medical men and air units. The only Americans on the fighting line were a detachment of engineers who, when emergency came, threw away their tools, formed themselves into fighting units, and attached themselves to General Cavies' scratch brigade. They fought the enemy furiously and helped hold him back as the Allies slowly retired from the vicinity of St. Quentin to near Noyon.

Though the Allies were compelled to fall back before the overpowering German forces they inflicted far greater loss upon their enemies than they suffered themselves. The Americans report that at one place the Germans advanced in seven successive battle fronts or waves, one hundred yards apart and each wave ten men deep. The slaughter that rapid fire and machine guns would make in such a formation must have been fearful. Our men reported that they were sickened at the shambles they created.

The second movement was on the Lys from April 9th to May 27th. The Germans having supposedly drawn the major fighting forces of the Allies to their front for the defense of Amiens, now concentrated a new attack on the river Lys, evidently with the purpose of reaching Calais if possible. The principal fighting was done near the village of Armentires, the name of which place is sometimes used to designate this battle. Only five hundred Americans here participated in the battle and those were air units. During the progress of this engagement our forces were also in active combat in the Toul sector at the eastern end of the fighting line.

On April 10th the Germans there made a raid upon the Americans in the Toul sector of the battle front that had been given the Americans to hold. The Germans evidently meant to try the temper of the raw American soldiers. They organized a special force of shock troops and rehearsed the raid for two or three weeks; their objective was the third line of our defense. The morning came. The Germans opened their barrage of artillery, and the men sprang from their trenches to assault our first line; but instead of penetrating to our third line of defense as was their aim, they never even captured the first. The Americans without waiting rocket signal had opened a counter barrage and sweeping "no man's land" with their automatic rifles and machine guns covered it with the bodies of German dead. Their own loss was slight.

On the 12th, after a night of fearful bombardment with gas shells, the enemy tried our American lines again, and failed! Once more on the 13th, preceded by intense bombardment of high explosives and gas shells, with picked troops, they stormed our lines only to be driven back after terrific hand-to-hand fighting. A fourth time they attacked on the 14th, with picked troops from the Russian front; and although the Americans were outnumbered they once more repulsed the Germans and drove them back to their trenches.

But these four defeats did not satisfy the Germans. They now—so prisoners that we took stated—prepared "to teach the Americans a lesson"—the object of the instruction evidently being to keep them out of future important movements.

On the 20th of April, having carefully prepared for the object lesson, with a body of men that outnumbered the Americans—twelve to one some observers said—with everything frightful in their military store—liquid fire, poison-gas, and rain of shells of all calibers and compositions, the Germans fell upon a mile front of our line west of Toul. The attack was given with such suddenness and desperation that the Americans were compelled to retire, but made the Germans pay dearly in loss by death for every inch of ground they left. The enemy broke through the first lines and captured the village of Seicheprey, but the Americans returned, recaptured it, and before the next morning had re-established their lines as before the assault.

As the Germans gained no ground in all the fighting, as they failed to break the American lines, and as their battle casualty loss was in a ratio of three Germans to two Americans, the "lesson" did not show the result the enemy intended. That particular course of instruction closed: it closed, a failure from the German standpoint, but brilliantly satisfactory from the Allies' outlook. The French said the Germans "had broken their noses" in this first serious fighting with the Americans.

The third general offensive May 27th to June 1st, is designated the Aisne from a river upon whose banks it was largely fought. The enemy, having failed in their rush toward Calais and having drawn as many of the Allied forces as possible away from the defense of the most desirable objective, Paris, now, with utmost force and every means available, made a drive for that city.

In the defense of this movement 27,500 Americans participated, namely, the 2nd division, which included the marines, and part of the 3rd and 28th.

The Germans had tested to their satisfaction the fighting spirit of the Americans in the Toul sector, and now the Allies also deserved a like demonstration. Just west of Cantigny, about twenty miles southeast of Amiens, the Germans held a salient that it was desirable to flatten out, and the Americans were purposely given the task of driving the enemy from it. Prominent French officers were stationed where they could see the assault, and veteran troops were placed where they could help if the Americans got into too deep trouble. But our boys did not need any help. The French bulletin reported, "Americans, supported by our tanks, brilliantly occupied a salient along a front of two kilometers and the strongly fortified village of Cantigny, capturing prisoners and war materials and repulsing counter attack." Cantigny settled for the Allies the question of America's fighting spirit; and the next time General Foch called them it was to a point of greater danger and higher honor.

This third German offensive reached high water mark May 31st, at which time they were in force on the direct road to Paris, only thirty-one miles from it, and still progressing. Loud calls for help were sent out; the best men at the earliest possible moment, was the military demand. The second division and part of the third were among those within reach, and after the American records made at Seicheprey and Cantigny they were deemed worthy. They were loaded upon camions, busses, trucks,

anything, and rushed to the front. What our boys did when they reached the front would take volumes to tell and I have not pages to spare.

Would you know American history that will quicken your blood, get General Catton's book, "With the help of God and a few marines," and read how the marines charged Bois de Belleau and Boureschis, and carried them, and *stayed there* under the Germans' fiercest fire for five days, sending out only for rations and ammunition. You will also learn how our infantry met the French troops at Chateau-Thierry, which for days had been fighting fiercely, almost hoplessly, and how the American officer said to them in the best French he could muster, "You are tired. You get away. Our job," and how cleanly and thoroughly that job was performed!

The German drive toward Paris was stopped upon that line. Not another mile did it reach toward that city. When General Foch six weeks later commenced the great counter-offensive, the Americans were still given the honor they here won of covering the approach to the French Capital.

The fourth major movement, June 9th to 15th, is named the Noyon Montdidier drive, because on a line with these two towns the Germans advanced their forces. The enemy, held back on the Somme River, stopped on the Lys, defeated on the Aisne and Marne, now attempted to reach Paris by pushing down the valley of the Oise. They were compelled to fight now whether they wanted to or not. General Ludendorff had pushed them into a salient thirty-five miles deep and like a runner with a football they must keep going or the game would be lost.

Their drives demonstrated their decreasing effective force. On the Somme they presented a battle front of fifty miles, on the Aisne twenty-five miles, and now on the Noyon-Montdidier offensive only twenty miles.

Owing to the fearful battle casualties that Germany had invited by presenting her troops in mass formation to the easy slaughter of our artillery, machine guns, and rifle fire, she was rapidly losing her fighting men and had no source from which to replenish them. The Allies, on the other hand, were fighting in open formation and were receiving constantly increasing reinforcements from America. General Ludendorff realized that it was now or never that Germany must win. It was a forlorn hope, because he poured his troops in unstinted mass formation upon General Foch's forces which had discovered his stratagem and prepared for it. For six days the conflict raged; not even at Verdun was there such desperate and cruel loss of life. The movement ended with the Allies' lines unpenetrated and the Germans in possession of a few more miles of worthless territory.

During all this fighting the divisions of the American army participated with the French and British wherever ordered, and always with credit to the uniform they wore and the country they represented. Not until after this German drive had been stopped, did our troops have any engagements except in the Toul sector and Cantigny that were especially their own. In the Montdidier sector on June 19th, near Cantigny—scene of former success—they stormed some German trenches and machine gun nests that prisoners said they had received orders to "hold at all hazards," and swept them clean of the enemy. In

the Marne sector they kept busy about Chateau Thierry, and made some brilliant attacks and effective reprisals.

The work that America was doing in France now commenced to show. English papers woke up to the fact and called their readers' attention to it. The correspondent of the *London Daily Express,* in a week's tour along the line of communications, visited docks built by American labor and with American material, traveled on American railways, sent telegrams over American wires, telephoned to Paris over an American system served by "hello" girls from the United States, bought stores at American shops, and motored in American automobiles. On a journey of over a hundred miles he was never more than half an hour out of sight of an American camp. There were American towns and villages of wood on both sides the railway line; cavalry depots, remount depots, casualty clearing stations, hospitals, all of the paraphernalia of war, every scrap of it was American.

Notwithstanding the urgent call for speed in the German offensive, General Ludendorff was compelled to take one whole month to recuperate his forces shattered in the last offence and prepare for a new drive.

Meanwhile, to break the nervous strain of the tedious waiting, came our Fourth of July. Never before was there such a celebration of our natal day as this, and probably there will never be another like it. Cities in both North and South America celebrated with heretofore untold enthusiasm. Across the ocean in every town of any size in the score or more of the nations alongside of which we were fighting, the Stars and Stripes were flying;

in France, not a city or town or hamlet but what was overflowing with American fervor, patriotism, and speech.

England for the first time recognized the day officially. All royalty attended the celebration. King George cast the first ball over the plate at the American army vs. navy game, and for the first time since America became a nation a British Ambassador (Lord Derby) spoke at a Fourth of July celebration. In that speech he said "Even if we had not been Allies, I should have come. I say now that I wish to thank America for the best licking we ever got; it has done us both a lot of good. We are grateful to you because that licking taught us how to treat our children; it is the reason why we have Australia and Canada and even South Africa fighting beside us today." That celebration was so far-flung, so universal, and so enthusiastic that Hope might mark it the Independence Day of the World.

At last after the Germans had spent a long month in repairing losses, gathering ammunition, assembling new divisions, and refilling old ones, General Ludendorff advanced to his fifth, last, and most desperate, drive, and suffered his most serious defeat on the French-Belgian front. The offense No. 5 is called the Champagne-Marne movement, July 15th to 18th, so-called because fought in Champagne and partly on the Marne river.

The Crown Prince had the honor, or dishonor, of being the father of this movement. In a heated discussion between him and the Kaiser and leading generals, as to whether Paris or the sea coast should be the objective of the next drive, the Prince had won, and Paris *via Chalons* was the order laid down.

Look at the map, and even a citizen could see it was grand strategy if it could be made to work. Chalons is not far from St. Mihiel then occupied and fortified by the Germans and in direct communication with their great base of supply, Metz. It is also on a direct line between St. Mihiel and Chateau Thierry. Could the Germans push their forces from the latter place to Chalons they would have a large force of the Allies out-flanked right and left, and a pinching process could be inaugurated between their Chalons and St. Mihiel armies that would compel the Allies to get out of the sack as best they could or surrender. In either case long-fought-for Verdun, the town for which thousands of men had been sacrificed, would be won by Germany, and a direct road toward Paris from Metz via St. Mihiel, Chalons, and Chateau Thierry secured.

It was a good scheme the Crown Prince—or one of his underlings—hatched out, but to succeed it must be a surprise. Divisions were, therefore, moved up only under cover of night. The battle line extended from Chateau Thierry to Rheims and some distance southeast of that city. Victory demanded that Rheims be captured or the movement would be ruined. The desperate attack was made on July 15th with utmost secrecy and with the absolute limit of Germany's resources and strength. It was intended to be a complete surprise and it was, but the Germans and not the Allies were the surprised parties.

The Allies had some time before captured a letter, written by one of Germany's Imperial household, telling of the disagreement before mentioned and the plans perfected. As a further stroke of good luck, on the 14th the

Allies captured a prisoner who told them where all German forces were placed and the tactical arrangements for the next day, even to the time the barrage would start, how long it would continue, and the moment the troops would make their assault.

With this information in hand, the Allies knew exactly what to do. In places where their secondary lines were strong they withdrew from their first line of defense, leaving only a few men who voluntarily dared almost certain death to keep up an appearance of occupation, and permitted the enemy to expend their ammunition and fierce energy upon almost unoccupied trenches. Then when they had passed the outer line flushed with supposed victory, they were mowed down before the secondary line in great numbers. In few places was there any retirement along our line, and that only temporarily. When three days' fierce fighting was ended, our lines were substantially back where they were when the movement began. The Germans had been driven back, everywhere beaten, and Ludendorff's great western offensive for 1918 closed, a complete and final failure.

Eighty-five thousand Americans participated in this defense, and of the record they made America may well be proud. They most soundly whipped some of Germany's choicest divisions, until even the Guard, against all precedent in Prussian history, refused longer to attack. Here an American commander dared court martial and disgrace by sending his superior officer the following communication: "We regret being unable on this occasion to follow the counsels of our masters, the French, but the American flag has been forced to retire; this is unendur-

able and none of our people would understand our not being asked to do whatever is necessary to repair a situation so humiliating to us and unacceptable to our country's honor. We are going to counter attack." They did counter attack and more than recovered lost ground. A multitude of such incidents could be and should be recorded, but not here.

The check to Ludendorff was so decisive, the result of the "surprise" was so disastrous, and the new American troops had shown such unexpected fighting efficiency, that a counter offensive by the Allies against the Germans, which had not been contemplated as possible before another spring, was now proposed. General Pershing warmly recommended it, and promised two hundred thousand Americans to help on the front line. As to the honor of this unexpected initiative it was said, "Foch gave the word of attack, Petain worked out the plan, and both took Pershing at his word."

The first assault by the Allies upon the Germans was made on July 18th in the Aisne-Marne movement, so called because it was commenced at the river Marne and pushed toward the Aisne. The strategy of the movement as agreed upon by Foch, Petain and Pershing was designed, if possible, to trap Ludendorff's forces in the salient he had driven between Soissons and Rheims with its apex at Chateau Thierry. If General Foch could succeed in pushing his army across the mouth of the salient there presented, the Germans would be caught like rats in a trap of their own making. The Allies nearly succeeded; at one time they had the mouth of the salient closed down to less than ten miles.

Ludendorff early comprehended Foch's plan and placing his best divisions at the two angles of attack, Soissons and Rheims, immediately commenced retreating as rapidly as possible. He succeeded in retreating, but not without serious loss in men, who were pushed into slaughter without mercy, and in munitions and provisions that were either destroyed to avoid capture or taken by the Allies.

The Americans made the longest advance of any troops involved: from Chateau Thierry where they started July 18th to Fismes where they drove the Germans across the Vesle river on August 3rd is forty kilometers. This represents an amount of marching and fighting, difficult if not impossible to describe here, or to tell either in print or out of print.

General Foch, having flattened out the Soissons-Rheims salient and thoroughly started the Germans in a retreat on that front, now left enough of his troops following them to see that they kept moving in the right direction and then struck his second, the Somme offensive, in the Somme River valley.

Here as on the Marne, the blow was a surprise to the enemy, and a success to us. After the first day's advance the air men reported lines of transports going to the rear carrying what munitions the Germans could save, fires burning supplies which could not be transported, and a general German retreat everywhere.

The Cantigny-Montdidier salient was wiped out. Peronne and Noyon were recovered, and the advance continued with more or less regularity—not stopping even for the Hindenburg line—until the Armistice of

November 11th called a halt on the farthest line of advance. Fifty-four thousand Americans were engaged in this offensive, and they fully maintained the brilliant record of gallant fighting set for them by their comrades on the Marne.

General Foch, having struck one stinging blow with his right on the Marne river, July 18th, and another with his left in the Somme Valley on August 8th, now on August 18th struck a double offensive: the Oise-Aisne on the right of his battle front, a continuation of the Aisne-Marne movement and called the third offensive; the Ypres-Lys on the Lys River nearly at his extreme left, counted as the fourth offensive. Both these offensives, like the two that preceded, were successful beyond all expectation. By September 5th the troops of the four offensives had extended and connected their wings until they were all smashing forward, a united battle front one hundred and forty miles long, reaching nearly from the Lys to the Marne. Almost everywhere before the whole line the enemy had given way and was retreating before it.

Nor did the line slow down its battle rush until eight weeks to a day after Foch's counter offensive began on the Marne. When the September torrential rains flooded the low lands and made moving practically impossible, the Germans had been driven back to the Hindenburg line, and the Allies had captured a large part of that supposedly impenetrable defense. Eighty-five thousand Americans fought on the Oise-Aisne and a hundred and eight thousand in the Ypres-Lys movement. It is enough to say they all fought like Americans.

From the month of March when General Pershing put the American forces at General Foch's disposal, until September, they had been mixed with veteran British and French troops. Now they had become veterans themselves. They had proved their steadiness and reliability upon so many fields that the time for segregation had come. They were drawn from other fronts and concentrated in the Toul sector under the command of General Pershing.

The St. Mihiel salient, near which this American army was thus gathered, had been driven into the French territory in 1914, and the Germans had occupied it all this time, fortified it to the best of their ability and had maintained it for four years despite all French efforts to extract this thorn from their side. The reduction of this salient was the Allies' fifth offensive and the task was given to the Americans to perform. It was to be an all-American movement in the sense that it was planned and commanded by American officers and mainly fought by American soldiers—the Allies giving a helping hand to us here as we had to them elsewhere.

The attack was made all along the line on the morning of the 12th of September. At one o'clock the bombardment of the enemy commenced, at four minutes of five our barrage opened one continuous roar, and at five our forces "went over the top." The result was our usual story of success. Every objective was made on time. The supposedly untakable fortifications around St. Mihiel and the city of St. Mihiel itself were captured the first day, and before the 15th the whole salient was practically wiped out.

Thirteen thousand prisoners were taken. Cannons, machine guns, tons of ammunition, and war stores in great quantities were a part of the profit gathered. But the greatest beneficial result was the demonstration of what a movement commanded by American officers and fought mainly by American troops could accomplish. So satisfactory was the work of the American forces that they were given immediately a still greater task to perform alone: this was the Meuse-Argonne offensive, No. 6.

In this movement a sector was given to our men lying mostly behind the Hindenburg line that had been since 1914, and still was, occupied and fortified by the Germans. This sector formed an acute triangle, with its base extending from the Argonne Forest east about twenty-five miles, and reaching to and across the Meuse River, with its apex at Sedan thirty-five miles distant. General Pershing was given thirty-five divisions of Americans and some French Colonial troops to clean the Germans out of this strongly fortified position. The French Fourth Army also had a sector given immediately upon our left with the same objective, Sedan, in view. Thus commenced a friendly rivalry, lasting through forty-seven days of battle, as to which force would first reach that battle-noted city.

The attack was made by both forces upon the morning of September 20th, and on the 7th of November both armies reached the Meuse River opposite Sedan so nearly at the same time that it is impossible to state whether the American or the French first saw that objective, but the French first succeeded in crossing the Meuse River and entering the city.

On October 10th, the Americans got through the Krimhilde line on a front of four miles, and smashed the last organized defense west of the Meuse River. They were still pushing toward the Belgian frontier when the Armistice stopped their progress.

Even had I limitless space and unlimited ability it would be impossible to ascertain and record the many feats of gallantry, bravery, and devotion that our boys displayed here and elsewhere. General Foch's words given to an audience of American correspondents on January 15, 1919, and meant for the whole American people, epitomizes their achievements.

"This is for me a happy opportunity to tell you all the good things I think of the American Army and the part it played on our side. Your soldiers are superb. They came to us young, enthusiastic, and carried forward by a vigorous idealism, and they marched to battle with admirable gallantry—yes, they were superb, there is no other word. When they appeared, our armies were, as you know, fatigued by three years of relentless struggle and the mantle of war lay heavily upon them. We were magnificently comforted by the vitality of your Americans. The youth of the United States brought a renewal of the hope that hastened victory. Not only was this moral aid of the greatest importance, but you also brought material aid, and the wealth which you placed at our disposal contributed to the final success. No one among us will ever forget what America did, and you know what happened on the field of battle since July: first the Marne, then in the region of Verdun. General Pershing wished as far as possible to have his army concentrated

in an American sector. The Argonne and the heights of the Meuse was a sector hard to tackle, there were considerable obstacles there. 'All right,' I said to him, 'your men have the devil's own punch, they will get away with all that, go to it,' and finally everything went well. Everything went so well that we are here on the Rhine."

April 9th, 1865, and November 11th, 1918!

Few men in their maturity have the privilege of participating in two such events; the first closed the Civil War at Appomattox Court House and the last silenced thousands of heavy guns along the far-flung battle front in western Europe. Two great days terminated two great wars, but they were as different in their control, their happenings, and their surroundings as a prayer meeting and a 4th of July celebration. The first was quiet and almost sad. A few officers met in McLean's cottage at Appomattox where the victors dictated generous terms to the vanquished foe. Outside, the two armies stood in full view of each other. From the moment that peace had seemed possible, in order to prevent needless loss of life, not a gun had been fired. When the result was known, the defeated Confederates silently and tearfully laid down their arms, while through the Union ranks not a salute was fired, not a cheer was raised. This silence and immobility was broken only when the victors opened their haversacks to the famishing vanquished and bade them share their contents.

In the European war the end was dramatic and tragic in the extreme. In the morning the officers on both sides knew that the armistice would begin at eleven o'clock, but the rank and file knew only that their orders were to

attack at eight o'clock. They obeyed. They rushed forward against wire entanglements, deep trenches, and the fierce firing of the enemy: they met death, suffering, and life-lasting wounds for three hours, while officers stood with watches in their hands waiting for the prescribed hour. At five minutes of eleven the battle was raging as fiercely as at any time during the war. Heavy guns were bombarding distant objectives, light artillery was sweeping many a barrage, trench mortars, rifle fire, machine guns, and hand grenades were still searching far too successfully their victims. Eleven o'clock came—and dead silence—a silence more startling and unexpected to the men in the ranks than the previous storm had been. What could it mean? The astonished soldier looked in amazement for a reason. At five minutes past eleven runners had rushed the news, "The war is over." Salvos of rejoicing burst forth. "The landscape was filled with cheering men; no Fourth of July ever saw such fireworks as those red, green, and blue streaks across that foggy sky." "One minute before eleven it would have meant death to show one's self above shelter—not more than a minute after the hour the rolling plain was alive with cheering, shouting, care-free men."*

This ending was dramatic to its utmost limit, but was it worth all the death toll and life-enduring wounds caused by the three hours' needless fighting along hundreds of miles of battle front? *"Sabe Dios,* ah! God knows."

*This account of the way the men at the front received the armistice is probably based on newspaper reports, and may have been true for some sectors, but it was by no means true generally. In some places the men knew beforehand that an armistice had been signed and that it would go into effect at eleven o'clock. In some it was ordered that there should be no demonstration. In regard to the fireworks, the most frequent testimony I get is that when evening came the men simply shot off what ammunition they had.—F. R. C.

No more fitting tribute to the men who made America's record for valor across the sea, or more effective conclusion to the history they made, can here be given, than the following consolidated record of each division's service. This record shows the days they were on both quiet and active sectors, the offensives participated in, kilometers advanced, prisoners captured, casualties suffered, death losses endured, and replacements from all causes.

I have taken great pains to compile it from the most authoritative sources, and believe it to be substantially correct. That it should be absolutely correct, is an impossibility, for facts will be developing for years that will make slight changes therein. Such as it is, I dedicate it to those recorded in the column of "Battle Deaths."

BATTLE RECORD

Of Each Division that Reached the France-Belgium Front

Regular Army

Div.	Days in Sector *Quiet*	*Active*	Offensive Participated in *German*	*Allies*	Kilometers Advanced	Prisoners Captured	Casualties	Battle Deaths	Replacem't all Causes
1	127	93	4	1-5-6	51	6,469	23,345	4,204	30,206
2	71	66	3-5	1-5-6	60	12,026	25,076	4,419	35,343
3	0	86	3-5	1-5-6	41	2,240	18,154	3,102	24,033
4	7	38		1-5-6	24½	2,756	14,183	2,598	19,599
5	71	32		1-5-6	29	2,356	9,883	1,908	12,611
6	40	0				12	567	97	2,784
7	31	2		6	1	69	1,818	302	4,112

National Guard

26	148	45		1-5-6	37	3,148	15,168	2,168	14,411
27	0	58		2-4	11	2,357	11,218	1,791	5,355
28	31	49	3-5	1-3-5-6	10	921	16,277	2,531	21,717
29	59	23		6	7	2,187	6,159	940	4,977
30	0	56		2-4	29½	3,848	11,082	1,652	2.384
32	60	35		1-3-6	36	2,153	13,884	2,898	20,140
33	32	27		2-5-6	36	3,987	9,253	1,002	5,413
35	92	5		5-6	12½	781	7,854	960	10,605
36	0	23		6	21	549	2,710	591	3,397
37	50	11		4-6	30¾	1,495	5,923	992	6,282
42	125	39	5	5-6	55	1,317	16,005	2,713	17,253

National Army

77	47	66		3-6	17½	750	11,596	1,992	12,718
78	17	21		5-6	21	432	8,159	1,359	3,190
79	28	17		6	19½	1,077	7,590	1,396	6,246
80	1	17		5-6	38	1,813	6,763	1,141	4,495
81	31	0			5½	101	1,051	250	1,984
82	70	27		5-6	17	845	8,228	1,338	8,402
88	28	0				3	90	27	731
89	55	28		5-6	48	5,061	8,813	1,419	7,669
90	42	26		5-6	28½	1,876	8,010	1,387	4,437
91	15	14		4-5-6	34	2.412	6,496	1,390	12,530
92	51	2		6	8	38	1,680	185	2,920
Other Units			1-2-3-4-5	1-2-3-4-5-6			6,471	2,170	

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